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HISTORY  
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HISTORY  
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*THE GOOD CHEVALIER SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE*

COMPILED

BY THE LOYAL SERVITEUR = *L.<sup>e</sup> Jacques*  
*Maille*

Translated into English from the French of

LOREDAN LARCHEY

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



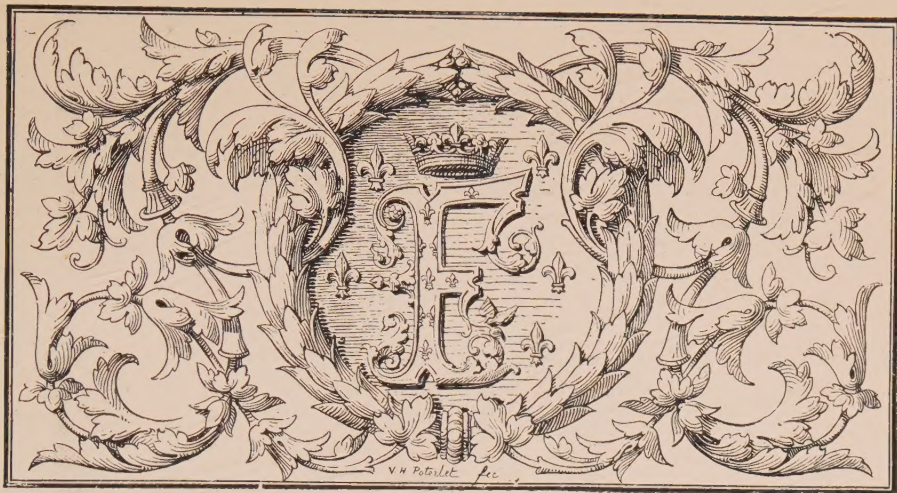
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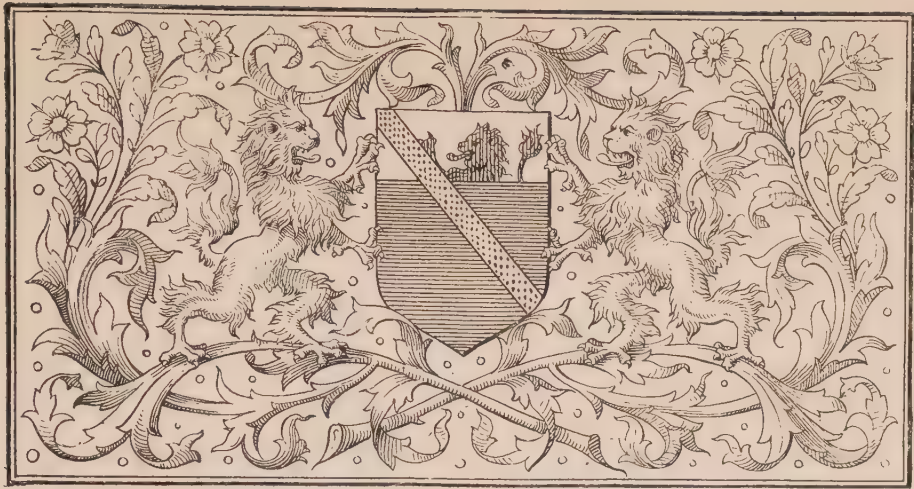
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## INTRODUCTION.

Why the Loyal Serviteur will always be in vogue.—How that Bayard is no ordinary hero.—  
 The pains taken with the present edition.—Our predecessors.—The Author's true name.  
 —The Portraits, Statues, and the Castle of Bayard.



*OUT* *lasse, tout passe!* says the old proverb, which is confirmed sadly enough by experience. But the proverb is incorrect as concerns the 'Life of Bayard,' whereof the letterpress omits nothing, of which the success will never pass away; and that for the best of reasons.

The more one knows this Loyal Serviteur, the more one likes him. He is so natural, so true, so brilliant; he so frankly values that which appears to him just, intrepid, or generous; he is so good a Frenchman at a time when patriotism was a thing unknown. In truth, such a master merited such a serving-man, I ought to say such a biographer, for he is in truth a biographer, and of a good school. Like all those who are content with what is seen, without another thought but that of truth, the Loyal Serviteur becomes with his first stroke a writer.

His work has the value of being a study of military manners of the first order. We found in it camp life in all its ruggedness, its simplicity

and its drollery, and also with the sentiment of confraternity which imposes itself in a life of common dangers.

I know of no writings that tell us more of our first bands of Infantry and our free companies; the Author knows how to speak of battles as a man that has worn a cuirass, and raises opportunely the visor of these plumed casques which symbolise chivalry in our eyes; making us finally assist in the death agony of this old heroic world in the person of Bayard, the worthiest and the last of its supporters. The present history might also pass as a great warlike drama, in which there is neither wanting tableaux nor effects, nor comical episodes, nor delicate emotions, nor phrases that remain with us . . . as this one, where the superiority of commandership is described in two lines, worthy of meditation: *Mieux vaut armée de cerfs commandée par un lion qu'armée de lions commandée par un cerf.*

The truth is, that in the time of Bayard we were less fortunate than brave; and so frequent was insubordination, that they knew well that valour in combat was not alone sufficient to ensure victory. But this train of reverses has placed only in greater relief the immovable soul of our hero, and, we do not fear to add, his good temper, a quality perhaps still rarer to be met with than the heroism of those evil days. When a man unites at this point all that is conciliatory, the smile, sympathy, and admiration, and when in him is recognised the marvellous gift "de changer en braves les plus couards," can one be astonished that his life has, almost throughout four centuries, the privilege of having been well received?

This is why the editions of the Loyal Serviteur are so numerous and so varied; complete editions and mutilated ones, scholarly editions and Gallicised ones, editions for veterans and those for children. It is a progressive movement which does honour to the instinct of the crowd, whose great good-sense does not mistake in making certain choices.

One ought all the more to appreciate this one, in that our book recommends itself for other things than mighty thrusts of lance or of sword. We cannot too often repeat that in it is found patriotism and humanity explained with an energy that astonishes us.

This favourite axiom of Bayard's, "*Sans justice, tous royaumes sont forêts pleines de brigands,*" shows us at once what he suffered and what he himself would have done had his career been an unfettered one. For he was not one of those feeble ones who dared not fight against evil and exalt good.

Mistaking boastfulness for adulation, seeing in money but a means of



solacing others, he hated bad actions as he honoured good ones, boldly and in the face of all. His life is also to us a grand example of what duty and religion can do. Without it, how could a sickly temperament and continual fever not have prevented his being always leader in the attack, the last to retreat, ready to expose himself in any post of danger to save the life of his companions? And when he found himself uselessly, often cruelly, endangered by one of the Court Generals who was incapable of serving as his lieutenant, why did he show the whole army an example of passive obedience, a much more touching sight than the sacrifice of his self-esteem and of his military convictions leading on to a certain failure, and a useless danger? It was because his thoughts rose higher. This is proved by the testimony of the Loyal Serviteur, who writes, "*Toujours disait qu'il mourrait pour soutenir le bien public de ses pays.*"

And the profound love of public welfare, of the *res publica*, confirms also the nobleness that we have seen in him, alone in an army, employing all that he gained to help the necessitous, refusing to partake of the pillage which at that time made the fortune of soldiers, protecting the honour of his hostesses, taking nothing without paying for it, and leaving last of all the houses where they had encamped, in order to prevent their being burnt by our German allies, or devastated by pillage.

His patriotism is as pure as his disinterestedness is great. For a forgetful King, who did not give him even the command of forces, there were three others who offered them. The King of England and the Emperor of Germany sought to entice him away; and the Pope was even anxious to make him Captain-General of the Church. He thanked all with his usual modesty. This good Catholic fought resolutely against the Pontifical army, this good captain allowed himself to be commanded by people he could not respect, . . . because it was a question of his country, and his country went before everything.

Also the day when, forgetful of his duties, a prince of the blood that he loved and respected, a constable, took arms against France, Bayard resisted him, sword in hand, until he succumbed, with the regret, loudly expressed, of not having been able to wrestle to the end for his country.

I press this earnestly on you that you may the better understand the exceptional merits and value of this man, in his time as in ours, an "*éternelle couronne de laurier.*"

It was the Loyal Serviteur who naively said this, and, as I quote his

text, I ought to say that I did not without hesitation accept the mission of rendering it into more modern form. Our old documents lose always by these modernisings, which reminds us of the scrapings of old monuments, condemned with so much warmth and reason by Charles Garnier. The difficulty is doubled: if you do not Gallicise, you risk being unintelligible; if you Gallicise too much, you take away from the character of the work. You are too complete or not complete enough. One must love our ancient language to understand the delicacies of such a weeding, which of necessity entails grievous sacrifices.

On this occasion, the rule seems to have been until now, to modernise at the same time both the form and the root, the word and the turning of the phrase. I am restricted to half this programme in conforming with the writing; but I am not permitted to change the order in which the words present themselves to me, persuaded that by keeping the ancient turning of the phrases entirely depends the flavour of the recital, contenting myself by explaining the words of which the meanings have changed; and placing a note, when the clearness of the phrase exacts it. And this, taken respectively, results in a whole with which from the first one familiarises oneself, but that the least lettered can quickly understand and prefer, with reason, to a piece written in the most correct style. One cannot believe how one ends by the taste for this language somewhat infantine, where the pronoun disappears often before the verb, and where the inversions give it as easy a rhythm as in poetic language. By increasing the stops, and making the phrases as short as possible, in calling parentheses to our aid, when the incidences lead to noxious complications at the quick intelligence of a passage, we have had great recourse to punctuation to clear our text without altering it. And let us add that, without any pretension to pure science, we believe that we have explained for the first time certain words and passages until now imperfectly understood. Without doubt an edition such as ours is not compiled for philologists; but they are indirectly interested in its good execution, for it addresses itself to a public much more numerous, whom we would gradually rally to their cause.

In ceding to this idea of vulgarisation, we have in the *Life of Bayard*, that which we owe to certain classics, the usage of which has consecrated their true merits. To the most favourable typographical conditions we have added, for the first time, the combined attractions of drawings, of engraving, and of chromo-lithography. Whilst special artists have accepted the work of interpreting the most picturesque scenes, we

have revived the individual types and the towns of other days by the process of photography, which ensures the exact reproduction of the old engravings. The chosen epoch suits admirably such reproductions, for she is cotemporary with the commencement of the Renaissance, where the new art permitted the choice betwixt admired monuments, exquisite illuminations, delicately chased armour, portraits of masters, sculptures and medals in a wonderful relief; and the engravings of such as those of Albert Dürer, of Jost Ammon, of Titien Vecelli, observant geniuses who have caused such a strong reaction amongst the people of their time.

It here becomes us to mention some of our predecessors.

The *Life of Bayard* has been published by Champier,<sup>1</sup> before it had been told by the *Loyal Serviteur*, to which it is inferior in all respects, But when Champier gives an interesting variety or a useful compliment, we have scrupulously quoted it. He in reality knew Bayard, was in a way related to him, and saw him at Lyons, at Nancy, and at Grenoble. He was more of a savant, a doctor, which unhappily has not left its mark. On the contrary, his ill-directed science is felt at each step. He can relate nothing simply and honestly like the *Loyal Serviteur*; he always puts in numerous comparisons greatly strained for, from Greek or Roman antiquity. And again, imitating the classics has made him, like them, lard his recital with discourses clearly invented and full of pathos. In these heavy reminiscences, are as almost lost three or four of Bayard's sallies which one recognises at once, so much does their complete frankness contrast with the rest.

I have stated that erudite editions of the *Loyal Serviteur* are not wanting. It would be unfair to forget that the collection *Petitot* claims the first honour of having conformed to the text of the original edition printed in Paris in 1527. Well that he had not edited the text. M. de Terrebasse ought here to be mentioned for his excellent history of Bayard, a true mosaic of documents compiled with rare conscientiousness and perfect taste. After Terrebasse, we may say that M. Roman, charged to compile a new edition by the *Société de l'histoire de France*, has done much to clear the text from a geographical and biographical point of view.

The more interesting a book is, the more one desires to know who

<sup>1</sup> "Les gestes, ensemble la vie du preulx chevalier Bayard." Lyon, 1525, petit, in-4°.



wrote it. It is now almost a certainty that the name of the Loyal Serviteur was Jacques de Mailles. In 1719, the P. Lelong said that the author of the Life of Bayard was his secretary, and that certain liberties of appreciation had prevented him naming himself. In 1750, Ladvoat incidentally named Jacques de Mailles, without appearing to attach much importance to it, but as a fact generally known by the writers of his time. In 1828, M. de Terrebasse declares that he found this same name in the note of an old writing, "apposée sur le titre d'un exemplaire de l'édition originale." Without stating the century of this writing, nor where he met with this edition, he adds that after this note, "Jacques de Mailles had been a Grésivaudan (Bayard's country), who, after having served in the career of arms, had taken to the profession of a notary, and had received in this capacity the marriage contract of Bayard's daughter with the Sieur of Bocsozel." Lastly, towards 1877, M. de Roman found two mentions of him in a Catalogue of the Bibliothèque Mazarine, which confirms the statement of Ladvoat and Terrebasse. But, inasmuch as they concern one and the same example, they present differences which somewhat embarrass the author of this discovery. The first mention, inscribed in the Alphabetical Catalogue, is thus written: *Histoire du chevalier Bayard*, par Jacques de Mailles. Paris in-4°. parch., n°. 17515 A. The second, inscribed in the Methodical Catalogue, is: *L'Histoire récréative du chevalier Bayard*, par Jacques de Mailles, gentilhomme. Paris, 1514, in-4°, parch., n°. 17515 A.

In reproducing these two titles, M. Roman asks himself: Firstly, If the edition of 1527 is the most ancient; secondly, if 1514 had not been put by mistake in place of 1524; thirdly, if the name of Jacques de Mailles, given in the Catalogue, is due to some manuscript annotation; fourthly, if we may not surmise that there was an edition in 1524 (which has entirely disappeared) which bore the author's name, which was omitted in the later editions.

The investigation of the exemplar of the Mazarine Library simplifies this question, but has been unfortunately lost for a number of years. Nevertheless, the library owns, besides these two Catalogues above mentioned, a Catalogue between boards which had not before been thought of, and which allowed of our making another step. The board of the No. 17515 A, written during the last century,<sup>1</sup> writes this: *La*

<sup>1</sup> If one does not see the same number cited in these three mentions, making us suppose that there might be three different editions, for explanation, we must mention that the title of his work is very long. Three librarians of the Mazarine abridged the inscription of it, each in his own manner.

*très joyeuse hystoire du Chevalier sans paour, le gentil seigneur de Bayart (par Jacq. de Mailles). Paris, gothiq. imparf.*

The author's name may be remarked between parentheses; this means, in the language of libraries, that the name was not printed on the volume. The mention *imparf.* signifies equally that the volume is incomplete, and that the last pages, on which would be found the date of 1527, are wanting. The writer of the Catalogue quoted by M. Roman would probably have wished to supplement the date at all hazards, giving the incorrect one of 1514, which was perhaps that of some deed recounted in the latter pages of this fragment, but which ought to be considered as an error.

We believe that the edition of 1527 to be the original one, and that there were no others in the year 1514 nor 1524, and that of the name of Jacques de Mailles, revealed by the manuscript note, was never printed, it being publicly known, in the last century, that the Loyal Serviteur and he were one and the same person.

An unexceptionable fact has come to light to give the necessary confirmation to the person of Jacques de Mailles. M. de Terrebasse had published an extract from the nominal role of the company of a hundred lances commanded by Bayard in 1523. In giving *in extenso* the same document, M. Roman has had the good fortune to find amongst them the name of Jacques de Mailles, borne by an archer of this company. This need not have prevented his being Bayard's secretary, thus as we now-a-days see regiments in which the secretary of a Colonel or a Major, is not placed in the register as such. Besides, the profession of notary, held two years later by our archer, proves that he had the capacities of a good secretary. Jacques de Mailles must have written the description given by Bayard to his uncle after the battle of Ravenna, for this latter has in it much concerning his relations with him.

After having sought the author's true name, we shall make researches for the same reason, as to what Bayard's appearance really was. His portraits are everywhere to be met with, but they are as false as certain of his autographs. There was a time when art, but little scrupulous, satisfied public curiosity without taking the trouble of making the smallest researches, and this lack of conscientiousness was the more to be regretted as it flourished at a time when means of enquiry abounded. It was thus that Godefroy, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, had engraved, at the beginning of his book a

conventional Bayard, ornamented with a beard, a thing he had never worn. Later, they invented for him other types which still less resembled the beardless, nervous, thin and pale-faced, with the bright-eyed man of which our text speaks. We must also bear in mind that the busts and statues do not recommend themselves to us with greater sincerity. One cannot have great confidence in the memorial monument raised, one hundred years after Bayard's death, by the piety of a fellow-countryman who did the act of an excellent citizen. It is the bust of a personage of the seventeenth century, with much more appearance of the time of Louis XIII. than to Louis XII. Must we add that even his nose is the conventional nose. Was this appendix re-done in the year IX. of our First Republic?

Let us now pass to the investigation of the three portraits which recommend themselves to us with the greatest guarantee of truth, and one of which appears to be remarkable. We shall say nothing of the first, except that it forms one of the Colbert Collection, and that is, under this title, in the Museum of Versailles. Bayard kneeling before a Prie-dieu in armour. He is in the same dress in the two portraits which seem to us most worthy of attention; but in his fat white face, in his naive look, one does not recognise the bronzed veteran of fifty years of warfare, as was Bayard at the time when he received the Collar of St. Michael, shown in this same portrait. Another portrait, which is probably of more ancient date, perhaps about the end of the seventeenth century, is to be found in the Château d'Uriage; it represents Bayard's full face, without beard, with long hair cut across his forehead, clothed in the same furred robe, over which is worn the Collar of St. Michael. A copy of this portrait has been done for the Library of Grenoble. Then M. Gariel, his conservator, was fortunate enough to find in Paris a crayon drawing in red and black, said to be by Dumonstier. Beneath it is written Bayard's name in a running, long, angular hand, telling of the first years of the seventeenth century. This crayon portrait represents a complete analogy with the painted portrait, except as regards the hair, which does not fall over the forehead, and in the furred robe, which seems to be thrown loosely over the shoulders. Nevertheless it is very superior as regards its execution; the expression has more intelligence, the modelling better composed. The eye is full of life; the whole responds well to the idea given of Bayard in the book.

After having seen the good Chevalier, we made a pilgrimage to his



cradle. On a smiling day of Pentecost, we took our road to the Castle of Bayard, as it is called in that country. Leaving behind us meadows planted by mulberry-trees which surround the town of Pont-charra, we passed along the shady road leading to the old manor-house. At the end of an avenue running betwixt high vines, appeared a straight pile of building flanked by two low turrets, which can only represent a part much reduced and transformed of the original façade. The only original portion still preserved is a vaulted hall forming the rez-de-chaussée of the turret on the right. Behind this unpretending façade, flowers and fruits of a medium-sized kitchen-garden now grow in the court where Bayard as a child so well bestrode his prancing steed before his assembled family. The enclosure of the castle has disappeared, but one sees to where it reached, by the ruins of a pavilion and a turret, which are at its opposite extremities. Of the turret there remain but two walls, desolate obelisks, seeming to point towards heaven to demand justice of man's avidity, for it is not time that has made these walls fall, but the shameful desire to find stones already hewn for the buildings about. All around the ground descends sharply, and is planted with vines which produce the wine of Château-Bayard. "It is renowned in our country, but loses its value when cultivated," says a respectable divine, the same who saved the ancient vaulted hall by making it his chosen dwelling-place. One thing that the spread of vine-growing cannot happily take from us is the splendid view which extends itself over a rich and picturesque valley.

In that which concerns the person of Bayard, contemporary art has placed itself far below nature. On the parapet of the bridge of Pont-charra, under the double protection of a grating and a tri-coloured drapery, stands an equestrian statue in miniature, which is almost hidden to the honour of the inhabitants and of the warriors it pretends to recall to them. At Grenoble, on the Place St. André, one sees with surprise another statue, which also is no better, nor does it respect the historic tradition that it pretends to evoke.

When Bayard, struck by his death-blow, made the sign of a cross with his sword, he was still on horseback, and not in this ridiculous position. The town of Grenoble, which has already done such great things, and also modern French sculpture, which is a still better way, ought to think proper to erect a more worthy statue.

In pleading for the research of truth in monuments, we are obedient to the thought which makes us respect the character of ancient text.

Thus we are better able to understand the necessity of knowing the original documents of national history. In a time such as ours, when the healthy critic has never been more honoured, but when never, also, the present has more invoked the past, it is right that all should have access to the great arsenal where all go in search of arms. They thus will gain a clearer judgment, and overcome a tendency to pessimism. If we hold in mind in Bayard's time the presence of the English in Boulogne and the Germans before Mézières, we see that each epoch has had its crises, and that these crises teach us not to despair as to the future.

Finally, is it not a lesson to us that the only announcement of this edition has come after so many others? This fresh homage to a hero always esteemed, does it not show us on what side we ought to look for true glory and true popularity?



# **C La tresioyense plaisante &**

recreatiue hystoire composee par le loyal seruiteur / des faiz/ges  
fes/triumphees et prouesses du bon cheualier sans paour et  
sans reprouche le gentil seigneur de Bapart, dont sus  
maines louenges sont espandues par toute la chres  
tiente. De plusieurs autres bons/ baillans et  
Bertueux cappitaines qui ont este de son  
temps. Ensemble les guerres/ batail  
les/rencontres et assaulx qui de  
son viuant sont suruenues/  
tant en France/Espai  
gne que ytalie.



## **C Auec priuilege.**

**C** On les vend en la grant salle du palais au premier  
pillier en la boutique de Galliot du pre libraire iure  
de l'uniuersite de Paris.







## PROLOGUE BY THE AUTHOR.

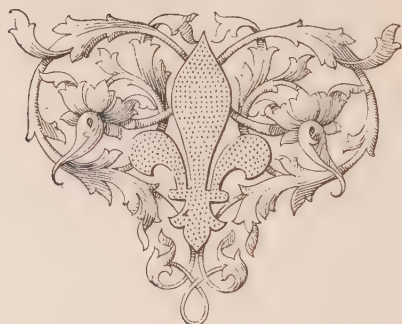


OR that it is most difficult, without the grace of God in this mortal state, to please all men (and that it is customary for men to write histories and chronicles making readily their address to some great personage), I, without further naming myself, have undertaken to put forward the deeds and actions of the good Chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche, the Lord of

Bayard, and amongst his excellent works, to make mention of many other virtuous personages. I am advised, that for the future there may be made no murmurings against me in not having well and justly done my duty in favouring one and leaving out another, to attribute their more rough history to the three States of the very excellent, very powerful and very renowned kingdom of France. For, to truly amplify the perfections of a man, I could not do otherwise, considering that, without grace infused by the Holy Spirit, since the incarnation and redemption of our Saviour Jesus Christ, is nowhere to be found in chronicle or history, prince, gentleman, nor other, in any condition whatever he has been, who was more furious towards the cruel, more gentle towards the humble, nor more humane towards the

poor has ever lived, than was the good Chevalier of whom this present history is begun.

And forasmuch as from all time in this pleasant country of France the grace of our Lord has spread itself so widely that little is wanting for the necessities of the body, the which is a manna as regards this worldly life, another stumbling-block comes at this time upon us ; which is the great ease which great, middle and small now hold, causing much idleness, and making them unable to contain themselves from the sin of envy, in blaming, oftentimes wrongly and without cause, the innocent, and keeping hidden the merits, prowess, and honours of the virtuous. But few are to be found who know or would have said anything against the honour of this good Chevalier, or have said aught to his discredit. For in these three Estates which are so virtuously governed he will have from God His grace, from the world a verdant and immortal crown of laurels ; as regards the Church, it never has found any more obedient to it ; as regarding the State of nobility one more fit to uphold it ; and for the State of labour, one more compassionate or helpful towards it.





## BOOK THE FIRST.

### CHAPTER I.

Of how the Lord of Bayard,<sup>1</sup> father of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, desired to know the wishes of his children as to their future life.



IN the Province of Dauphiny, which now belongeth to the King of France (as it hath to his predecessors for one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty years, when the last Dauphin, Humbert by name, made them a gift thereof),<sup>2</sup> there are many great and noble families, from which have sprung many virtuous and noble knights, whose fame has been noised throughout all Christendom. So much so that, as scarlet surpasses all other colours in brilliancy, the Dauphinois, without detriment to the nobles of other provinces, are called by those known

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> Humbert II., Viennese Dauphin, sold his Dauphiny to the younger son of Philippe of Valois for one hundred thousand gold florins, on condition that the eldest sons of

unto them, *l'écarlate des gentilshommes de France*.<sup>1</sup> Amongst these families is that of Bayard, of ancient and noble extraction; the which nobility showed itself in their descendants.<sup>2</sup> For, at the battle of Poitiers, the great-great-grandfather of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche died at the feet of his sovereign John of France. At the battle of Agincourt, his great-grandfather, and at the battle of Montlhéry, his grandfather, were on the battlefield; his grandfather with six mortal wounds, besides many others. And at the battle of Guinegate, his father was so sorely wounded that never after was he able to quit his dwelling, in which he died at the age of over eighty years.

A few days before his death, considering that by nature he could not make much longer sojourn in this mortal life, he called unto him his four children, in presence of his wife, a most godly and devout dame, the which was sister to the Bishop of Grenoble (of the house of Allemans).<sup>3</sup> Then to his children who had gathered round him, he bid the eldest, who was betwixt the ages of eighteen and twenty years, tell him what he desired to be. The which replied that he desired never to leave his home, but to serve his father to the end of his days.

"Ah well!" said the father; "George, since thou lovest home thou shalt remain to combat with our daily life."

When the second, who was the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, was enquired of what he would wish to be—the same was at that time about the age of thirteen or rather more—sparkling as an emerald, with smiling countenance, replied like one of fifty years:

"My lord and father, although by your paternal love I feel myself

the Kings of France should bear the title of *Dauphin*. A deed dated August 7th, 1342, relating to the cession of Dauphiny, is preserved amongst the national Archives under the side J. 279, No. 8. We here give, on page 3, a facsimile of the seal annexed to this document.

<sup>1</sup> Considered to be the most beautiful of all the shades of red, scarlet had hitherto been reserved for royal robes. Thus this flattering similitude for the Dauphinois nobility; but the last editor of the *Loyal Serviteur*, M. Roman, states that he finds no anterior mention of it.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix.

<sup>3</sup> The family of Allemans was one of the most distinguished in Graisivaudan. During the latter half of the fifteenth century, it gave two bishops to Cahors, both named Antoine, and two to Grenoble, both also called Laurent. The name of Bayard's mother was Hélène des Allemans; she was small, but "pleine de cœur et de noble courage," says Champier.



so greatly bound that I ought to be forgetful of all else, and serve but you till your life's end, nevertheless, the recital of the great and noble deeds that oftentimes you have told to us of noble knights in bygone times, even of some of our own house, has taken such root in mine heart, that I will be, if it may please you, of the same estate in which you and your ancestors have been, and follow the pursuit



'Seal of Dauphin Humbert II.'<sup>1</sup>

of arms. For it is the one thing in this world that I the most desire; and I trust, by God's help, to bring you no dishonour."

Then replied the good old man tearfully: "My child, may God give thee His grace! Thou bearest much resemblance in face and figure to thy grandfather, who was in his time one of the most accomplished knights in Christendom. I will forthwith endeavour to further thy desires."

<sup>1</sup> National Archives.

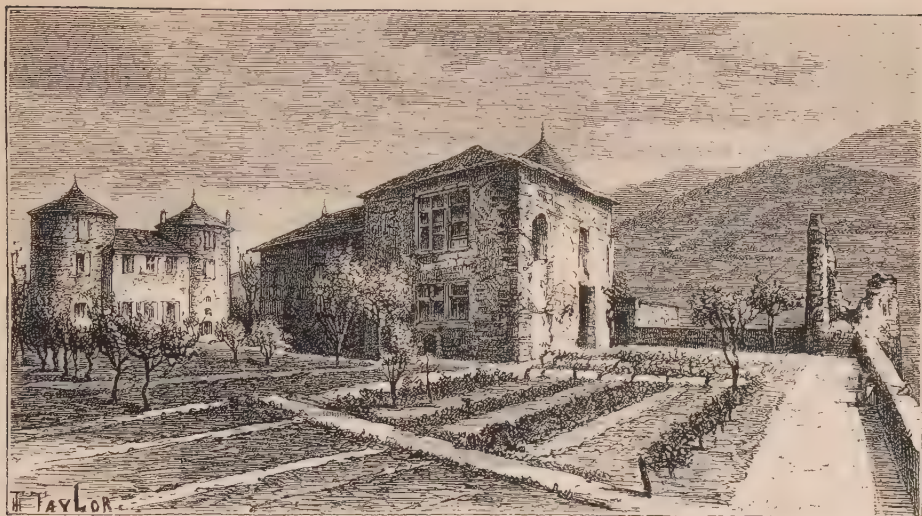
The third, when asked as to his wishes, replied that he would follow the calling of his uncle the Monseigneur of Ainay, an abbot near to Lyons. His father granting this, sent him thither, by a kinsman, to his said uncle, who made a monk of him. And later he became, through the interest of the good Chevalier his brother, Abbot of Josaphat in the outskirts of Chartres.

The last replied in like manner that he would be as his uncle the Monseigneur of Grenoble, to whom he was in like manner given, and who shortly after became Chanoine of the Church of Notre Dame; and later, by the same interest as his brother the monk, became Abbot and Bishop of Glandèves, in Provence.

Here we shall bid farewell to the other brothers, and return to the history of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, and of how his father furthered his interests.



Arms of Laurent Alleman, Bishop of Grenoble.  
After the *Statuta synodalia nova Episcopatus Gratianopolis*,  
published in 1494 by Laurent Alleman.



View of the Château Bayard and the ruins of the Grande-Chartreuse.  
From a photograph.

## CHAPTER II.

Of how the father of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche sent unto his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Grenoble, to speak with him, for that he himself could not leave his dwelling.

**A**FTER the converse held by the father of the good Chevalier with his four children, and because that he could no longer himself ride forth, he sent one of his serving-men, on the morrow, unto Grenoble, to the Bishop, his brother-in-law,<sup>1</sup> to entreat of him to come at his good pleasure (for many things he had to say to him) unto his house of Bayard, distant from Grenoble five or six leagues.<sup>2</sup> Which bidding the good Bishop, who never in his life was tardy to give pleasure unto others, obeyed right willingly. He set forth speedily on receiving the letter, and with despatch arrived at the house of Bayard, there to find his brother-in-law seated by the

<sup>1</sup> This was Gallia Christiana, a bishop of extreme piety, a friend of St. François de Paul, and worthy to be compared to first Fathers of the Church.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix.

fireside, as those of his age are wont to do. Saluting one another, they made that night good cheer together, and with them several other gentlemen of Dauphiny who were there assembled.

Then, when the hour arrived, each one repaired him to his chamber, there to repose at ease until the morrow's morn, when they arose to hear the mass which the said Bishop of Grenoble chanted; for each day willingly he held the mass, if he were not ill in person, praying unto our Lord that the prelates of the present time might prove as faithful followers of God, and be as charitable to the poor as he had in his time been!<sup>1</sup>

The mass concluded, they forthwith washed their hands and placed themselves at table, where all were much refreshed and made good cheer; being served by the good Chevalier with such carefulness and diligence that all remarked thereon.<sup>2</sup> Dinner over, and after grace being said, the good old Lord of Bayard commenced in these words to speak to all the company: "My lords and gentlemen, the reason why I have bidden you all hither it is now time to declare; for all here are my kinsfolk and my friends, and must perceive that I am so oppressed by the feebleness of old age, that it were well-nigh impossible for me to live for two years longer. God has given unto me four sons; of each one have I enquired what he would wish to be. And amongst them my son Pierre has told me that he will follow the career of arms; the which has given me strange pleasure, inasmuch as he much resembles my grandfather, your kinsman. And if in service he also resembles him, 'twere impossible that he be not, if he lives, a great and goodly man, at the which I trust that all here, my kinsfolk and friends, will feel contentment. It is needful for me, as a beginning, to place him in the household of some prince or lord, that he may learn to behave himself with courtesy; and that where, when more advanced in years, he may learn the use of arms. I therefore do entreat each one of you to give me council in his behalf as to with whom I may best place him."

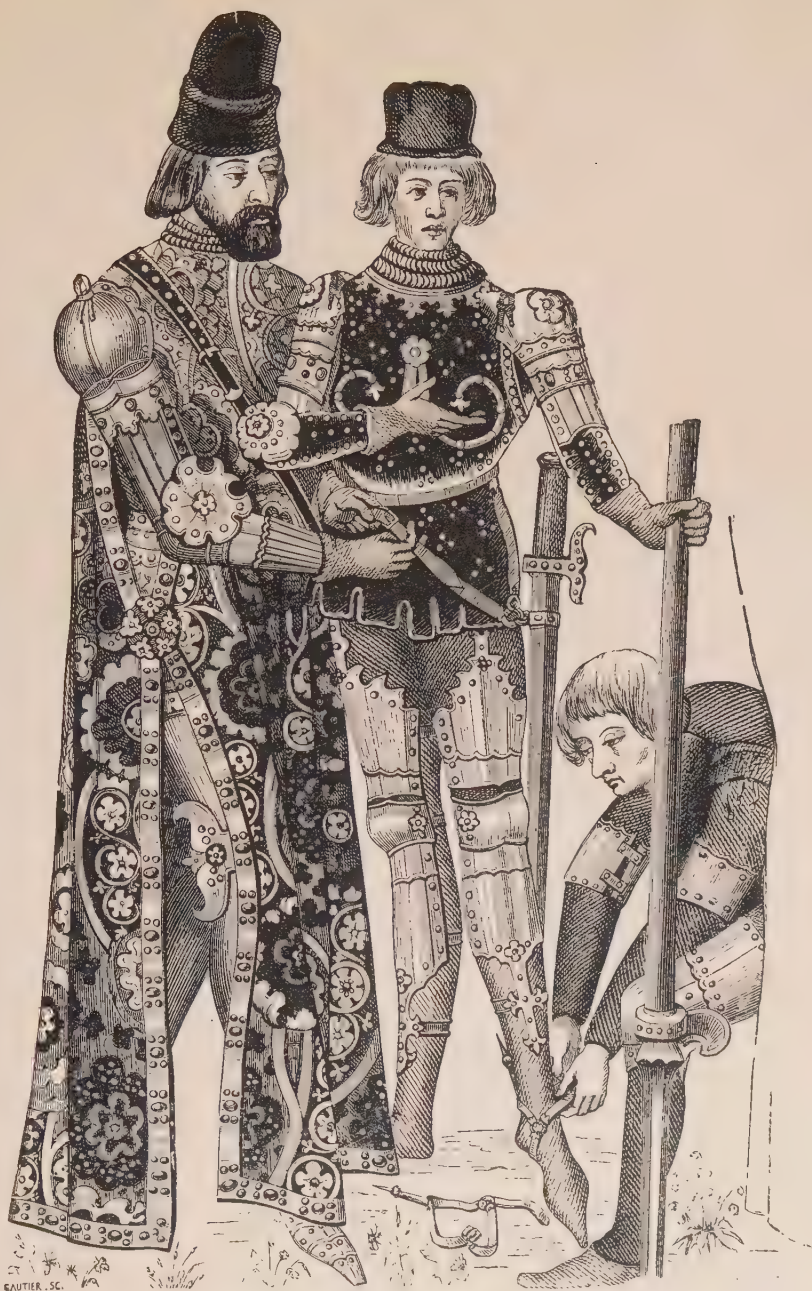
Then said one of the most advanced in years amongst them, "He must be sent unto the King of France."

Another said that he would do well with the house of Bourbon. And thus one and another each in turn proffered advice. But the Bishop of

<sup>1</sup> This was written under the Renaissance, at a time when there was a laxity of ecclesiastical discipline.

<sup>2</sup> It was a custom observed by the sons of the most noble houses. Terrebaas relates, after Froissart, that Gaston de Foix served at the table of Count Phœbus, his father.



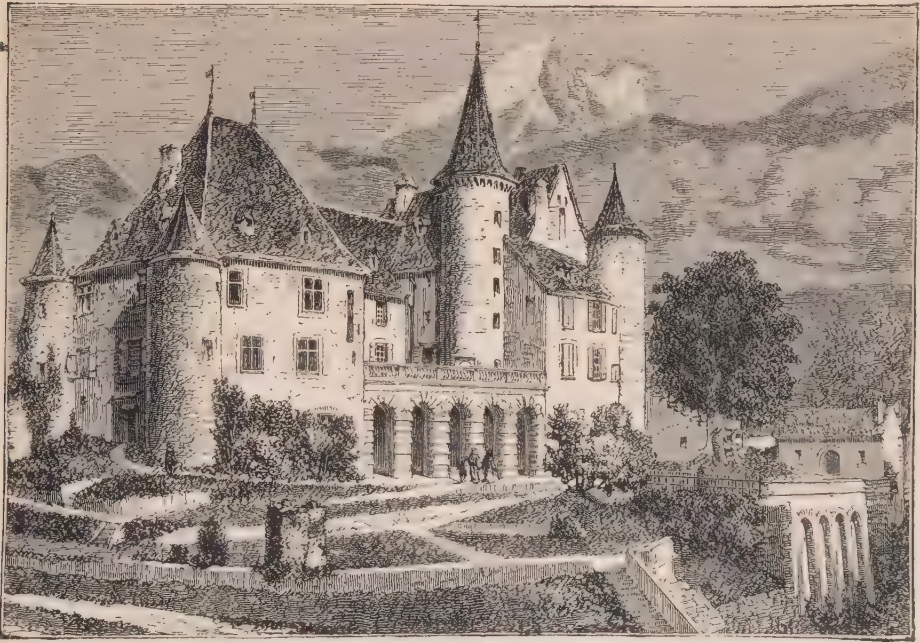


GAUTHIER, SC.

CEREMONY OF PUTTING ON THE ARMOUR OF A KNIGHT.  
(Fragment of an ancient tapestry from the Château de Bayard.  
Collection of the late M. Jubinal.)



Grenoble spoke and said, "My brother, you know that bonds of amity exist 'twixt us and Duke Charles of Savoy, and that we count ourselves amongst his faithful followers. I believe that right willingly he will consent to take this boy as page. He is at Chambery: it is not far from here. If it seem good to you and to the company, I will conduct him there at morn to-morrow, after having well equipped him with a good and serviceable horse, the which I purchased but a few days since from the Lord of Uriage."<sup>1</sup>



View of the Château d'Uriage. From a photograph.

The counsel of the Bishop of Grenoble was held to be good by all the company, above all by the said Lord of Bayard, who delivered unto him his son, saying: "Here, my lord, and I pray to God the boy may do you honour throughout his life."

Then forthwith the said Bishop sent messengers unto the town to summon his tailor, bidding him bring with him velvet, satin, and other fabrics necessary for the equipment of the good Chevalier. He came,

<sup>1</sup> This Lord of Uriage was a relative; he was called Guigue Alleman, and had a son named Soffrey, who plays a part in this history under the name of Captain du Molart.

and worked throughout the night, so that on thê morrow all was in readiness.

And, after having breakfasted, mounted on his palfrey he presented himself to all the company who were in the castle's inner court, just as he would present himself unto the Duke of Savoy.<sup>1</sup> When the horse felt so light a load upon him, added to which the child wore spurs which pricked him, he made four or five plunges, at which the company much feared he would unseat the boy. But, in place of as they dreamt his crying for aid on feeling the horse bounding beneath him, fearless of heart, bold as a lion, he spurred it several times, compelling it to circle round the said court, in the end bringing the horse \* to reason, as if he had been thirty years of age.

There was no concealing the old father's joy, as smilingly he enquired of his son if he felt no fear, for it was but fifteen days since he had quitted school.<sup>2</sup> The which replied, with much assurance, "My lord, I hope that, with God's help, before six years are over, to be able to guide this or another in more dangerous places; for here I am in the midst of friends, and I may then be amongst enemies of the master I shall be serving."

"Now, come, come!" said the good Bishop of Grenoble, who was ready to depart; "my friend and nephew, dismount not, but take thus farewell of all the company."

Then the youth, with joyful countenance, addressed himself to his father, to whom he said: "My lord and father, I pray to God that He may grant to you a long and happy life, and to me the happiness that, before leaving this world, you may have good tidings of me."

"My friend," said the father, "I also pray that it so be." And then bestowed on him his blessing. After the which, he took his leave of all the gentlemen there present, each one in turn, who saw with much contentment his happy countenance.

His poor lady mother was in a tower of the castle tenderly weeping; for, although she felt joyful as regarded the future of her son, her mother's love caused her to weep. Nevertheless, when they came to her saying: "If thou wouldst see thy son, he is already mounted and ready for departure," the good lady quitted the tower from behind, her son advancing towards her, to whom she said these words: "Pierre, my child, you are going into the service of a noble prince; and inasmuch

<sup>1</sup> This Duke of Savoy was Charles I.; he was son of a niece of Louis XI.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix.

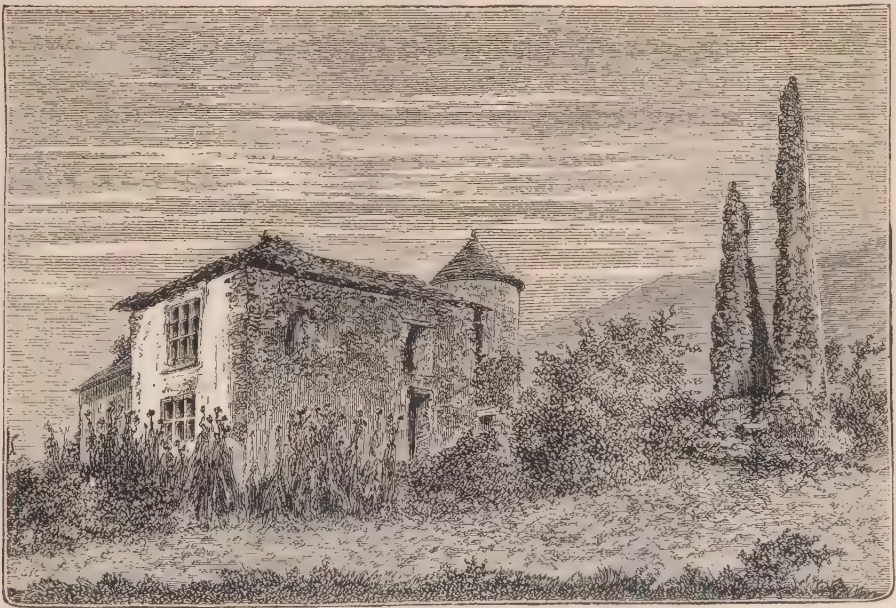




HE BROUGHT HIS HORSE TO REASON—AS IF HE WERE THIRTY YEARS OLD.



as a mother can command her child, I command three things of thee, to do which I entreat of thee, and if thou doest them, be assured that thou wilt live triumphantly in this world. The first is, that above all things thou shalt love and fear God's service. Neither offend Him, if it be possible; for it is He that created us all, it is He that makes us live, it is He that saves us, and without Him and His grace we are unable to do one good thing in this world. Each night and each morning recommend thyself to Him, and He will assist thee. The second is, that thou be gentle and courteous unto all men; keeping



Ruined Tower of the Castle of Bayard. From a photograph.

thyself from all pride. Be humble and useful to all men. Be neither a liar nor a slanderer. Be sober both in eating and in drinking. Fly from envy, for it is an ugly vice. Be neither a flatterer nor a tale-bearer, for such men do not attain to great perfection. Be loyal in word and in deed. Be a man of your word. Help poor widows and orphans, and God will reward you. And thirdly, that, with the goods that God gives unto thee, be charitable to the poor and needy; for giving to God's honour impoverishes no man; and believe me, my child, that such charities will profit you much both in body and in soul. There, that is all wherewith I charge you. I much think that your



father and I will not live long time further. May God give us at least the happiness, whilst we still live, of always hearing good tidings of you!"

Then the good Chevalier, though of such tender years, replied:

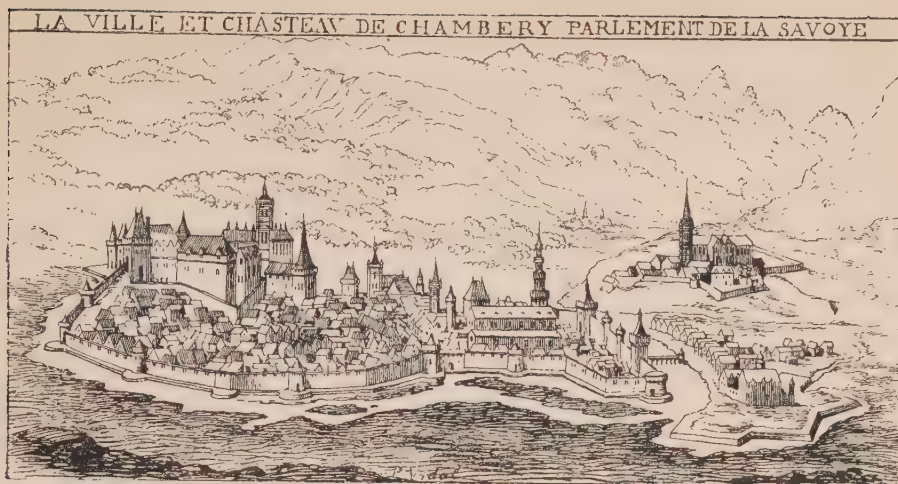
"Madam, my mother, for your good teaching, as humbly as is possible, I thank you, and hope so faithfully to follow it (by the grace of Him to whom you recommend me) as to content you. And lastly, after recommending myself most humbly to your good graces, I must bid farewell of thee."

Then the good dame drew from out her sleeve a tiny purse, the which contained but six crowns in gold and one in silver, which she presented unto her son. And calling to her one of the Bishop of Grenoble's (her brother) serving-men, to whom she handed a small box, in the which was sundry linen for the necessities of her son, praying him that, when he should be presented to my Lord of Savoy, he would ask the servitor of the esquire under whom he should be placed to take the charge thereof, until such time as when he should be older—and handed him two crowns to give to him. At this moment the Bishop of Grenoble took leave of all the company and called his nephew, who, finding himself again upon his noble steed, believed himself in Paradise. They took the straight road into Chambery, where at that time tarried the Duke Charles of Savoy.



Golden Crown of Charles VIII (Cabinet de France)





Ancient View of Chambéry.<sup>1</sup>

### CHAPTER III.

Of how the Bishop of Grenoble presented his nephew, the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, to Duke Charles of Savoy, who received him cordially.



IN his departure from the castle of Bayard, which was one Saturday after midday, rode forth the said Bishop of Grenoble, arriving that same evening at the town of Chambéry, into the which his clergy preceded him, for the said town has from all time been of the bishopric of Grenoble,<sup>2</sup> and had its own court and officials. He lodged himself with a notable citizen.

The Duke had repaired to his own house, with a goodly number of lords and gentlemen, both of Savoy and Piedmont. That evening, remained the said Bishop of Grenoble in his apartments, not showing himself at Court; nevertheless the Duke had been informed that he was in the town, which gave him pleasure, because that the said Bishop was (if thus they can be called in this world) one of the

<sup>1</sup> National Library; *Topographie de la France*.

<sup>2</sup> It did not become episcopal until the eighteenth century.

most saintly and devout personages known unto him. The next day, which was Sunday, he arose betimes, to go and pay his reverence to the Duke of Savoy, who received him smilingly, making him well to understand that his coming pleased him greatly. He conversed with him all the length of road betwixt his dwelling and the church, where he went to hear the mass, at the which he served the said Duke, in manner which belongeth to such princes, giving unto him to kiss the gospels and the wafer. When mass was over, the Duke led him by hand to dine with him, where, during the said dinner, was his nephew the good Chevalier, who served to him the drink with great good order, and behaved himself discreetly. The Duke, attracted much by his extreme youth, at length enquired of the Bishop: "Monseigneur of Grenoble, who is the young child who serves unto you the drink?"

"My lord," replied he, "he is a man-at-arms that I have come to make you present of, but he is not yet in fit state to present to you. After dinner, if it be your pleasure, you shall see him."

"Truly," said the Duke, who had already taken much fancy unto him, "it would be strange if such a present were refused."

Now the good Chevalier, who had been listening to his uncle while attending on him, cared not at all for the morsels after dinner, but betook himself unto his lodgment, where having saddled his palfrey, on the which, after having set himself in order, he mounted, and went at a slow pace into the courtyard of the house of the said Duke of Savoy, who had already left his hall, and lent over one of his galleries. He saw the young child enter, who made his horse caracole in manner as if he were a man of thirty years who all his life had been used to warfare. He then addressed himself unto the Bishop of Grenoble, to whom he said: "Monseigneur of Grenoble, I believe this to be your protégé who so well bestrides that horse."

The Bishop replied: "My lord, it is my nephew. He comes of goodly race, from which have sprung many valiant knights. His father, who, from his wounds received in divers wars and battles at the which he was, is much enfeebled and much aged, and thus is quite unable to come to you. He recommends himself most humbly to your kind graciousness, and presents this boy to you."

"In truth," replied the Duke, "I accept him willingly. The present is a good and honest one. May God make a brave man of him!"

Then commanded he one of his esquires of the stable, whom he much trusted, to take charge of the young Bayard, who, to his thinking, would turn out a good man. After this, the Bishop of Grenoble tarried

no longer at Grenoble, after having humbly thanked the Duke of Savoy, and taking leave of him, returned him to his house. Whilst the said Duke tarried some time further at Chambery, when he determined him to go and see the King of France, Charles VIII., who was then in his town of Lyons, where he was holding good times with jousts, tournaments, and other pastimes.



Ancient Seal of the Town of Lyons.



The Duke of Savoy and his Council.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER IV.

Of how the Duke of Savoy quitted Chambery to pay respects to Charles VIII., King of France, in his town of Lyons, taking with him the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, then his page.



THE good Chevalier remained as page unto the Duke of Savoy for about the space of half a year, when he made himself beloved by great and small, as never so young a child had been before. He was of use to lords and ladies to a marvellous degree. In all things there was neither page nor lord who could compare with him, for he jumped, wrestled, threw the bar,<sup>2</sup> for his size, and amongst other things bestrode a horse as well as it were possible, thus making his good master bear such love towards him as if he were his son.

One day, the Duke of Savoy being at Chambery, making much

<sup>1</sup> National Library, Ms. fr., No. 7140.

<sup>2</sup> The throwing of stones, bars and pieces of iron was a military exercise, and is mentioned several times in *La Petit Jehan de Saintré*.



pageant, determined to go unto the King of France at Lyons, where at that time he was surrounded by his princes and gentlemen, leading a merry life, and daily holding jousts and tournaments, and in the evenings dances and revellings with ladies of the place, who were comely and had much grace. And, the truth to tell, this good King



Seal of Charles VIII.<sup>1</sup>

Charles was one of those good princes, both liberal and courteous to a fault. He loved and feared God, and made no oaths excepting such as *par la foi de mon corps!* or some such protestation. It was to be lamented when death took him so soon, as at the age of eight-and-twenty years, for whilst he lived he had achieved great things.

<sup>1</sup> National Archives.

The said King Charles knew how the Duke of Savoy was coming to pay respects to him, and that he was already at Verpillière, and would that night be at Lyons. Sent out to meet him a noble prince



Charles VIII. (Versailles Museum.)

of the House of Luxembourg, by name the Lord de Ligny,<sup>1</sup> with many other gentlemen and archers of his guard, who went with him about

<sup>1</sup> He found himself to be at the same time related to both the King and the Duke, for his mother was Marie of Savoy, aunt of Charles VIII., and his father was the constable of Saint-Pol.

two leagues or thereabouts from Lyons, where there were cordial greetings 'twixt the said Duke and Lord de Ligny, both distinguished men. They conversed long together, and then the Lord de Ligny's eye fell on the young Bayard, the which was on his steed, who trotted boldly out, and formed a goodly spectacle. The Lord de Ligny said unto the Duke of Savoy: "My lord, there you have a page who rides a goodly steed, and, what is more, he rides it prettily."

"On my faith!" said the Duke, "it is scarce six months since the Bishop of Grenoble made me a present of him. He had but quitted school, but I have never seen a youth disport himself, at his age, more bravely both on horseback and on foot, and with greater grace. And I do advise you, my lord and cousin, that he comes from a race of brave and bold gentlemen, whom I believe he will resemble."

He then said to the good Chevalier: "Bayard, spur! Give your horse a gallop!"

The which the young child, desiring nothing better, did instantly, and well he knew how to do it. The gallop over, he made his horse caracole, the which, full of high courage, gave three or four wonderful bounds, delighting the whole company.

"Upon my word, my lord!" exclaimed the Lord de Ligny, "there is indeed a youth who, to my thinking, will make a noble gallant if he lives. And I advise of you to give both horse and page as present to the King, for he will be much pleased thereat, the horse being strong and handsome, and the page, to my thinking, still better."

"On my soul!" said the Duke, "as thou counsell'est me, so will I do. The young child, for the future, could learn in no better school than that of France, where from all time honour has made her sojourn longer than in all other princely houses."

They then proceeded along the road before them into Lyons, where the streets were full of people, with fair ladies at the windows to see them pass. For, in all truth, this Duke of Savoy was a both good and handsome prince, and well escorted; in looking at him one felt he was the prince of a great house.

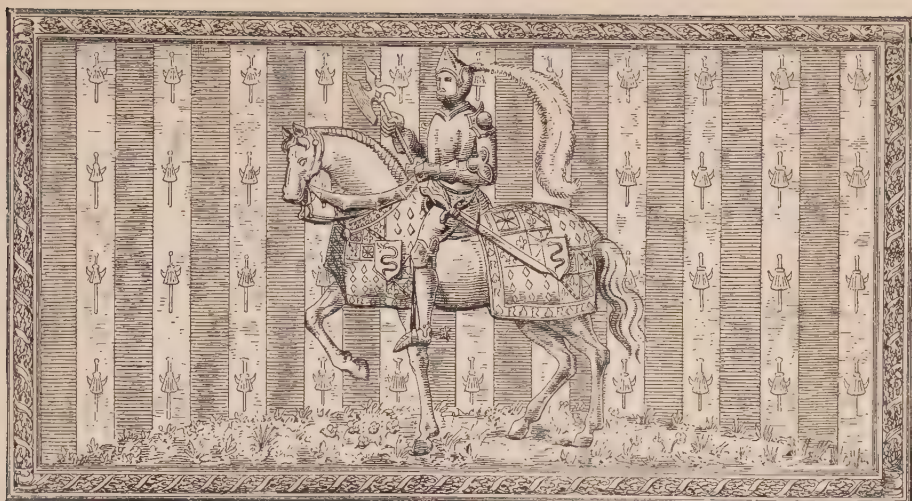
He went for that night, which was one Wednesday, straight to his lodgment, and kept with him the Lord de Ligny and another, named the Lord de Avenes (son of Sire Albret and brother to the King of Navarre, who was both a brave and accomplished lord), to sup with him, and several other lords and gentlemen; and during the repast they were enlivened by the players and minstrels of the King. That night the

Duke of Savoy quitted not his lodgment, but joined in several games and pastimes, and then they brought round wines and spices, the which partaken of, each one retired him to his separate dwelling until the morrow.



Seal of Duke of Savoy.





Marshall Gié as a man-at-arms.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER V.

Of how the Duke of Savoy went to pay his reverence to the King of France at his own dwelling, and of the warm and cordial greeting accorded unto him.



ON Thursday morning arose the Duke of Savoy, and, after putting himself in order, wished to go and seek the King; but ere his departure from his lodgings, the aforesaid Lords of De Ligny and Avenes, together with the Marshal Gié, who at that time was much esteemed in France, came to him, to whom he bid good-morrow.<sup>1</sup> And after marching to the dwelling of the King, who already was about to start to hear mass at the Convent of Cordeliers, the which he had had built at the request of a devout monk called Brother John Bourgeois, at one end of that environ of Lyons called Vaise. And he had given unto this said

<sup>1</sup> This Marshall Gié was a Rohan, who conceived the fancy of having himself represented on a tapestry, together with his different ranks, such as: man-at-arms, standard-bearer, ensign, captain, marshal. A copy of this composition exists in the Gagnières Collection, and was used by us as a model for the engravings that we give here and on page 25.

monk much, as also later did his good and royal spouse, Ann, Duchess of Bretagne. The Duke of Savoy found the King about to quit his room, to whom he made the reverence such as was due to so high and noble a prince. But the good King, full of humility, raised and embraced him, saying—

“My friend and cousin, you are indeed most welcome! I am rejoiced to see you, and in truth you have done well; for had you not come unto me, I had determined to visit you in your own province, where I should have caused thee still further expenditure.”

To which the good Duke replied: “My Lord, it were difficult to my thinking to spend too much on your reception. My regret alone would have been that on your arrival in my province, which is your own, our inability to receive you as befitted so mighty and magnanimous a prince as you are. But I pray you be assured that my heart, my body, and my experience, if there be a God, are at your service as much as the least of your subjects.”

Then the King, reddening a little, thanked him. And mounting on their mules they proceeded together through the town to the said Convent of the Cordeliers, where they devoutly went to attend mass; and when the time of the offering arrived, was handed by the Duke of Savoy to the King the crown to give unto our Lord, as has always been the custom of the Kings of France, as to the Prince whom he would honour most.

Mass over, they remounted their mules to return them to their dwellings, when the King retained the Duke of Savoy to dine with him, and also the aforementioned Lords of de Ligny and of Avenes. During the dinner, they held converse on divers matters, such as of dogs, birds, arms and loves; and amongst other things the Lord de Ligny said unto the King: “Sire, I do declare to you that my Lord of Savoy wishes to present to you a page who bestrides a strong palfrey most prettily—as well as any boy that I have ever seen—though I believe he be not more than fourteen years of age; but he manages his horse as one of thirty years. If it may please you to go to vespers at Ainay, you can there see him.”

“By my faith!” replied the King, “that I will do.” Then looking towards the Duke of Savoy, he said to him: “My cousin, who gave unto you this goodly page of whom our Cousin de Ligny speaks?”

To which the Duke replied: “My Lord, he is one of your subjects, and belongs to a house in your province of Dauphiny, from which have come many gallant gentlemen. His uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble,





MARSHAL DE GIÉ IN COSTUMES OF STANDARD-BEARER, ENSIGN, GENERAL, AND MARSHAL.

(Recueil de Gaignières.)





half a year since, made present of him to me. My lord and cousin has set eyes on him, and declares that he is pleased with him; you at your good pleasure can see both horse and page upon the meadows of Ainay."

The good Chevalier was not then present; but being told of how the King desired to see him on horseback, and believe that had he taken the city of Lyons, he could not have been better pleased. He went him forthwith unto the Duke of Savoy's master-stableman, by name Pizou de Chenas, to whom he said: "Sir! my friend, I understand that the King has desired my lord to see my palfrey, dinner over, with me thereon. I do entreat of thee, as much as I am able, that thou put him in good order, and I will most willingly give unto thee my short dagger."

The master groom, seeing the eagerness of the young boy, said unto him: "Bayard, my friend, retain thy dagger, I wish not for it; go thou only to wash and dress thyself, and thy horse will be in readiness for thee. And may it please God at this hour that you find grace in the King's eyes! For he has power to bring thee much advancement, that some day, by God's help, you may be as great a lord as I desire for you."

"By my good faith, Sir," said the good Chevalier, "I never will forget the courtesy that thou hast shown to me since such time as I have been of my lord's household; and if God ever gives unto me advancement, thou shalt perceive the same."

Instantly ascending to the chamber of his esquire, he brushed his garments, and with care accoutred himself as well as it were possible, awaiting the summons which retarded not. For, 'twixt the hours of two and three, came unto them the Duke of Savoy's master of the horse, the which took charge of Bayard, who came to summon him, and found him ready.

Said unto him quite vexedly; "Bayard, my friend, I see well that I am to have you no longer, for I do hear that my lord has already given you as present unto the King, who desires to see you upon your steed upon the meadows of Ainay. I am not vexed at your advancement, but, on my soul! I much regret to part from you."

To which replied the young Bayard: "My lord and esquire, may God give me strength to hold to those virtues which thou hast shown to me since that my lord has placed me in thy keeping! If I am able, by reason of your help, never to feel ashamed of such things that I do, and if in future time it be within my power to do thee service, thou

wilt then be able to know how much I hold myself indebted to thee."

After having said these words, they delayed no longer, for the appointed hour drew near. The esquire mounted his horse, also the good Chevalier mounted himself upon his stallion, the which was so well-groomed and accoutred that nothing was left to be desired. They went to the meadows of Ainay, there to await the King and all his retinue, for the Prince had gone by water down the Saône.

On alighting from the boat, he went on to the meadow to see the



Page on horseback.<sup>1</sup>

young Bayard upon his stallion, together with his esquire, and commenced to cry to him: "Page, my friend, put spurs into thy horse!"

The which he did at once, and he seemed, seeing him depart, that all his life he had been given up to such as this. The gallop over, making his horse to bound and finish with the two or three great leaps, then, saying nothing, reined his horse round and stood before the King, stopping short before him, in such a manner that not alone the King but all the company were greatly pleased. Then said the King unto my Lord of Savoy:

"My cousin, it were impossible better to guide a horse."

<sup>1</sup> Bibliothèque Nationale.

Then calling to the page, he said to him: "Pique, Pique encore un coup!"

After these words the pages cried to him: "Piquez, Piquez," in such a manner that for ever after he was surnamed *Picquet*.

"Truly again," said the King unto the Duke, "I see before mine eyes that which my Cousin de Ligny told to me at dinner; not waiting for you to give to me both page and horse, I now demand them of you."

"My lord," replied the Duke of Savoy, "the master is yours, and therefore what is his must also be, and by God's grace may he do you good service!"

"By my good faith!" replied the King, "it were impossible for him not to become a worthy man. Cousin de Ligny, I give into your keeping this page; but I wish that he should not lose his horse, the which is to remain in your own stable."

Then the said Lord de Ligny, thanking the King humbly, felt himself well satisfied to have received this present; for he with justice thought that he would grow to be a man to do him much credit, the which did later come to pass. For three years only was the good Chevalier page in the house of the Lord de Ligny, after which time, at the age of seventeen, he appointed him into his company, at the same time retaining him as one of the gentlemen of his household.



Arms of Ligny.



View of Lyons, from an engraving of the Sixteenth Century.

## CHAPTER VI.

Of how a gentleman of Burgundy, named Messir Claude de Vaudrey, came unto Lyons, by the desire of the King of France, to do feats of arms, as well on horseback as on foot, and bring his shields, that all who touched the same should be received in combat. And of how the good Chevalier, three days after he ceased to be a page, touched all the shields.



THE Duke of Savoy remained at Lyons still some time longer, where they all held good cheer, together with the King and other princes and French nobles. Being advised that it was time to return to his own province, he demanded leave to do so, which was with regret granted unto him—and the good company he had to leave.

The King gave unto him many goodly gifts, he being most generous. Thus returned the good Duke Charles of Savoy unto his own kingdom. The King of France went, two or three years, to visit him in his kingdom, and found himself in the said town of Lyons,<sup>1</sup> where there had

<sup>1</sup> This second visit was in the month of April 1498.



arrived a gentleman of Burgundy, named Messir Claude de Vaudrey, an expert man at arms, and who desired much to follow the same. He made request unto the King that, to guard against the idleness of all young gentlemen, he would permit of him to hold an assault, for those on horseback as well as those on foot, for thrusts of lance and blows of axe. The which was granted him, for the good King desired not, after God's service, of which he was most careful, but happy pastimes.

Then the said Messir Claude de Vaudrey prepared his courts as best he could, and hung his shields in place where all such gentlemen as had desire could see them coming, and touching them, could write their names down with the king-at-arms, who had the charge thereof. One day, passing in front the shields, the good Chevalier, who already, from the name given him by the King at Ainay, was called Picquet by all, thought to himself: "Alas! my God! If I but knew how to equip myself, how willingly would I touch these shields to know and learn the use of arms!"

And on this he halted and remained in meditation.

Along with him was one of his companions who had been also in the house of Lord de Ligny, by name Bellabre,<sup>1</sup> who said to him: "Of what dreamest thou, my friend? Thou seemest to me quite dazed."

"On my faith, friend," he replied, "I am so, and I will explain to you the reason thereof presently.

"My lord has seen fit to raise me from a page; and by his kindness, has accoutred me and placed me amongst the order of gentlemen. It seems to me it would be honourable to touch these shields of Messir Claude de Vaudrey, but I know not, when it has been done, who will furnish me with the equipment and the horses."

Then replied Bellabre, who was older than him, and a bold youth (one thing I would advise all reading this history, that from the care of this noble Lord de Ligny have quitted fifty gentlemen, of which thirty have been most valiant and virtuous captains in their life): "My friend, thou thinkest of that? Have you not your uncle, this great Abbot of Ainay. I vow to God that we shall go to him, and if he will not furnish what is needful, we shall take his staff and mitre; but I believe that when he knows your good desires, he will assist you willingly."

<sup>1</sup> Pierre de Pocquière, Lord of Bellabre and of la Marche (Roman).

And, on these words he touched the shields. Montjoie, king-at-arms, who being there to write the names, began to say to him :

“Hallo! Picquet, my friend, you will not have a beard these three years, and you undertake to fight against Messir Claude, who is one of the boldest knights now known?”

The which replied to him: “Montjoie, my friend, that which I do is from no pride or over-confidence, but only from desire to learn the use of arms, little by little, with those who can show me; and God, if it may



King-at-arms and Judges at a Tournament.<sup>1</sup>

please Him, may grant me by His grace that I may learn to do that which will please fair ladies.”

At which Montjoie laughed to himself and was much amused.

The news spread at once throughout all Lyons that Picquet having touched the shields of Messir Claude, came at the end into the hearing of the said Lord de Ligny, who would not have had it so for ten thousand crowns. He went straightway to tell the King thereof, who was well pleased, and said: “By my soul! Cousin de Ligny, I have presentiment that your late charge will do you much credit.”

“We shall see if it be so,” replied the Lord de Ligny; “he is still too young to withstand the thrusts of Messir Claude.”

<sup>1</sup> Bibliothèque Nationale.





"FROM WHENCE GOT YOU THIS TEMERITY?"

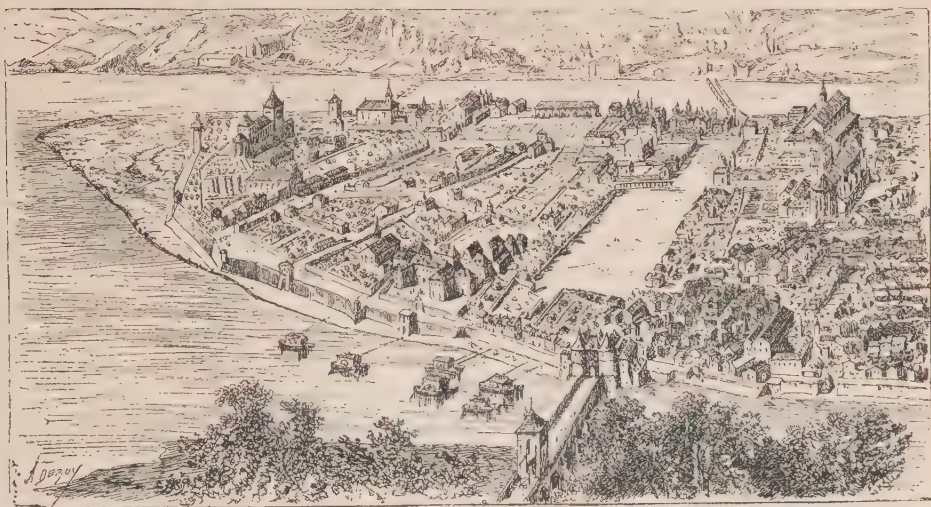




It was bold enough in the good Chevalier to have touched the shields of Messir Claude, but how to find the money to furnish him with horses and accoutrements? His friend Bellabre came unto him, to whom he said :

“Companion, and friend, I pray you be the mediator with mine uncle, Monseigneur of Ainay, that he may give me money. I well know that if my good uncle, Monseigneur of Grenoble, was here, he would let me want for nothing ; but he is at his abbey of Saint-Sernin, at Toulouse. It is far distant ; never could man go there and return in time.”

“Do not distress yourself!” answered Bellabre ; “we shall, you and I,



View of Lyons, the Guillotière Quarter. From an Engraving of the Sixteenth Century.

go to-morrow morn to speak with him, and I trust well shall make good our case.”

This reassured somewhat the good Chevalier ; nevertheless he could not rest that night. Bellabre and he slept in one chamber. They next day rose and placed themselves in one of those small boats of Lyons, to take them unto Ainay. There descending, the first man that they met upon the meadow was the Abbot, saying his prayers, in company with one of his monks.

They went forward and saluted both the gentlemen ; but he, having already heard mention that his nephew had touched the shields of Messir Claude de Vaudrey, did not grant them much favour, but accosting

thus his nephew, said to him: "Ho! master boastful, from whence got you this temerity to touch the shields of Messir Claude de Vaudrey? It is but three days since you were a page, and have not now lived



Saint-Sernin. From a Photograph.

more than seventeen years: you are of an age still to be whipped, and you to show so great a conceit!"

To which the good Chevalier replied, "Monseigneur, I do assure you by my faith that from no pride I did it; but my desire and wish to come by virtuous deeds, to the same honour that my forefathers and

yours have come, has given me this boldness. I therefore do entreat of you, my lord, as much as I am able, seeing that I have neither kinsman nor friend here to whom I can at present have recourse, except yourself, that it be your good pleasure to grant me aid of what is needful to obtain that which is necessary for me."

"By my faith!" replied the Abbot, "you can elsewhere seek for



Man-at-arms in 1488. From the *Mer des Histoires*

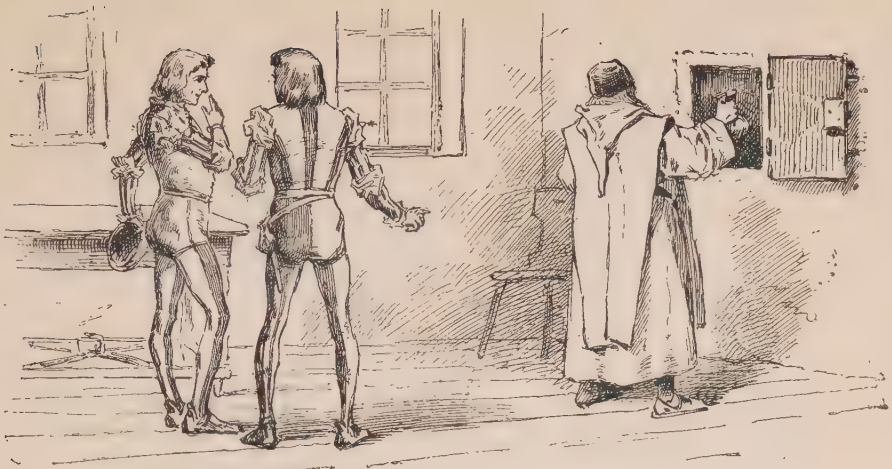
one to lend you money. That which was given by the founders of this abbey was given for God's service, not to dispense in jousts and tournaments."

The which words of the Abbot were taken up by the Lord of Bellabre, who answered him: "Monseigneur, without the virtue and prowess of your ancestors, thou wouldst not have become Abbot of Ainay, for through this means and none other it came about. Thou must bear in mind the benefits received from the past, and hope for some remuneration from feats now done. Your nephew, my com-

panion, comes of a goodly race, much loved by the King and my lord, our master. He has aspirations for the future, you should be well pleased thereat; and he much wishes you to render him assistance; for it will but cost you two hundred crowns to put him in good order, and he may bring you honour worth more than ten thousand."

They were replied to by the Abbot in divers other strains, but in the end he gave consent to help the aforesaid good Chevalier.





The Abbot taking out his Purse.

## CHAPTER VII.

Of how the Abbot of Ainay handed unto the good Chevalier one hundred crowns to buy two horses, and wrote a letter unto a merchant of Lyons, desiring him to provide him with all that was necessary.



HERE was long converse held betwixt the Abbot and the two young gentlemen. But in the end he led them to his dwelling, and there opened a small cupboard, where, from a purse that lay therein, he drew one hundred crowns, the which he handed to Bellabre, and said to him: "Young gentleman, there are one hundred crowns the which I give to you to buy two horses for this valiant soldier, for he is still too young in years to act himself; I shall also write one line unto Laurencin to furnish him with habiliments and all that will be needful."

"It is well done, my lord," answered Bellabre, "and I assure you that, when all men know it, you will be much praised for it."

He called at once for ink and paper to write unto Laurencin, whom he did order to hand unto his nephew all that would be necessary for accoutrement at this tournament, imagining to himself that it would be

about the value of one hundred francs of merchandise ; but it proved otherwise, as you shall after learn.

As soon as the gentlemen had had their letter given unto them, after having taken leave of the Abbot, and the good Chevalier having most humbly thanked him for the courtesy that he had done him, they returned them to their little boat to return to Lyons, quite joyful at their good success. Bellabre was first to speak, and said : " Do you know that which has come to us, my friend. When God sends men good fortune they must make the best of it. That which is taken from the monks is holy bread. Here we have a letter to Laurencin, to give to you all that you may require : go quickly to his dwelling, before your Abbot can think of what he has done ; for he has placed no limit in his said letter as to how much money is to be spent on your accoutrements. And by my faith ! you shall be accoutred for the tournament, and for a whole year besides, for after this you will receive naught else from him."

The good Chevalier, desiring nothing better, laughed to himself and said : " By my faith ! friend, it is well ; but I pray you let us hasten. For greatly do I fear that, perceiving that which he has done, he will instantly despatch one of his serving-men to say how much money he intends to spend on mine equipment."

Most right was their conception, as you shall hear. They urged the boatman to hasten, who brought them to in front the Exchange, where they did land, and instantly went straight unto the dwelling of Laurencin, who was at the time in his shop, and they saluted him. And he, who was an honest and good merchant, saluted them likewise. Bellabre commenced to speak and said : " By my faith ! good Laurencin, my companion and I have come from seeing an honest abbot, who is Monseigneur of Ainay."

" I well believe you, I also say the same," said Laurencin : " he is a right good man, and I hold myself to be one of his faithful followers. I have had in my life dealings with him to twenty thousand francs ; and never have I come across more honourable a man."

" But you do not know his generosity as regards his nephew, my companion here," said Bellabre. " Learning that he had touched the shields of Messir Claude de Vaudrey, and that he was wishful to acquire like honours to his ancestors, and knowing that we dwelt together, he sent for both of us this morning. And after we had had good breakfast, gave to his nephew three hundred fine crowns to purchase horses, besides his accoutrements ; so that there will be no

man in the company better equipped than he. He also handed to us a letter addressed to you, advising you to furnish him with all that will be necessary." Showed him the letter; he saw at once in it the writing of my lord the Abbot.

"I do assure you, gentlemen," said Laurencin, "that there is nothing here that is not at your service, nor at that of my lord who writes to me, only make mention you of that which you desire."

Then were shown to them fabrics of gold, silver, satins, brocades, velvets, and other silks, from which they chose for the Chevalier up to the value of seven to eight hundred francs. And then took leave of him to go unto their dwelling; and instantly sent out for tailors to do their bidding.

Now we return for a while to the Abbot, who was well pleased to see his nephew go. Ordered that dinner should be brought, at which he had some guests; and amongst other converse, commenced to tell aloud: "I have had a terrible gift to make this day; this boy, my nephew Bayard, has been so fool-hardy as to touch the shields of Messir Claude, and to equip himself has come this morning to ask money of me. I gave to him one hundred crowns; but still that is not all, for I have also written to Laurencin to hand to him all that he shall ask for to equip himself with casaque and other things."<sup>1</sup>

To which replied the sacristan of the place: "By my faith! Monseigneur, you have well done; he is wishful to follow the prowess of my lord your grandfather, who was a valiant man, as were all his kinsmen. I see no harm in this but the one thing; he is but young and wilful. You have written to Laurencin to furnish him with all that he shall ask for; I am assured that he will do it, and that it will be the matter of two thousand crowns; I much fear that he will take more than you did intend to give."

The Abbot instantly thought thereon and answered: "By Saint Jacques! thou speakest truth; for I gave to him no limit." Then said he, "Call unto me my steward" (who came at once). "This instant, Nicolas," said the Abbot, "another will serve in your stead; go into the town unto Laurencin, and tell him that I wrote to him this morning, to furnish habiliments unto my nephew Bayard for the said tournament of Messir Claude de Vaudrey. That he shall give to him the value of one hundred or one hundred and twenty francs, not more, and do but go and hasten back again."

<sup>1</sup> A robe was then worn above the cuirass.

The said steward soon started, but it was then late. When he arrived at Laurencin's, he was at table, but because an intimate, he ascended at once and hailed the company there assembled.

"My good sir," said Laurencin, "you come in good time; wash thine hands and come and sup with us."

"I thank you," he replied; "it is not that that brings me. My lord has sent me here, because he wrote to you this day to furnish his nephew with some accoutrements."

Laurencin not knowing why he said this, said, "My good sir, this



Tailor of the Sixteenth Century.<sup>1</sup>

is already done. I lost no time in doing so. He is a very comely youth; my lord did well in thus assisting him."

"And for how much was the order given you?" enquired the steward.

"I do not know, upon my word," said he, "if I look not to my papers and receipts which are put down upon the back of my lord's letter, but I should think about eight hundred francs."

"Ah! By our lady! you have spoilt all."

"Wherefore?" enquired Laurencin.

"Because of this," replied the steward, "that my lord has sent me

<sup>1</sup> After Jost Ammon.



unto you to tell you to hand to him but for one hundred or one hundred and twenty francs."

"His letter says not so," replied Laurencin; "and since he ordered more, he more has had; for thus he ordered, my good sir."

"Nor is there now a remedy," remarked the steward; "to God I commend you."

He returned to Ainay and found there still the company which he had left.

When the Abbot saw his steward, he said to him: "Well, Nicolas, have you told that unto Laurencin?"



Old Houses at Lyons.

"Well yes, my lord, but I arrived too late. Your nephew had already reaped his harvest, and has only taken his worth of eight hundred francs."

"Eight hundred francs! Holy Mary!" exclaimed the Abbot; "there is a graceless good-for-nothing. Go instantly, you know his dwelling; find him, and tell him that if he does not instantly give back Laurencin that which he has taken, he will never receive from me one other farthing."

The steward did as my lord commanded him, and went to Lyons, thinking to find his man, who had bethought himself of this disclosure and had told his serving-man: "If any man from my Lord of Ainay

comes to enquire for me, make what excuse you will, I will not speak with him." And this was told to all those in the dwelling.

When the steward came to ask for him, they made reply to him that he was at my Lord de Ligny's; he went thither, and found him not. Returned unto the dwelling: they told him he had gone to try some horses down by the Rhone. In short, he made ten trials, but could not meet with him. He then went home, for he saw well it was a mockery. Arrived at Ainay, he told Monseigneur 'twere but lost time to seek his nephew, for he had been more than ten times to his house without finding him, the doors being shut to him. Then said the Abbot, "By mine honour! he is a bad boy; but he will repent thereof."

His anger passed as best it might, but he did nothing more. Let us cease to speak of him and return us to the good Chevalier and his companion, and tell of how they prospered with their doings.



Knights prepared for the Joust. After Jost Ammon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Of how the good Chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche, and his companion mounted their steeds in full equipment, and of how the said good Chevalier behaved himself creditably, considering his strength, against Messir Claude de Vaudrey.



It may easily be understood, that as when the good Chevalier and his companion had obtained from Laurencin such things as they desired, they did not tarry longer in his dwelling. Dreading what might come to pass, but chose all things needful with much despatch.

Returning to their dwelling, they forthwith sent for tailors to make for each of them their casaques, to wear above their armour; for it was the good Chevalier's wish that his companion should be dressed as he himself was; for that they had all things in common. After that they had given orders as to their habiliments, Bellabre said, "Friend, we now must go and seek for horses. I know a gentleman of Piedmont; lodging now at Grenette who has a strong horse, well-shaped, and a good mover; the which

I think will do for you; and I much think that he also has a small bay charger, which is well-looking. I have been told that he desires to part with them, for reason, that but eight days since, whilst riding, he broke a leg; let us go and enquire about them."

"It is well advised," replied the good Chevalier.

They went by water till reaching Notre-Dame-de-Comfort, where they sought the lodgment of the said Piedmontese gentleman, whom they found in his chamber suffering much with his leg. They saluted him, and he did likewise, as befitted a courteous knight. Bellabre was spokesman, saying: "My good sir, my companion here desires to purchase two of your horses, it having been told us that you wish to sell them, for reason of this accident that has happened you, for which we are much grieved."

"On my faith! sirs," replied the gentleman, "it is the case, and is grievous to me, for these horses are good and well-looking! But since it is God's will, it seems, that I shall be still three months longer in this town. Living is dear; and horses in the stable will cost me their full value. You seem to me to be brave and honest gentlemen. And I should like far better that my horses should fall into your hands than into those of strangers. Mount them, and try them outside the town with one of mine own men; and on your return, if they do please you, we shall speak of terms."

They found the proposal to be an honest one, and forthwith were the horses saddled, on which the Chevalier and his friend mounted, and proceeded to the meadow near La Guillotière, where after both galloping and trotting they were much pleased with them.

Returning to the dwelling of the gentleman to come to terms, they enquired of him the price that he demanded for them.

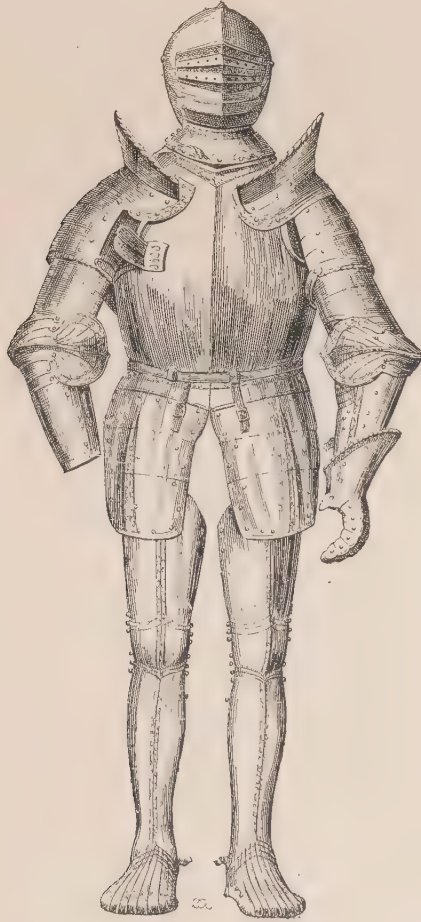
"By my faith!" said he, "if I were well, there is not one man on this earth, if I did not wish to make to him a present, who would have had them for two hundred crowns; but, by my regard for you, I shall be content to let you have the horse for sixty crowns, and the charger for fifty; making in all one hundred and ten crowns, and less I will not take."

Seeing at once that in this he was most reasonable, they said naught else but: "Good sir, this you shall have, and henceforth, for all our lives, you will have two gentlemen at your service;" for which he thanked them. They then drew from out the purse and handed to him one hundred and ten crowns, and two besides, for wine to give unto the serving-men.



The horses then were led by the young men unto the stables, where they had them well tended to, for it wanted but three days to the commencement of the tournament, heralded by Messir Claude de Vaudrey, where each knight was to disport himself according to his strength.

It opened with the Messir Claude striding forth according to custom,



Armour of the Seneschal Galliot.

and making known the permission he had himself received from the King of France. And on one Monday there were placed upon the ranks or against him essayed several good and valiant gentleman belonging to the household of the good King Charles, such as the

Seneschal Galliot,<sup>1</sup> at that time accounted a brave and expert man at arms, the young Bonneval, Sandricourt,<sup>2</sup> Chatillon, who were amongst the King's most esteemed friends, and many others; where each, as one may fancy, did his best endeavour. Now, it was the custom that, when each knight had finished he was led along the lists, with face uncovered, to the end that all might see the faces of those that had done well or ill.



Knight. After Jost Ammon.

The good Chevalier, in the eighteenth year of his age, which was extreme youth (for that he was still growing, and was of nature both lean and colourless), entered the ranks, to try as did the others, and then making his first essay which was somewhat rudely dealt; for had

<sup>1</sup> He afterwards became Grand Master of Artillery. His armour, here given, is still to be seen in the Musée Artillerie under the No. G. 28.

<sup>2</sup> This Lord of Sandricourt was so enthusiastic about tournaments that he ruined himself about this time with one that he gave which is celebrated still and known by the name of the *pas d'armes de Sandricourt*.

he not to meet him one of the most expert and finished knights at that time in this world?

At any rate, I know not how it came about, or if it were that God wished to succour him, or if it were that Messir Claude de Vaudrey took a strange pleasure in him, but he was found to be the first man in all the combat, as well on horseback as on foot, and that none other had done better nor so well as he. And for this cause all the fair dames of Lyons gave him praise; for, as has already here been said before, he was obliged, his duties over, to ride along the lists, with face uncovered. For which cause, when they perceived it was the good Chevalier somewhat abashed, the ladies in their Lyonnaise tongue accorded him honours, crying: "*Vey vo cistou malotru! il a mieux fay que tous les autres.*"

And all the rest there present accorded him such praise, that the good King Charles declared at supper, to further honour him: "By mine own honour! Picquet has made a beginning which to my thinking will lead to a good end." And then remarked to Lord de Ligny: "My cousin, I never made you in my life so good a present as when I gave you him."

To which the said lord replied: "Sire, if he grows to be a great man, it were more to your honour than to mine; for it is due to the kind praise accorded by you that he undertakes all this. God grant that he may so go on! But his uncle, the Abbé of Ainay, takes not much pleasure in it, for he has been provided with both shields and accoutrements at his expense." The which the King having been already informed thereof; laughed heartily with all the company.



The good Chevalier bidding farewell to Lord de Ligny.

## CHAPTER IX.

How Lord de Ligny sent the good Chevalier to join a garrison in Picardy, where at that time was his company, of how he lodged in the picturesque town of Aire, and on his arrival of how his companions went forth to meet him.



UT a few days after the conclusion of the tournament, one morning Lord de Ligny called unto him the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, to whom he said: "Picquet, my friend, you have begun life with much good fortune, but the fortunes of arms requires still more of you. I shall still retain you as one of my household, at three hundred francs each year, providing thee with three horses and all thy requirements,<sup>1</sup> and have placed you in my company.

"I desire that you do join the garrison and mix with these companions, assuring you that amongst them are some as valiant men-at-arms as to be found in Christendom, and who often make exercise of arms by holding jousts and tournaments, both to gain honour and for the love

<sup>1</sup> Men-at-arms of this time served at two, three, and four horses; besides this, every requisite was furnished them.



of ladies. There seems to me also to be some talk of war, which for you would be most fortunate."

The good Chevalier desiring nothing better replied: "My lord, I pray you receive my most humble thanks for all the many kindnesses you have already done me, and do do me daily, and pray to our good God to reward you. But at this time is my greatest desire to go and join this company of whom you speak (and I have heard). It were impossible to remain here all my life. If it be your good pleasure, I shall depart to-morrow."

The Lord de Ligny said, "That I do agree to, but, firstly, you must go to and bid farewell unto the King, to whom I shall conduct you after dinner;" which doing, they found the King just rising from his table: to whom the Lord de Ligny said: "Sire, here is your servant Picquet, who is about to leave us to join his company in Picardy; he comes to take farewell of you."

The Chevalier, with composed air, knelt, and the King smilingly looked upon, saying: "Picquet, my friend, may you by God's help continue as you have begun, and you will then in time become truly a prudhomme.<sup>1</sup> You go into a province where are many fair ladies, endeavour to find favour in their sight. Adieu, my friend."

"Sire, accept my thanks," replied the good Chevalier. Then being embraced by all the princes and nobles, he bid farewell to several gentlemen, who much bemoaned his thus leaving the court. But not so with him. He had delayed too long, to his thinking, for he fain would have been already on his road, having long wished to go whither he was now going.

The King called to him one of his varlets who had charge of his coffers, and commanded him to give unto the Chevalier three hundred crowns, likewise presenting him with a fine courser from his own stable; giving at the same time the varlet thirty crowns, and ten for freight of the said courser. All those who knew thereof praised this generosity much.

The Lord de Ligny returned with him to his abode; spoke to the Chevalier that night as would a father, admonishing him above all things to esteem his honour; which admonition the Chevalier kept until his death.

When the hour of rest arrived, the Lord de Ligny said to him: "Picquet, my friend, you will be leaving to-morrow betimes, and I may

<sup>1</sup> A prudhomme at this time meant a man both wise and valiant.

not see you. May God be with you." He then embraced him with tearful countenance, and the good Chevalier on one knee bid him farewell, returning to his lodgment escorted by many of his companions, who also took a warm farewell of him. On going to his chamber he found there the tailor of the said Lord de Ligny, who brought two complete



French Ladies in the reign of Louis XII.<sup>1</sup>

habiliments for him, a gift from his master, to whom he said: "My friend, had I known of this goodly present, I should have thanked my lord, who has already heaped so many favours on me who so little merits them. I beg of you to thank him on my behalf." Taking out his purse he presented him with twenty crowns.

<sup>1</sup> Bibliothèque Nationale.

One of his serving-men entered and said to him: "Sir, William the ostler has brought into your stable the great horse belonging to Lord de Ligny, whom he says presents it unto you; but he has returned home, intending to speak again with thee on the morrow"

"He will not find me here," said Bayard, "as at daybreak I shall be in the saddle." Then handing the tailor ten crowns, he said to him: "My friend, I beg of you to give this unto William the ostler, on my behalf, at the same time saluting all in that goodly house from me." The which the tailor did.

Whom quitting the room, the good Chevalier having put all in readiness



View of Aire.<sup>1</sup>

for his departure, retired to rest, it being then almost midnight. Rising betimes, he saw depart his great horses, of which he had in all six, together with his baggage. He himself following with six fine coursers, after having taken leave of his host and hostess, who were well pleased to have had him in their house. His friend Bellabre accompanied him as far as Arbresle, where they dined. There they took leave of one another, the which was not a serious matter, as three or four days later Bellabre followed his friend, having only waited for the arrival of two great horses which came to him from Spain.

The good Chevalier travelled by easy stages, as he was taking with him great horses, but at length arrived within three leagues of the town

<sup>1</sup> Bibliothèque Nationale.



of Aire, into which he sent a servant to find lodgment for him. When the gentlemen of the company heard that Picquet was so near, all mounted their horses, or nearly all, and went forth to meet him, so greatly did they desire to see one, of whose virtues they had heard so much. There were in all one hundred and twenty youthful gentlemen, who met their companion half a league out of the town. It were needless to tell that they greeted him warmly, making great cheer. They proceeded gaily to the town, discussing sundry topics on their way; the windows were all filled with ladies, all of whom had already heard of the nobleness of heart of the good Chevalier Picquet. All desired to know him; they saw him, but not so well as they did later. This good Chevalier was then escorted by his friends unto his lodgment, where supper was in readiness; the servant whom he had sent on before having ordered it. Inviting some of these said companions to it, they had a jovial time, he being asked many questions concerning himself, as to his feelings in having, still so young, done so well against Messir Claude de Vaudrey, praising him to the skies.

But the good Chevalier not openly showing his delight, answered them courteously thus: "Friends, gentlemen; the praise accorded to me is undeserved; and I am still unworthy of it, but I trust that it may please God, with your help, that I may yet become one of the many great men."

They then let this converse drop, and spoke of other matters. Then one of the company, Tardieu by name, who was both merry and facetious, spoke thus to the good Chevalier: "Friend and companion, I think it right to tell you that in all Picardy there are no more beautiful women than those belonging to this town, of whom your hostess, whom you have not yet seen, is one. She has gone to the marriage of one of her nieces; but returns to-morrow; when you shall see her. It is impossible that you have joined this garrison without crowns; and must, on your arrival, something do in order to be well spoken of, and by such well-doing you may obtain the favour of the ladies of this province! It is long since a prize has been given in this town; and I pray you therefore to give one before eight days are over. Grant this, I do entreat of you, it being my first request."

The good Chevalier replied: "By my faith! my Lord de Tardieu. Hadst thou asked of me a far-greater thing I should willingly have granted it, but in granting this, does it give me or you the greatest pleasure? And if to-morrow you will send round the trumpeter, and get the Captain to grant us leave, we shall make every preparation."



Tardieu replied: "Do not let the permission trouble you, our Captain Louis d'Ars always grants it, when it is for harmless purposes. He is not here at present, but will be in four days' time, and if he does not approve thereof, I will bear the blame."

"In that case," said the Chevalier, "to-morrow your wishes will be carried out."

The company remained in converse until the clock struck midnight, then taking leave of each other till the next day, when, the said Tardieu was not forgetful to come unto the lodging of the good Chevalier, his new companion, bringing with him the trumpeter of the troop. His first morning's greeting being: "Friend, excuse yourself no further; here is your man!"



Trumpeter. After Jost Ammon.



Knights tilting. After Jost Ammon.

## CHAPTER X.

How the good Chevalier had heralded throughout Aire that a tournament was to be held for love of ladies, at which the victor's prize would be a golden bracelet and a fine diamond to present to his ladylove.



ALTHOUGH in sore need of rest, the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, for of the much work of his mind, relating to the proposals made by his friend De Tardieu, slept not overmuch that night.<sup>1</sup> Considering as to the arrangement of his tournament and of how he should execute the same, as you shall hear. For when Tardieu arrived next morning, bringing with him the trumpeter, he found already written out all directions for the said tournament, which ran as follows, that: "Pierre de Bayard, young gentleman and beginner in the use of arms, native of Dauphiny,

<sup>1</sup> It is here to be remarked that the Loyal Serviteur never allows his master to sleep peacefully under exciting circumstances. Is it to be the more impressed by his recital? The frequent mention of it leads us to think so; but it is also probable that like all active men, Bayard slept but little.

one of the household of the King of France, under the charge and guidance of the great and powerful noble my Lord de Ligny, hereby proclaims a tournament, to be held on the outskirts of the town of Aire adjoining to the walls, open to all comers, on the twentieth day of July, for three lance-thrusts, with unsheathed and blunted lances, armed cap-à-pied, and twelve sword-thrusts, whilst on horseback. The victor to receive as prize a golden bracelet enamelled with his colours, of thirty crowns weight. The next day will be for encounters on foot, for lance-thrusts from behind a barrier to the height of waist, and after lances broken, for blows of axes, at the discretion of the judges and the keepers of the said camp. The prize to be a diamond, the cost of which was forty crowns."

When Tardieu saw the proclamation, he exclaimed: "Of a surety, friend, never did Tristan, Launcelot, or Gauvain<sup>1</sup> do better. Trumpeter, herald this throughout the town; then go to all garrisons that are within three days' journey to proclaim it to all our friends!"

You must understand that at this time in Picardy there were between seven and eight hundred men-at-arms, comprised in the companies of Marshal d'Esquerdes, those of the Scotch, of Lord de la Palesse, a virtuous and lucky captain, and several others, all of whom heard the proclamation of the trumpeter. Those that would compete got themselves in readiness without delay, as it was to take place in eight or ten days' time; and in the end they mustered a goodly number, being in all forty or fifty men in the ranks.

In the midst of all, whilst awaiting the important day, came back the noble knight, Captain Louis d'Ars, the which was right glad to arrive in time to share this pastime. Bayard, hearing of his coming, hastened to pay him reverence, being most cordial one to another. Whilst also to add to the festivities, Bellabre arrived on the next day, much to the pleasure of all.

Each day they disported themselves by essaying horses and entertaining fair ladies, to whom the Chevalier along with the others paid his respects, so much so that the ladies of this neighbourhood, as well as those more distant who had arrived for the tournament, accorded him the highest praise, yet without spoiling him. At last the day of the said tournament arrived, when all competitors joined the lists. Amongst the judges were Captain Louis D'Ars,<sup>2</sup> the Lord Saint-Quentin, a

<sup>1</sup> Three of the heroes of the chivalric legend of the Round Table.

<sup>2</sup> The family of Louis d'Ars was a native of Berry, not of Dauphiny, as commen-

Scotchman, and others. There were all forty-six in number, who fairly divided into two sides with twenty-three on each. All being ready to commence, the trumpet sounded and the tournament pronounced begun. Instantly the young Chevalier entered the list, and was challenged by a gentleman of Dauphiny, Tartarin<sup>1</sup> by name, who was a right bold man-at-arms. They commenced charging one another. Tartarin broke about a foot off his lance; whilst the good Chevalier, striking home just above the guard arm, broke his lance into five or six pieces, when at once the trumpets sounded.<sup>2</sup> It was in truth a splendid sight. Then after having finished their first charge,<sup>3</sup> prepared they for their second, and so venturesome was Tartarin, that with his lance he bent the vambrace of the good Chevalier to the brassarts' right,<sup>4</sup> to all appearance having pierced his arm. Bayard thereupon with goodly thrust pierced his visor, carrying away his plume from off his casque on the end of his lance.<sup>5</sup>

The third lance was as gallantly if more rudely broken than the other two.

Their combat finished, Bellabre came forward, and against him a Scotch man-at-arms, Captain David de Fougas by name, who likewise brake three lances, as well as it were possible for man to do. And thus two by two they jousted, until each one had tried his skill.

This being over, they combated with swords, as by the proclamation. The good Chevalier at his third thrust broke his sword in two pieces, afterwards executing the remaining number of thrusts as well as could be done. The others followed in their due order. And it was thought by all the judges as well as all those present that no better tilting with

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tators believe. They confuse it with the name of Arces, a Dauphinese family. M. de Terrebasse was the first to rectify this error.

<sup>1</sup> This name of Tartarin is that of a Valentinian family who owned lands in Viennois. Nevertheless, to glorify the President de Boissieu, who had accepted the dedication of his *Nobiliaire du Dauphiné* (1671), the genealogist Guy Allard has confused the name of Tartarin, which was a surname of war, with that of an ancestor of the President.

<sup>2</sup> The same as still the trumpet sounds in our military exercises when the end has been attained by a warrior.

<sup>3</sup> After the conclusion of their first charge, they again took the field for the second.

<sup>4</sup> They called *canon* the brassart in front of the arm; it was connected with the brassart of the under-part of the arm by the *garde-bras* or vambrace, which allowed of the bending of the arm. These *canons* are to be seen in the Musée d'Artillerie under the Nos. G. 268 and 271.

<sup>5</sup> A small hat surrounded by a crest. The casques worn at tilting were always surmounted by some emblematical figure: such as the head of a man, woman or animal, which had always a place in the heraldic attributes of the combatants.



lance nor clashing of sword had been ever seen. And though all had done well, those that were accounted best were the good Chevalier, Bellabre, Tartarin, Captain David, one of the company of my Lord of Esquerdes,<sup>1</sup> by name the Bastard de Chimay, and Tardieu.

When evening approached, and all had finished their duties, they retired unto the dwelling of the good Chevalier, who had had dressed a triumphal supper, the which was graced by many ladies fair; for



Jousting with Swords <sup>2</sup>

throughout Picardy from ten leagues around all had come to see this goodly tournament, and had held great cheer.

After supper they had dancing and sundry other pastimes, till it grew late, all regretful to leave, till the clock struck the early hours of morning. Then they one by one departed, escorting the ladies to their respective dwellings.

It was late next day when they awoke; and there was not one who did not go and thank the good Chevalier much, as much for the jousts as for his great kindness, for no more gracious or courteous gentleman than he existed. Then to complete the whole, the soldiers repaired unto the dwelling of their Captain Louis d'Ars, whither the good Chevalier

<sup>1</sup> Elected Marshal of France in 1492, the Baron d'Esquerdes died at Lyons, two years later, when passing into Italy with the army of Charles VIII.

<sup>2</sup> After Jost Ammon.

also was begging his Captain to come and dine with him and Lord St. Quentin, in company with the ladies of the preceding evening, the which he agreed to do. They all repaired to hear mass, after which were to be seen young gentlemen taking the ladies round the waists thus leading them, speaking of love and such like matters, till reaching the abode of the good Chevalier, where they had had such feasting on the previous night, they partook them of a dinner which was still better. And not long did they remain there dinner over, for at about two o'clock each who had been at the tournament had to place himself in the ranks to commence the second day's programme, when all who thought that they had missed the first day's prize, hoped afresh to gain one.

The judges, knights and ladies having arrived, the good Chevalier commenced proceedings in the accustomed manner, and against him appeared a much esteemed knight from Hainault, Hanotin de Sucker by name. From behind the barriers they thrust their lances, dealing mighty blows until they were in pieces. Then taking in hand their axes that each had by him, dealt such blows that it seemed like mortal combat.

At last the good Chevalier giving his adversary a blow to the right side of his ear, making him stagger and fall on his knees, rushed from behind the barrier, making him kiss the earth whether he would or no. Seeing which, the judges called out: "Hollo! Hollo! it is enough; let him withdraw."

After these two, came Bellabre and Arnaulton de Pierreforade forward (the latter a gentleman of Gascony), the which did marvels with their lances, which were soon broken; then came to axes, with which they dealt great heavy blows; but Bellabre breaking his, the judges called on them to stop. After these two came on Tardieu with David the Scotchman, both knew their work well.

Thus each coming on in turn, it was seven hours ere it was at length completed, and for so small a tournament all said that it were as good a one as they had ever seen.

When all was over, each one retired him to his lodgment to dismantle. Then all repaired unto the house of the good Chevalier, where a banquet was prepared for them at which already were the two judges, together with the Lords of Ars and of St. Quentin with all the ladies. They had much to talk of the two days, each one present giving his opinion.

Nevertheless, after supper the judges came to resolution now to

give the prizes. They asked of several gentlemen experienced in arms, on their good faith, to tell their mind; and afterwards the ladies on their honour, without favour or impartiality to one another. At length it was declared as much by gentlemen as by ladies that, although that many had done marvellously well, nevertheless, that in their judgment, on both days the good Chevalier had done the best of all.

By which returned they to him, he having gained both, his own two, prizes, to give to whom he should think fit.

There was much discussion, amongst the judges, as to whom should give the sentence; but the good Captain Louis d'Ars entreated so of



Joust of Lances.<sup>1</sup>

Lord St. Quentin so to do, that he at last consented. And the trumpet sounding, there was a silence, when Lord St. Quentin rose and said: "To all gentlemen here assembled, and those who have been present at the tournament just held, at which the Lord Pierre de Bayard has given both the prizes for the two days. My Lord of Ars and I myself, who have been chosen judges to give sentence as to whom are to be given the said prizes, beg to acquaint you that having duly enquired of all virtuous and able gentlemen who were there present to see your exploits, as also of the noble ladies who were present, have found that all have done well, but above all the common voice declares that Lord de Bayard, without detriment to others, has done the best on both

<sup>1</sup> After Jost Ammon.

the days. For which both lords and ladies confer on him the honour of bestowing the prizes on whom he thinkest fit."

And addressing himself to the good Chevalier, he said: "Lord de Bayard, give word to whom they are to be presented."

Appearing quite abashed, Bayard remained for a few moments wrapt in thought, then said:

"My lord, I cannot tell by whose favour this honour is done me; and feel myself to be quite unworthy of it; but as the knights and ladies are good enough to appoint me to be judge, entreating all my lords and companions who have done better than myself to pardon me, I give the prize of the first day unto my Lord of Bellabre, and of the second to Captain David the Scotchman."

The prizes were at once presented, no one present murmuring. Dancing and games commenced. The ladies were never tired of praising the good Chevalier, who was so beloved throughout Picardy, that no one has ever there been thought of, to compare with him.

He tarried there still two years, during which time several tournaments and sham fights were held, at which he mostly carried off the palm. But the great reason of his being such a favourite was, that he was very gracious and most liberal. None of his companions ever fell without his helping them to right themselves; and what he had, he always shared with others. Although so young, his first thought each day was the service of his God. He also gave much alms, and during his whole life never refused he help to those by whom it was required, and when it was in his power to aid them.

At the end of two years, Charles, the youthful King of France, undertook his travel into Naples, where the Lord de Ligny also went, who, not forgetful of the good Chevalier, sent for him, holding him in high esteem for of his many virtues, and being desirous of not leaving him behind.



Seal of Louis d'Ars.





Ancient View of Naples.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER XI.

How Charles VIII. of France made preparation for the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, the which he gained by reason of his valour and bravery, without bloodshed.



WO years afterwards, or thereabouts, the good King Charles first thought of conquering the kingdom of Naples. His ways and means of doing so are already so well known through other histories and chronicles, for which to give a long recital of them here would but fatigue the readers and be lost time. Nevertheless, as some may not have clearly read and understood that the good King Charles entered into the undertaking with intentions the most strictly honourable. Planting his standard in Rome, he brought the Pope to reason, and gained the whole kingdom of Naples, leaving there as his Lieutenant-general and Viceroy the Lord de Montpensier.<sup>2</sup> Then returning into France, knowing of no im-

<sup>1</sup> Bibliothèque Nationale.

<sup>2</sup> Gilbert de Bourbon, Count of Montpensier, Dauphin of Auvergne, "bon chevalier, mais se levant à midi," say his biographers. This idleness cost him his Vice-royalty.

pediment, until reaching the town of Fornoue, where he was met by an enemy, sixty thousand in number, all Italians,<sup>1</sup> with several potentates, amongst them the Pope, also Venetians, the Duke of Milan, and other nobles, whose intention it was to stop the good King's return and make him their prisoner, being of opinion that he had



Round Shield of the Sixteenth Century.

retained some power over the kingdom just conquered. He had with him only ten thousand men.

Nevertheless this goodly prince, possessed of lion's heart, sure of being followed faithfully, although his troops were few in number, considered, waited for, and fought them; in the which undertaking

<sup>1</sup> These numbers are exaggerated. It is now known that there were forty thousand Italians in presence of fifteen thousand French. We shall here give a quotation from the second volume of the *Mer des Histoires* (Lyon. Daoust, éd. goth., sans date), a curious account of this battle. It is well known with what courage the French repulsed the Italians at Fornoue. It is one of these episodes that the engraving evidently represents. "Un carré de piquiers, avec des coulevriniers suisses aux ailes, tient en échec la cavalerie vénitienne. Quatre pièces flanquent un côté de ce carré; deux autres sont en batterie à l'aile gauche, car l'artillerie en effet joua dès le début de cette journée. Le désordre des cavaliers ennemis et le nombre des lances éparses sur le terrain témoignent de la résistance victorieuse qui leur est opposée. Au fond, la rivière du Taro et le camp vénitien situé sur la rive droite. C'est, en effet, sur la rive gauche que les Français opérèrent leur mouvement sur San-Donnino. Légende: *La journée de Fornoue, 6 juillet 1495.*"—The bas-reliefs represent the battle of Marignan (1515), which has until now supposed to have been the most ancient representation of a battle in which artillery took part.



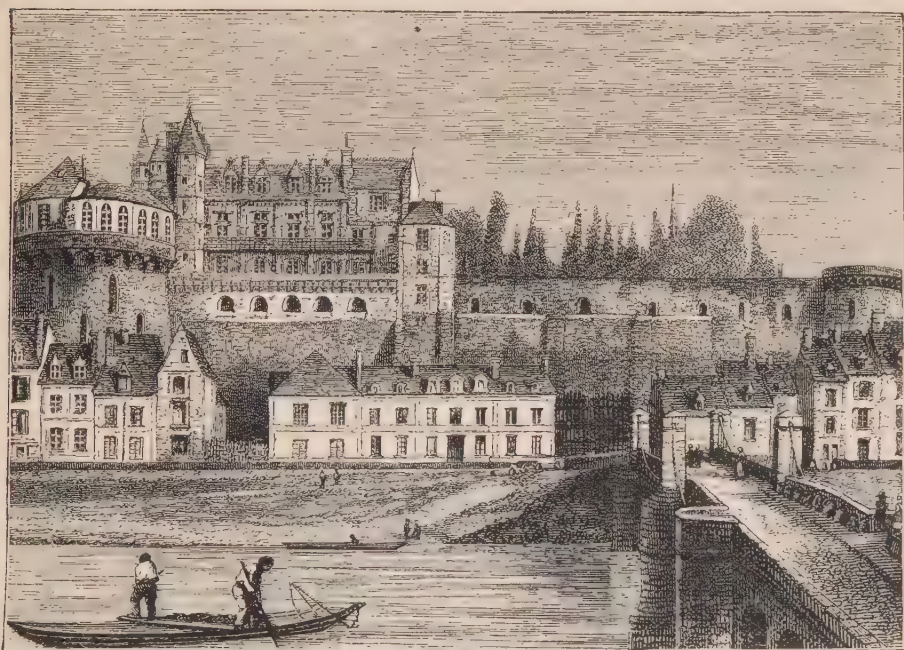


FACSIMILE OF AN ANCIENT ENGRAVING OF THE TIME OF FORNOVA.





he was assisted from above, inflicting on his enemies fearful losses and great disgrace, and bringing to himself much glory, for he lost but seven hundred of his men, whilst his enemies' losses were from eight to ten thousand; amongst others, some of the flower of their army, together with the most distinguished officers of the Venetian nobility, and several of the noble house of Gonzague, of whom the chief was the Marquis of Mantua, also present at the engagement. But his spurs came to his aid, and the good horse on the which he was mounted. And had it not been for a small river that had risen immensely, their

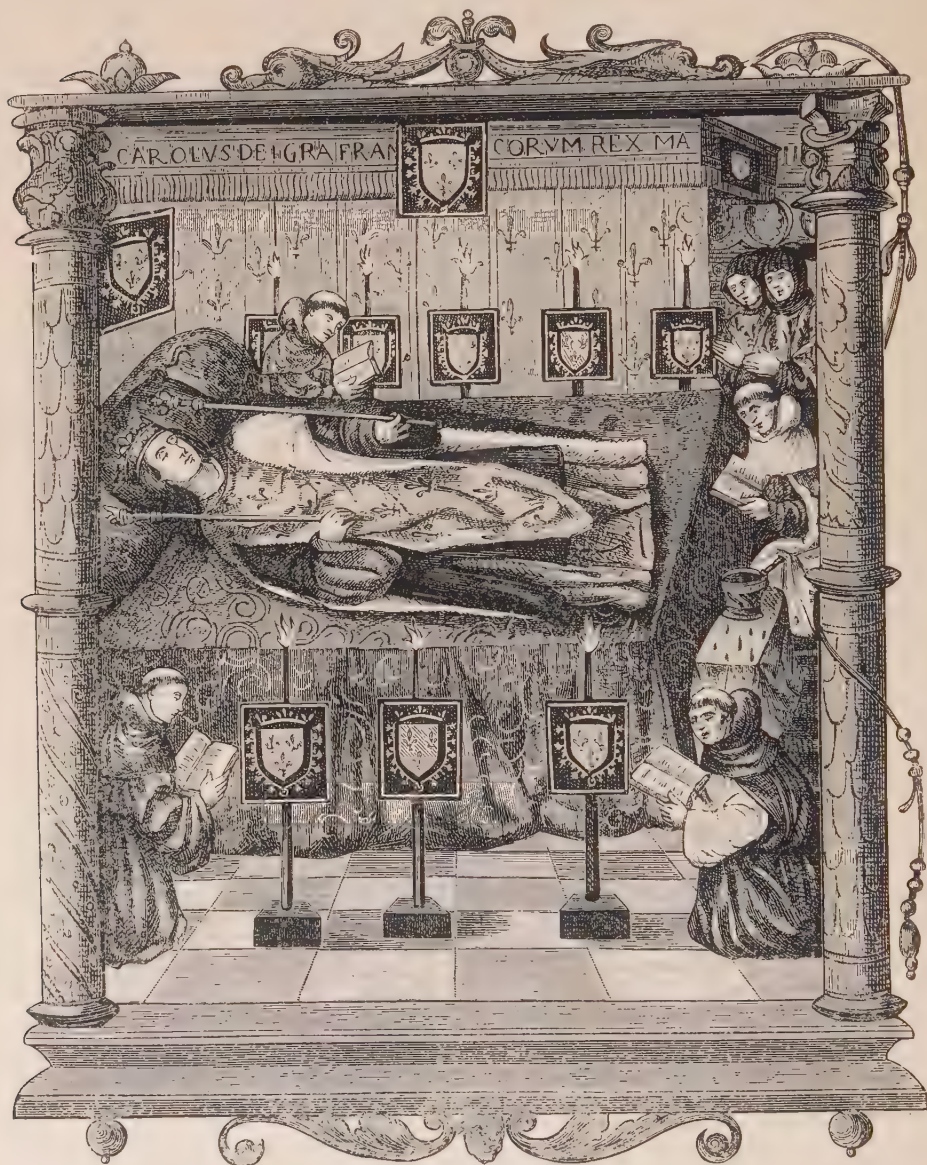


The Castle of Amboise. From a Photograph.

loss had been more disastrous still. In the first charge, the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche carried all before him, with the company of his good master the Lord de Ligny, and had two horses killed from under him that day. The King, on being informed thereof, presented unto him five hundred crowns. In return for which the good Chevalier brought unto him the standard of a mounted force which he had captured whilst pursuing them.

From thence the King proceeded by stages unto Verceil, where he found a fine troop of Swiss, who had come down to assist him, if it

were necessary. He remained there some days with his camp, for he was wishful to succour his brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, whom the



*FChartier*

Charles VIII. lying in State.<sup>1</sup>

Duke of Milan, Ludovic Sforce, and other Venetians, held besieged in Novara. Many messengers were sent to and fro to arrange a peace,

<sup>1</sup> Bibliothèque nationale.



and at length terms were arranged upon. Whereupon the king returned by slow stages unto Lyons, where he was met by the good Queen, his loyal spouse, in company with her sister, the Duchess of Bourbon. There were many gentlemen who returned from this voyage to Naples with but few worldly goods. The good King of France, leaving Lyons, went straight unto St. Denis, the patron saint of France, where many of his ancestors were buried, and spent the next two or three years going about his kingdom, administering justice to all, and



Church of Amboise.

leading a saintly life, giving satisfaction to all his subjects. For he himself twice weekly sat in the seat of justice, listening to the complaints and griefs of each, and assisting those that were in want.<sup>1</sup> He had tidings of how the Neapolitans had revolted in favour of Ferdinand, son of King Alphonso, also of the death of his lieutenant-general, the Count Montpensier, and of the return to France of all his captains. And considered much as to the desirability of himself returning

<sup>1</sup> To poor as well as rich.

there, should a fit opportunity occur; in the meantime, living a domestic life at home, his wife bore him three children, but all three died.

In the month of September, 1497, the good prince started for Tours to proceed to Lyons and thence to Naples; but this determination was suddenly altered, I know not wherefore, and he returned him to Amboise on the seventh day of April in the same year, and in a gallery from where he was watching the game of tennis, was seized with sudden faintness, in the which he died, being an irreparable loss to his kingdom. For no being had ever possessed a better disposition, more gracious, more gentle, more clement, or more pitiful, than he. I believe that God has taken him to dwell among the blessed, for this good prince possessed neither blemish nor any single vice. I have purposely not spoken much of his life, the which has been so often written of elsewhere.





Louis XII. and Ann of Brittany. After a Medal of the period.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

*REIGN OF LOUIS XII.*

### CHAPTER I.

How Louis, Duke of Orleans, ascended the throne of France, as next in succession, and assumed the name of Louis XII.



BY the death of the good King Charles, without male heir, Louis, Duke of Orleans, as next heir to the crown, succeeded to his kingdom, and was crowned at Reims on the twenty-seventh day of May, 1498, taking his crown to St. Denis on the first day of the following July. He had already married Madame Jeanne of France, sister of the late King, but—her children being unable to succeed to the throne, he declared that he had been forced to marry her fearing the anger of King Louis the Eleventh, his father—summoned her before a

court of justice.<sup>1</sup> And the Pope delegated judges for the occasion to conduct the case, who finally adjudged that she was not his lawful wife. So allowing her to retain her duchy of Berry, he espoused the Queen-duchess of Brittany, widow of the late King Charles. If this were right or wrong, God alone knows. The good Duchess de Berry, Jeanne of France, had lived always a most holy life; and some affirm that after her demise God worked miracles for love of her. On his accession, Louis XII. wished to sell all the royal offices which were not connected with the Judicature, and thus realise a goodly revenue, he being most anxious not to overburden his people with taxation or other subsidies.



Seal of Charles, Duke of Gueldre.

He had always desired above everything to recover his duchy of Milan, the which came to him through his grandmother, Madame Valentine,<sup>2</sup> now held by one Ludovic Sforce,<sup>3</sup> as it had before been by his father. But those of the house of Orleans had never considered of it, by means of the wars which had lasted for so many years betwixt France and England, and also of the quarrel concerning the deaths of the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Louis XII. had taken such precautions after the marriage in at once making secret protestations.

<sup>2</sup> Valentine, daughter of Duke Jean Galéas Visconti, called in France Valentine of Milan.

<sup>3</sup> François Sforce, who, after having placed his military talents at the service of the Visconti, afterwards dispossessed them and seized the duchy of Milan.

<sup>4</sup> It is now known that both these dukes were assassinated.

Now, finding himself in a position to demand an explanation of his enemy, he made his entry into Lyons on the tenth of July, 1499, marching his army into Aosta,<sup>1</sup> under the command of Lord Jean Jacques Trivulce,<sup>2</sup> and the Lord of Aubigny, both wise and brave commanders, who marched into, destroyed and sacked two small towns, by name Annona and Rocca Arrezzo, afterwards besieging Alessandria, the which was gallantly defended by Lord Ludovic, but ultimately surrendered. Those of Pavia only escaped by swearing allegiance to the King of France. Thus seeing part of his subjects fail in this allegiance, the said Lord Ludovic abandoned Milan and entered into Germany into



Seal of Jean, Duke di Juliers.

the kingdom of Maximilian, where he was joyfully welcomed, there having always existed a strong amity between them. Soon after his departure, the inhabitants of Milan surrendered to the French, on hearing which the King of France hastened to make his entry into that town, and a few days afterwards it was found to be expedient, by bribes and other promises, to take possession of the citadel from those who were there guarding it for Lord Ludovic; the same were traitors and double-faced towards their master, who had always trusted that, by

The country of Asti.

<sup>2</sup> Trivulce was also a son of one of the Visconti, and was in consequence devoted to the family dispossessed by Louis Sforce. Louis XII. created him Marshal of France, and gave him the right of coining money.

thus retaining Milan, to recover his duchy. Sundry other places, on hearing that the citadel had surrendered, lost hope, and swore allegiance to the King of France, even to the town of Genoa, in the which he placed the Lord de Ravenstein,<sup>1</sup> his nearest kinsman on his mother's side, as governor.

On the fourteenth day of October, in the selfsame year, the Queen of France was safely delivered of a daughter, who was named Claude. The King remained not in his duchy of Milan, but returned him into Lyons, leaving as governor of that place Lord Jean Jacques, and the care of the citadel to Lord d'Espy, and Roquette to a Scotch gentleman, near kinsman of Lord d'Aubigny's. He did so well for the said duchy that before he quitted it he diminished the taxes thereof by one-third, which pleased the people greatly, and made many hearts attach themselves to his cause.

The said lord tarried not at Lyons, but marched throughout his kingdom until he reached Orleans, where he settled divers differences betwixt the Dukes of Gueldre and Juliers concerning their coats of arms, and brought them to amicable bearing.

<sup>1</sup> Philip of Cleves, nephew of Duke Jean I.





Scene at a Tournament. From an Engraving of the Sixteenth Century.

## CHAPTER II.

How, after the conquest of Milan, the good Chevalier dwelt in Italy, and how he proclaimed a tournament in the town of Carignan in Piedmont, at which he gave the prizes.



LOUIS XII. of France, on his joyful return from Italy (after his conquest of the duchy of Milan and the flight of his enemy Ludovic Sforce into Germany, seeking succour from the king of that country), retained several French garrisons in Lombardy, where they amused themselves with jousts, tournaments, and other pastimes. The good Chevalier, who had spent part of his youth in Savoy, went to see a mighty worthy and virtuous dame who had now married his first master, the Duke Charles of Savoy.<sup>1</sup> By name Blanche, she dwelt in Piedmont in one of her dower towns called Carignan, and she being full of courtesy, received him right royally, treating him as one of the family. It

<sup>1</sup> This Duchess of Savoy was daughter of Guillaume, Marquis of Montserrat, and her grandfather was François Sforce, Duke of Milan. Aged but twenty-three years on the death of her husband, she governed Savoy with discretion during her son's minority. The historians of that time accord her much praise for her treatment of the good Chevalier.

has been said of her that there was no princely house in France, Italy, or elsewhere, where knights were more cordially received or magnificently entertained. She had still with her a lady who had been kind to him in boyhood, named Madame de Fruzasco,<sup>1</sup> who was now married, and whose husband was the chamberlain in the said duchess's household.

You must needs know that when the good Chevalier was given as a page unto Duke Charles of Savoy, this Madame de Fruzasco was a young lady of his wife's household.<sup>2</sup> And thus in youth they had been constantly together, being in love with one another; indeed, so much so, that had they been allowed to do as they desired, without considering the future, they would certainly have married. But you have before heard of how Duke Charles went unto Lyons to see the French King Charles VIII., and to him gave the good Chevalier as page, for which cause the youthful lovers lost sight of one another for a space of time, because that during his voyage unto Naples, and other circumstances, for three or four years' time they had no tidings one of another except by letter.

During the while, the young lady wedded the Lord of Fruzasco, a baron of great wealth, who chose her for her many graces, albeit she was portionless. But, as a virtuous woman, she was wishful that the good Chevalier should know that the honest love that she had had for him in youth was still alive, and on his coming unto Carignan paid him every gracious courtesy that it were possible, conversing with him by the hour together of their past youthful days and many other matters. This gracious Lady of Fruzasco was as accomplished as she was beautiful, and as gracious and gentle as it was possible for dame to be. In her converse she praised the good Chevalier as much as it were possible to do. Narrating his great deeds, of how he had essayed himself against Messer Claude de Vaudrey, of his successes at the tournament at Aire, in Picardy, the special fame that he had gained in the combat of Fornova, at which the King had noticed him, the which had caused excitement throughout the whole of France and Italy; and she did say so much in his behalf that the poor man reddened with confusion. After which she said, "My Lord of Bayard, my friend, behold the house where thou wert nurtured, and it will greatly be to thy discredit if thou dost now not make

<sup>1</sup> This lady's name has been written in many ways. The Loyal Serviteur has written it Flaxas; Terbasse writes it Fruzasque. On the parchment of Bayard's company it is inscribed Frussas; M. Roman writes it thus: Fruzasco.

<sup>2</sup> Her maiden name was, it is said, Terrebasse, Marie Loregna.

use of it as much as thou wert wont in former times." The good Chevalier replied, "Madame, thou knowest well that from my youth thou hast been loved, prized, and honoured by me, who thought thee to be wise and clever, and wishing good to all, I did so more especially to thee. Tell me, I beg of thee, what can I do to give pleasure to Madame our good hostess, to thee above all, and to the whole of the good company here assembled." Madame de Fruzasco replied, "To my thinking, M. de Bayard (if it be not distasteful to thee), it would give vast pleasure wert thou to hold a tournament in this town, in honour of Madame, who has shown thee so much grace. Thou wilt have many competitors amongst both the French garrisons and the nobles of this place, who would all hear of it with pleasure."

"Truly," said the good Chevalier, "as thou so thinkest, it shall be done. Thou art the first woman who enslaved my heart by means of thy many graces, and I entreat the favour of thee to give to me one of thy sleeves, the which I covet much for certain reasons."<sup>1</sup> The lady, unaware for what purpose he so wished it, gave it unto him, the which he silently drew up over the sleeve of his doublet.

Supper being ready, each one made good cheer, and after it commenced the dances, where each one did his best. My Lady Blanche conversed for long with her old friend the good Chevalier, until at length, midnight striking, all broke up. But he slept not much that night, thinking of what he had to do, and drawing up a programme of the day's proceedings. When morning dawned he sent a trumpeter to all the neighbouring towns where there were garrisons, proclaiming to all gentlemen who would appear that on the fourth day from thence, which would be Sunday, that in the town of Carignan there would be held a tournament for knights and squires in full habiliment of men-at-arms; at which the prize would be his lady's sleeve, from which would be suspended a ruby worth one hundred ducats; to be gained by winner of three courses with the lance without a barrier,<sup>2</sup> and twelve sweeps of the sword.

The herald did his duty, and returned with fifteen written promises from knights all willing to appear. This coming to the knowledge of the Lady Blanche, she was much pleased thereat, and ordered forthwith her tribune to be erected and decorated on the tilt-yard, where the sports would take place.

<sup>1</sup> The sleeve here meant was a kind of gauntlet worn to the elbow.

<sup>2</sup> At Brunnes, the spot on which the camp of yore stood, is still called *Les Lices*.



The day appointed, about an hour past midday, the Chevalier, together with three or four of his companions, such as my Lord de Bouvans, the Lord Montdragon, and sundry others, who were even now on the ground armed cap-à-pie, where none could enter save those who were about to enter into combat.

Firstly came forward the good Chevalier, and against him strode the Lord de Rouastre, a valiant gentleman, who bore the ensign of Duke Philibert of Savoy, a brave and expert knight, who gave a mighty thrust, shivering his lance in divers pieces. But the good Chevalier dealt in return so great a blow upon his helm<sup>1</sup> that he disarmed him, making him see



A Tournament. After a Print of the Sixteenth Century.

the day, whilst his lance flew in shivers. The said Lord de Rouastre, straightening his helm, prepared him for his second lance-course, at which he did disport himself with still more skill than at his first; but the good Chevalier with such violence assailed the vizard of this lord, that crest and plumage were carried away upon his lance-point, causing him to reel in the saddle without unseating him. At the third lance the Lord of Rouastre<sup>2</sup> raised his adroitly, whilst that of Bayard

<sup>1</sup> The part of the casque which protected the face was called *bufe*; in the Latin *buffa*. Jean de Saintré the younger received a wound similar to the one received by Loyselench.

<sup>2</sup> That is to say, his lance crossed that of Rouastre without touching it.



was broken into many pieces, the which was greeted with much applause. After him there came Montdragon and the Lord de Chevron, who right well ran their course, and were admired of all. Two others followed, and so on each in turn, all doing so well as greatly to please all present.

The encounters with the lances over, those with the swords began. But the good Chevalier Bayard, at the second, sent that of his adversary flying; breaking at the same time his own. Successively the others took their turn. All were declared to have done nobly, and the tournament closed with the day.

The Duchess then, through the Lord de Fruzasco, invited all the gentlemen to sup with her within the castle, and as she was magnificent in everything she undertook, the reception was worthy both of her and of her guests. After supper the clamour of trumpets and hautboys announced to all that the prizes were to be given to those who had gained them. The Lords de Grammont and Fruzasco, as umpires of the field, having first entertained the vote of the Princess, proceeded successively to collect those of the ladies and gentlemen there present, even the competitors themselves, the which were found to be unanimous for the good Chevalier, so it was to him that the judges came and presented it.

But blushing he refused it, saying that it was through an error that they attributed this honour unto him; it being due alone to the Lady de Fruzasco, who had condescended to lend to him her sleeve, and it was for her now to present it to whoever she thought fit.

The Lord de Fruzasco understanding well the honour and virtue of the good Chevalier, nor entertaining any feeling of jealousy, came towards his wife, together with the Lord de Grammont, who thus addressed her: "Madame, present your spouse unto my Lord of Bayard, to whom, unanimously, the prize of this tournament has been adjudged, and who avows that it is you only that are entitled to the sleeve; for that it was through the virtue of it that he was enabled to acquire it. And so, madame, he adds, it is for you to dispose of it; for which end I now present it to you."

The lady accepted this gallantly, with her accustomed grace, and thanked the good Chevalier for all the honour he had done her. "Since you tell me my Lord of Bayard says it is through my poor sleeve that he has won, I will, for his sake and as a testimony of the love I bear him, treasure it unto my dying day. But as to the ruby, seeing that he will not accept of it, I think it should be given to the Lord

Montdragon, who after him numbered most votes." The ruby was then thus given, and the decision generally approved, and Lady Blanche felt pleasure in having helped in the nurture of one so generally highly esteemed as was the good Chevalier.<sup>1</sup> The prizes given, dancing commenced, which lasted until after midnight, when the festivities were



Head of harnessed Mule. From an old Engraving.

brought unto a close. Out of compliment to the presence of the French nobility, the fêtes were kept up for five or six days more. These over, each returned him to his garrison. Bayard took also leave of his good hostess, to whom he said that next to the prince, whose servant he was, there was no one in this world who should command him before herself; and that to his dying day he would be willing and prepared to do her will. Then thanking her most cordially, he repaired to the apartment of his

<sup>1</sup> See page 32.

first love, the Lady de Fruzasco, of whom he took his last farewell ; the lady dissolved herself in tears, and he himself took leave with a sad heart. Nor was this generous attachment<sup>1</sup> ever interrupted between these two until death for ever separated them, and yearly it was their practice to send to one another some trifling gift.

In the town of Carignan and at the Court of the Princess, for many days, naught else was talked about but of the virtues of the knight Bayard, and of his noble qualities. Two striking marks of gratitude, in him a master passion, he had left behind him. One in the case of Pizou de Chenas, who had been the chief groom to the Duke of Savoy, his master, and of yore kind to him, and whom he wished to remember, after taking to his garrison, treating well, presented with a noble horse, of value at least one hundred crowns, for which the good man cordially thanked him. Inquiring of him what had become of the squire that had been in the Duke's household whilst he was there, on being told that he had gone to Moncalieri, where he had married and was settled, Bayard, not unmindful of the many kindnesses that he had once done unto him, sent him by Pizou a beautiful mule. Thus showing that he was in no ways forgetful of the kindnesses shown to him in youth.

<sup>1</sup> These mystic *liaisons* were then in vogue in Italy as well as in France. Louis XII., who conquered Genoa, there made the object of his platonic declarations a beautiful and gifted Genoese lady, with whom he kept up a close correspondence to the time of his death. She was known by the name of the *dame intendio* (with intelligence) of the French king, and his biographers accord her this title in writing of the merits of his life. Her reputation of virtue lost nothing, and the interest of her country gained much, by it, they say.



Lansquenet and Lansquenette. From a Venetian Engraving of the Sixteenth Century.

### CHAPTER III.

Of how Lord Ludovic Sforce returned to Germany with a strong force of lansquenets, and retook the town of Milan from the French.



YOU have already heard of how Lord Ludovic retreated into Germany unto the King of Romania. And you must also learn that he did not go there without funds, for, to undertake that which he desired, he had much necessity thereof. As can be seen; for, but a short time after his expulsion, he returned into Lombardy with a strong force of lansquenets and some Swiss, together with some Burgundian men-at-arms and a force of German horsemen. And on the third day of January,<sup>1</sup> as some say, retook the city of Milan, from which he cleared the French so effectually that for ever since the citadel has remained the king's. Following the example of Milan, several other

<sup>1</sup> The 3rd of February, in the year 1500, not the 3rd of January.



towns belonging to this duchy rose in revolt, amongst them all those on the high road to Genoa, such as Tortona, Voghera, and other strongholds.

When the King of France learnt of the troubles in his duchy, like a magnanimous and energetic prince, he collected a large army to send thither, of which he made leaders the Lords de Ligny and Saint Jacques,<sup>1</sup> who, assembling their forces in the province of Asti, commenced their march.

Now, of during the time that Lord Ludovic was within Milan, and after that he had retaken it, I must give thee some account of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche. He had remained, by permission of his master, in Italy, when his king returned to France, because his desire, above all things, was warfare; and imagining rightly that it would not be long ere Lord Ludovic, who had retired into Germany to crave assistance, would return with forces. And for this cause there would be fighting, for at the first conquest of the duchy there were not great feats of arms.

He was in garrison twenty miles distant from Milan, with other gentlemen, each day jousting one against another, with much success. One day the said good Chevalier was informed that within Binasco there were three hundred horsemen who might easily be put to flight.

He begged of his companions that it might be their pleasure to bear him company to go and surprise them. He was so much beloved by all of them that speedily was his request granted him. Waiting till early morn, they started, in number 'twixt forty and fifty men-at-arms, determining to do their best endeavour.

The captain who was within Binasco was a most noble knight, wise and well used to warfare, by name the Messer Jean Bernardin Cazache. He had good spies, through whom he knew of how the French had ridden forth to find him. He would not tarry to be taken in the nest, but putting his men in order, led them without the barrier the distance of two or three bow-shots. There awaited he his enemies with much satisfaction, for, to his thinking, but few in number though they were, he thought that they could acquit themselves with honour.

They advanced the one against the other, crying, *France! France!*

<sup>1</sup> They called him Jean Jacques Trivulce, to distinguish him from his brother Theodore, who was also one of the marshals of France.

*More! More!*<sup>1</sup> with a mighty charge; for on either side were many brought to ground, who remounted with much difficulty. Could the good Chevalier have been here seen doing deeds of arms, hewing open heads, gashing arms and legs, he would rather have been likened unto a furious lion than to a gentle lover. But, to be brief, this combat lasted a full hour, during which time none knew which side would be successful, which much angered the good Chevalier, who called to his companions, saying: "Ho! my lords, shall we be held here all the live-long day by these few men? If those who are within Milan shall be apprised thereof, none of us can survive. To hand! be of good courage, I beseech of you; throw them to earth!"

At the Chevalier's words, his comrades, exerting themselves afresh, and crying with one voice, *France! France!* rushed with one strong and marvellous assault upon the Lombards, who, commencing to lose ground, retired a little, still defending themselves manfully. They then retreated four or five miles, going towards Milan, which, when they found themselves so near, turning their horses' heads and galloping, they fled at rapid pace towards that town. The French pursued them until quite close to it; then some of the more experienced of them, and the most used to warfare, called aloud, *Tourne, tourne! hommes d'armes!* which all heard and listened to, except the good Chevalier, who, all aroused, continued to give chase to his enemies; ending by galloping pell-mell amongst them, entering Milan, and following them unto the palace where lodged Lord Ludovic. And for that on his raiment was a white cross, all cried after him, *Pille! Pille!*

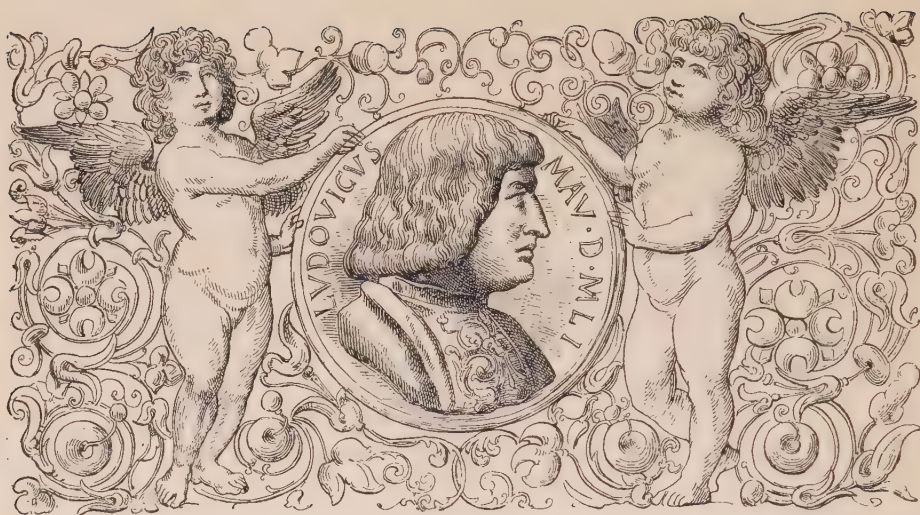
He was surrounded on all sides and taken prisoner by the Lord St. Jean-Bernardin Cazache, who led him to his quarters and disarmed him. Finding him to be quite a young man, of age not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years, the which astonished him, as also how one of such a tender age possessed as great prowess as he had ever seen. Lord Ludovic, who had heard the noise, inquired as to the cause thereof; some, who had heard of the affair, told it to him, and of how the Lord Jean-Bernardin being in Binasco, had been assailed by the French, who finally had driven him back into Milan; and how of those

<sup>1</sup> As is believed, the cry of *Le More!* stood for *Ludovic le More*. It was not a surname given on account of the darkness of his skin, but *le murier* (in Italian, *Moro*), which Ludovic Sforce carried on his shield. At least, this is what the historian Paul Ioni affirms. The cry of *Pille! Pille!* which is found above, is an expression still in vogue, used to excite dogs when it is desired that they should fall on anything to devour it.

who had retired pell-mell was one of the said French, who to their thinking was a wondrous valiant and bold gentleman, although so young. He then commanded that they should go and bring him unto him, the which they did at once.



Arms of Ludovic the Moor.



Ludovic the Moor. After an Italian Miniature of the Sixteenth Century.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Of how Lord Ludovic desired to see the good Chevaliar sans peur et sans reproche, and of how, after conversing with him, he liberated him, giving him back his horse and arms.



THEY went forthwith into the quarters, the Lord Jean Bernardin to seek his prisoner and take him before Lord Ludovic, who desired to see him. The Lord Jean-Benardin feared that, in his anger, the said Lord Ludovic would treat him with some indignity; and like a courteous and gracious gentleman, desired himself to take him, after arraying him in one of his own robes, which befitted his state as that of gentleman. He came, and presented him unto the Lord, who marvelled to himself when he saw him to be so young, and still to be accorded so great praise. At the same time addressing himself to him he said, "Come hither, good sir; who was it who brought you to this town?"

The good Chevalier, in no ways abashed, replied to him: "By my



good faith, my lord, I did not believe myself to come alone, but thought that I was followed by my comrades, who are better acquainted with the usages of warfare than myself; for had they also done as I have, they would now be prisoners, as I am. Nevertheless, notwithstanding my misadventure, I am much thankful for my good fortune in having fallen into the hands of so good a master as that of he who took me, for he is a valiant and a trusty knight."

After this the Lord Ludovic inquired of him upon his oath concerning the numbers of the army of the King of France.

"Upon my soul, my lord," replied he, "from that which I do learn, in it there are 'twixt fourteen and fifteen hundred men-at-arms, and sixteen or eighteen thousand men on foot; but they are all chosen men, who are resolved so well to disport themselves this time, as to assuredly conquer the state of Milan for our master. It seems to me, my lord, that you yourself would be in greater safety in Germany than here, for your men are not able to combat us."

With so much assurance did the good Chevalier speak, that the Lord Ludovic was much pleased with him. Nevertheless his speech somewhat astonished him; but to let it be seen that he heeded not much the return of the French, he said, as if in jest, "Upon my faith, young gentleman, I much desire that the army of the King of France and mine do meet together, to this end, that by such battle we may learn to which belongs by right this heritage; and I perceive there is no other means."

"My lord, upon mine honour," said the good Chevalier, "I would that it were now to-morrow, provided that I were free from prison."

"In truth, think not of that," replied the lord, "for I will presently send you forth to go unto your master;<sup>1</sup> but firstly ask me for what thou wishest, and I will give it thee."

The good Chevalier, who on one knee thanked the lord for the offers that he made him, for which he had good reason, said to him, "My lord, I ask for naught, save of thy courtesy if it will so extend itself to return to me my horse and arms that I brought with me into this town, and allow me to return unto my garrison, twenty miles from

<sup>1</sup> According to the testimony of the Milanese author, Alciat, the permission to depart was preceded by one of those single-handed encounters in which Bayard so much excelled. His antagonist, a Milanese gentleman named Hyacinthe Simonetta, had been vanquished and killed by him. All accorded praise to the courage of their fellow-countryman, but he was much enfeebled by his military affectation of elegance (Simonetta wore his armour too tight). Alciat affirms that his fall was a bad presage for the fortunes of Ludovic. The family of Simonetta was one of the first in Milan.

this, thus doing me a service which for all my life I shall feel myself obliged to you; and beyond my services unto the King my master, keeping mine honour unsullied, I will remember it in all things that thou mayst command of me."

"Of a truth," said the Lord Ludovic, "that which thou desirest will be granted thee;" and said to the Captain Jean Bernardin, "At once, Captain, let his horse be returned unto him, with arms, and all that pertains to him."

"My lord!" replied the Captain, "they are easily found, all being at my quarters."

He sent there instantly two or three serving men, who brought his arms and led his horse, making him equip himself before Lord Ludovic. When fully accoutred, he mounted on his horse without putting foot in stirrup, then calling for his lance, the which was handed to him, raising his vizor, said to the Lord, "My lord, I thank thee much for the great courtesy that thou hast shown to me. God will reward thee for it."

He was in a large open court. He began to spur his horse, the which made four or five great bounds, and it were impossible to sit him better.

And then he made a small detour, during the which he broke his lance against the ground in many pieces, at which the Lord Ludovic, not overjoyed, exclaimed aloud, "If all the men-at-arms of France are such as he, it will fare ill with me."

Notwithstanding this, he was conducted by a trumpeter to his garrison; but had not to go all the way there, because that the French army had advanced to within twelve miles of Milan, who were all amazed at that which the Chevalier had done, and at his boldness; although there were some young amongst them.

When arrived within the camp, he went at once to his good master, the Lord de Ligny, who laughingly said unto him, "Hallo! Picquet, who brought you out of prison? Have you paid your ransom? Truly I was about to send one of my trumpeters to search for you and pay it."

"My lord," said the good Chevalier, "I humbly thank thee for thy good intentions. Lord Ludovic liberated me of his great courtesy."

He related to them, bit by bit, of all that had happened unto him, both of his capture and of his deliverance. All his companions gathered around to see him, making with him good cheer. The Lord Saint Jacques inquired of him if he had hoped to see the face of the Lord

Ludovic, and had he heard if he would fight with them. To the which he replied, "He did not discuss with me of his affairs, or such like. Nevertheless by his appearance he is a man who by small things it were not easy to astonish. We shall see what he can do in a few days. Of him I cannot complain, for he acted towards me a kind and honest part." Most of his men are within Novara; he has determined to bring them to Milan, or go to them."



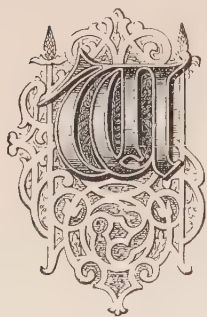
Italian Sword of the Sixteenth Century.



View of Novara.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER V.

Of how Lord Ludovic retired into Novara, fearing the French, who were entering into Milan by the citadel, and of how he was made prisoner.



WHEN Lord Ludovic knew that the army of the King of France was so near unto Milan, and that he had lost the citadel, fearing lest he should be surprised within the town, stole away during night with what men he had, except a few left with his brother the Cardinal Ascanio, and went to join his army then within Novara. When this was known in the camp of the King of France, where a few days since had arrived the Lord de Trémouille,<sup>2</sup> his lieutenant forthwith determined to assault the said town of Novara. Lord Ludovic had a large number of men, but being of different nations, such as Burgundian lansquenets and Swiss, and for this cause somewhat difficult to manage, who, as

<sup>1</sup> National Library, *Topographie d'Italia*.

<sup>2</sup> It was Louis de la Trémouille, who ought to share with Bayard the honour of being called, by his brother men-at-arms, the Chevalier sans reproche.





AMONGST THEM LORD LUDOVIC WAS RECOGNISED



things turned out a few days later, surrendered the town of Novara into the hands of the lieutenant of the said King of France. And because of this they spread a rumour that Lord Ludovic was not within the town, but had a second time retreated into Germany, for which cause it was commanded that the people should pass by singly, to be better seen, when amongst them the unfortunate Lord Ludovic was recognised, who surrendered, when he found himself thus compelled, to the Lord de Ligny.<sup>1</sup> I know not who denounced him, but it was an evil deed.



Drawings by Ludovic the Moor on the Walls of his Prison at Loches.  
From an exact Tracing.

This was on the Friday before Palm Sunday, it is said, in the year one thousand five hundred. The remainder of his army, with their baggage, were saved.

I fully believe that his army received payment, although it was reported that the Swiss with the Lord Ludovic had mutinied for want of it. But since then I have heard otherwise, and that the Bailiff of Dijon, who had great influence over them, had gained them over ; joined unto which, the army of the French King being much more numerous

<sup>1</sup> M. de Terrebasse states that the man who denounced him was a varlet belonging to the canton of Uri. Ludovic was disguised as a Swiss soldier.



that the one within Novara, they, on that account, declined to fight. The same thing has occurred several times, much to the discredit of France.

Be this as it may, Lord Ludovic remained a prisoner, and being taken to France, was sent straight to Lyons, and thence to Lys-St.-Georges,<sup>1</sup> and finally to the castle of Loches,<sup>2</sup> where he ended his days.



Fortress of Loches.

This was a mighty error, in that he in his time had been a victorious prince; but ill fortune overcame him at last in all its rigour. His brother, the Cardinal Ascanio, who dwelt in Milan, on learning the sad

<sup>1</sup> A castle in the department of Indre. It was not exactly Lyons, but the castle of Pierre-Scise, which was then used as Ludovic's prison.

<sup>2</sup> They still show at Loches the room used as the prison of Ludovic Sforce. The drawings and inscriptions made by him on the walls were copied with care, about 1863, by Mahiet de la Chesneraye, and sent by him to King Victor Emmanuel, and it is from his first manuscript that we give the copy on page 93.



news, saved his two nephews, the infant children of the said Lord Ludovic, by sending them to Germany to the King of Romania whilst he himself fled, with but a rough escort of from four to five hundred horsemen, towards Bologna, but was taken prisoner on the road by a Venetian Captain, by name Susino de Gonzague,<sup>1</sup> and by him given at once to the French; but he did not give up his personal chattels or his chariot, estimated at the value of two hundred thousand ducats.<sup>2</sup> Not remaining there long after, when those in the duchy of Milan heard that their lord was taken (I hear those that revolted on his return), would not return unto the French, fearing greatly pillage and sacrilege; but they found only gentleness and friendship, for they had to deal with a good prince and a kindly captain.

<sup>1</sup> It is more correct to say that this captain, who was nevertheless a relation of Ludovic's, was bribed by a gentleman to whom the cardinal had been a benefactor, and from whom he had asked hospitality. Sent to France, he was shut up in the tower of Bourges, from which he was liberated on promising his vote for the conclave to Cardinal Amboise, a minister of Louis XII., and one of the candidates for the Papacy. His promise was broken.

<sup>2</sup> He gave up, however, the sword belonging to Charles VIII., taken in the French camp at the Battle of Fornova. A menace of war was made by the Venetians for the remainder.



Silver Vessels of the Sixteenth Century.

## CHAPTER VI.

Of how Lord de Ligny visited Voghera, Tortona, and other places in the duchy of Milan, which the King had presented to him, and of a noble tour made by the good Chevalier.



YOU must understand that, when the King of France had first made conquest of the duchy of Milan, he was most anxious to reward his good followers by bestowing on them lands and titles in the said duchy. Unto Lord de Ligny he gave Tortona, Voghera, and several other places which had revolted when Lord Ludovic returned from Germany, the which had much annoyed the said Lord de Ligny.

Resolving to go and see them, he took in his company the virtuous Captain Louis d'Ars, his lieutenant, the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, at that time his standard-bearer, and several other noblemen.

Arriving at Alessandria, he had it noised abroad that he would sack both Tortona and Voghera, although he had no such intention, being of too kindly a nature. When his subjects knew of his approach, and heard the news of their coming destruction, they were, not without cause, much amazed. Holding council together, they sent forth to meet their lord, with the utmost humility, to implore of him to show them mercy. Whilst twenty of the most distinguished of them repaired them

two miles from Voghera, to pay their respects unto him and entreat for pardon. But although they endeavoured to be seen of Lord de Ligny, who knew well of their presence, yet he appeared unconscious of them, proceeding towards the town and straightway going to the hotel prepared for him.

The unfortunate people who had thus gone forth were much astonished at this their strange reception. They came them back unto their town with much quietness, finding means of parleying with the Captain Louis d'Ars, and asked of him to make an appointment with their lord, the which he promised if possible to do, for never had any one a kinder nature. He appointed for them to come on the morrow; going afterwards to speak with Lord de Ligny, imploring him to grant unto them an audience; the which finally he agreed to do.

And on the next day, after the hour of dinner, fifty of the most important of the citizens repaired to his hotel, where with uncovered heads they threw themselves upon their knees before him, imploring him for mercy.

Then one of their number, in Italian most eloquent spoke these words, or almost these: "My lord, your most humble and obedient servants in this unhappy town recommend themselves most humbly to your clemency, praying that of your gentleness you will pardon their past offences for having risen in revolt against the King of France and against you. And in your heart to consider the weakness of this town against such a mighty power, and that, whatever their action may have been, in heart they have always remained loyal to the French; and if, by ignorance, they have committed this grave fault, that you will of your great goodness forgive it, assuring your highness that will never this occur again. And (in the case) if they were, as God-abandoned creatures, again to commit the same foul crime, to put themselves, their wives and children, with all that belongeth unto them, to be done with as you think fit. And as a sign of this their true allegiance towards you, as I now say, they in all humility pray your acceptance of a trifling gift, given according to their means, in the shape of some silver vessels, of value three hundred marks, the which they beg of you to keep as token that your anger against them has ceased."

He then held his peace, and brought forward two tables on which were basins, cups, and goblets, and various other silver vessels, at which the said Lord de Ligny did not deign to look, but in a wrathful and proud tone exclaimed: "How have you, worthless, good-for-nothing creatures, the boldness to come into my presence, who, through want of

courage, without any just cause, have revolted? What further faith can I have in you? If we had come to your town and laid siege to it by cannonading and assaulting the same, it would have been a different matter, but as enemies we have never shown ourselves towards you; thus it was of your own free will that you sided with the usurper of this duchy. If I did my duty I should strangle and hang you all from out your window casements, as traitors and disloyal subjects. Go! fly from before me, and never let me see your faces more!"

Whilst speaking these words, the unfortunate citizens remained kneeling. Then, the brave and clement Captain Louis d'Ars, taking his hat from off his head, and kneeling on the ground, said: "My lord, for the honour of our God and by His Passion, on my behalf I do entreat of you to grant a pardon to these your subjects. For I promised that it would be so, and they will lose confidence in me if it be refused to them. And I fervently believe, my lord, that henceforth you will ever find them good and loyal subjects."

Whereupon the unfortunate citizens, without awaiting for reply, commenced with one accord to cry: "My lord, it will indeed be as the Captain says, by your lordship's good pleasure."

The good Lord de Ligny heard them cry, and, moved with pity, tears in his eyes, talked unto them of the two ways, the one of amity, the other of rebellion, showing unto them how grievously they had erred. Then to one of them he said, "Go! For the sake of my Captain Louis d'Ars, who has done me so many and great services, I would grant him far greater favours than this. I pardon you—return no more! But, as regards your gift, I would not deign to touch it, for it would have no value in my eyes."

And then looking around he espied the good Chevalier, to whom he said: "Picquet, take all these vessels; I present them to you for your kitchen."

The which instantly replied: "My lord, I thank you humbly for your consideration; but for God's sake I pray of you not to make me take into mine house that which has belonged to these wretched people. They would bring unto me misfortune."

Then taking the vessels, he presented them piece by piece to each one present, without retaining one unto himself, to the great astonishment of all, as at that time he had not in the world ten crowns.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At Minervino, Brescia, and elsewhere, we hear of fresh instances of the perfect disinterestedness of Bayard, which gave him much pleasure. And at a time when all struggled in the hope of obtaining pillage, and when the right of pillage seemed perfectly legitimate to men-at-arms, this complete indifference to riches was more remarkable even than it would be in our day.



But to be brief. After presenting all of them he retired, as also did the deputation. When the Lord de Ligny remarked to those remaining: "What say you, gentlemen? Have you marked Picquet's good heart and his liberality? Did not God make an error in not making him king of some powerful realm? He would have subdued the whole world by his goodness. Believe me, he will some day be in character one of the most perfect men alive."

With one accord they all gave praise to the good Chevalier. When Lord de Ligny, thinking over the events of the day, and remembering that of his gift to him he had kept nothing for himself, next day when he rose he sent the good Chevalier a superb crimson velvet robe, lined with satin brocade, a goodly charger, together with three hundred crowns within a purse, which did not last for ever, as he shared it all with his companions.

Lord de Ligny tarried for a few days only, returning to Milan, where Cardinal Amboise, the King's Lieutenant-General, had arrived, and from thence went into France.



Arms of Cardinal Amboise. From a Bas-relief in the Castle of Chaumont.



View of the Castle of Naples. After Israel Silvestre.

## CHAPTER VII.

Of how the King of France sent a large army to Naples, where he appointed as his Lieutenant, General Lord Ambigny.



YOU have already heard of how, upon the death of Lord Montpensier, the Neapolitans revolted, and all the French returned to France, at which King Charles VIII. was much displeased, and would have avenged himself thereof had he lived, but death overtook him. On the accession of Louis XII. to the throne, his first thought was the conquest of his duchy of Milan, for which cause the affairs of the said kingdom of Naples remained a long time in abeyance. Ferdinand, Alphonso's son, was now dead, and his uncle Frederic reigned over the said kingdom. One thing I must tell you, the which is that when King Charles conquered this kingdom he married his Cousin de Ligny to a noble lady of that land, by name the Princess d'Altamura. But he did not live there, as on the King's return to France he took with him





PORTRAIT OF GONZALVE OF CORDOVA.  
After a Woodcut of the Sixteenth Century.





the said Lord de Ligny, whilst shortly after, as the story goes, the said lady died of grief.

By her will, and also by a gift which the said King Charles had made him, Lord de Ligny came into vast possessions in this said country, amongst them Puglia, Venosa, Canosa, Minervino, Biseglia, and several other places.

It becoming the wish of King Louis XII. to go and re-conquer his kingdom of Naples, he determined to send De Ligny thither; but twice the journey was suddenly abandoned, though they but little guessed that the disappointment was killing him. Lord d'Aubigny was sent there as Lieutenant-General, a brave and honourable captain,<sup>1</sup> accompanied by a goodly number of men, both horse and foot: amongst them was the company of Lord de Ligny, who took with him his trusty lieutenant, Captain Louis d'Ars. They had left the good Chevalier behind, he having asked leave of his master, who granted it with regret, holding him in high esteem, and never after did they see each other more.

Then marched this valiant Captain, the Lord d'Aubigny, straight to the said kingdom, which he did with much despatch, and found Frederic but badly supported and at much variance with his troops, so that he was constrained to abandon the said kingdom. He made a composition with Lord d'Aubigny, who sent him, together with his wife and children, into France, where he was well received by the King, who presented him with the duchy of Anjou and other lands, granted to him by the said composition, and which he enjoyed up to the time of his death. And after which time his wife was not well dealt by,<sup>2</sup> which seems to me but ill done, and for a king's wife afterwards was in much necessity. The kingdom of Naples taken, Lord d'Aubigny placed the garrisons by companies, that of Lord de Ligny on his own territory. Then the Captain Louis d'Ars placed the control of some of them in the hands of the good Chevalier, who fulfilled his duty well. There was for a time peace. The King of Aragon claimed certain rights, and the King of France allowed him to retain some. And this same year peace was likewise proclaimed at Lyons, between France, Spain, and the King of Romania, by means of the Archduke of Austria, who had espoused the eldest daughter of the house of Spain; and, returning with her, came by Lyons, that she might visit her sister, the Duchess

<sup>1</sup> Berault Stuart, chief of the ancient Scotch Guards of Louis XI.

<sup>2</sup> She was, as also was De Ligny's wife, the daughter of an ancient provincial house; by name Eléonore, daughter of Prince Altamura. After her husband's death, she retired, according to M. Roman, to the Court of Ferrara.

of Savoy. But this was but a false peace, for at the same time the King of Aragon was sending large reinforcements to assist Gonsalve Fernand,<sup>1</sup> who was holding his kingdom through the power of Pope Alexander, who himself took possession of the town of Naples, and the greater portion of the kingdom had revolted ; Lord d'Aubigny did what he could, but finally was constrained to retire into Puglia.

It is not my intention to speak further of that which occurred in the said kingdom of Naples during the next three years,<sup>2</sup> nor of the battles of Cérignole, De Groca, Carigliano, and many others, some of which the French gained, whilst they lost others (as is sufficiently written about elsewhere). Finally, whether through a want of discipline or skill in warfare, the French were driven back on every side, never again to return. This occurred in the year 1504. I do not know if such was the wish of God, but neither those who put them to flight, nor those who hold it now, have any right to it, except the right of force, which right all princes endeavour in the end to attain.

My only desire being to relate the fortunes of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche during the wars which waged 'twixt France and Spain, firstly telling you of a fortune that came unto him.

<sup>1</sup> Fernand Gonsalve of Cordova, says the Grand Captain. Furious, by reason of the treason of the King of Spain, his relation, who had sent Gonsalve and his men to take possession of these places under pretext of lending him assistance, the King of Naples had ceded all his rights to the King of France in exchange for the Province of Maine, the which was struggled for by both the allies. Before passing into matters mentioned in the next chapter, M. de Terrebasse has given us some interesting details concerning the battles of Canosa and of Bisegna, which are to be found in the Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> The years 1502, 1503.



Medal of Pope Alexander VI. From an Engraving of the Sixteenth Century.



Bayard taking Sotomaiore prisoner.

## CHAPTER VIII.

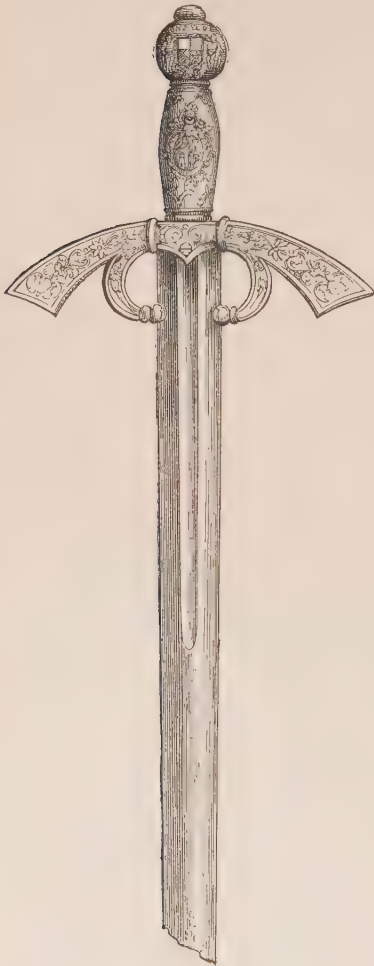
Of how the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche made a sortie from his garrison of Minervino. Of how he encountered the Spaniards in the field, and of what befell him.



THE good Chevalier being in garrison at Minervino, where his valiant Captain Louis d'Ars had placed him, together with several comrades, tired of the long confinement without being able even to see the fields, said to them one evening: "Sirs, to my thinking we have remained long enough stagnant in this place without going forth to see our enemies. And by remaining here too long two things may happen unto us: the one is that by falling out of the use of the exercises of arms, we shall become effeminate; the other, that our enemies may think we fear them, and that because of faintheartedness we remain in our fort. For which causes I have resolved to-morrow to sally forth and to march from here to Andria or Barletto; perhaps too we shall be able to

find some on their side willing, which would delight me much; as then we should get into close combat, when God would give the honour to he who should deserve it!"

These words were greeted by the reply of "At your pleasure."



Royal Sword of Gonsalve of Cordova.

That evening those that were to go forth looked well unto their horses and saw that all was in readiness for the morrow's enterprise. Rising betimes, there mustered in the field about thirty horses, on the which were gentlemen all of resolute courage, who, as they galloped towards the enemies' garrison, looked forward to some good encounter.

The same day had sallied forth from the town of Andria, for a like raid upon the French, a Spanish noble, near kinsman to Gonsalve Ferdinand, by name Don Alonzo de Sotomaiore, a brave knight and an expert warrior, with his company of forty or fifty Spanish horses, on which were mounted gentlemen, the picked men of their army.

And by a strange chance these two captains, owing to the undulating ground, saw not one another till within a cannon's shot. I cannot say which of the two was most delighted, more especially when they perceived that the strength of each party was so nearly balanced. As soon as the good Chevalier was fully certain that he saw the red crosses,<sup>1</sup> he said to his men: "My friends, the moment for combat has arrived. I pray each of you to be mindful of his honour, and if to-

day you see me fail in any duty, consider me a worthless miscreant all my life."

<sup>1</sup> The Spaniards wore on their cassocks a red cross; the French had a white cross.



All replied, "Onward, Captain, let us at them! do not wait to give them the honour of commencing."

Then lowering their visors with the cry of *France! France!* they brilliantly charged their enemies, who with fixed lances resisted them with determined mien, crying, *Espagne! Saint Iago!*

In this first encounter many on both sides were put to ground, who were remounted by their companions with much difficulty. The combat lasted half an hour, during this which time neither had got the best of it; and as each side fervently desired to win, they combated each other with all heart, as if still fresh; a truly perilous assault.

But, as we all have learnt, in such matters of necessity one side must be the victors. So it happened that the good Chevalier, owing to his skill and the great courage with which he had filled his men, on the final assault overthrew the Spaniards, leaving on the field seven of their number dead, whilst many others were taken prisoners.<sup>1</sup> The remainder took to flight, and amongst them was the Don Alonzo, closely pursued by the good Chevalier, who repeatedly called out to him: "Turn, man-at-arms! much shame wilt be thine dying in flight."

Choosing rather an honest death than an ignominious flight, like a lion at bay he turned and roughly assaulted the Chevalier, without giving the required fifty sweeps of the sword.

All this while the other Spaniards were continuing their flight, having abandoned their Captain. Who, though thus left alone, nevertheless fought so bravely, that if all his men had done like him I cannot say what the result had been. In short, after a prolonged struggle between the two knights, Don Alonzo's horse refused to move forward. Seeing which, the good Chevalier called out: "Surrender, man-at-arms, or thou art a dead man!"

To which he replied: "To whom do I surrender?"

"To the Captain Bayard," said the good Chevalier.

Thereupon Don Alonzo, who had already heard of his many virtues, and knowing well there was no escape, being on all sides surrounded, surrendered himself, giving up his sword, the which was received with much delight. Then the company returned towards their garrison, well pleased with the good fortune that heaven had that day sent unto them, not having lost a single man; although five or six were sorely wounded and two horses killed, but they had those of the prisoners to

<sup>1</sup> According to Champier, *tout abattre et foudroyer* by Bayard, with the exception of Sotomaiore, who cried: "Captain Bayard, I will parley with thee." But the recital is so visibly exaggerated, it does not merit the confidence of the above.

replace them. Having arrived in garrison, the good Chevalier, in truth a son of Dame Courtesy, who already on the road had considered where he could most fitly place Signor Don Alonzo, lodged him in one of the best rooms of the castle, giving unto him one of his robes, with these words: "Signor Alonzo, I am informed by the other prisoners that we have taken that you come from a great and goodly house, and that which is better, that you are yourself renowned for your prowess; for which causes I am resolved if possible not to treat you as a prisoner. And if you on your word will promise not to quit this castle without my leave, I will put you under no surveillance. It is large; you can take your pleasure along with us, until your ransom be agreed upon and paid, in the which matter I shall endeavour to be all that is most gracious."

"Captain," replied Don Alonzo, "I thank you for your courtesy, assuring you on my most honoured word that I will not quit this place without your sanction."

But he held not to his promise, unhappily for himself, as you will hereafter learn. Holding counsel together one day, they fixed Don Alonzo's ransom at one thousand crowns.



Arms of Sotomaiore.



Flight of Sotomaioire.

## CHAPTER IX.

Of how Alonzo de Sotomaioire made his escape with an Albanian, who tended the horses ; but, being captured on the road, was locked up in a strong prison.



OR full fifteen to twenty days did Don Alonzo remain with Captain Bayard, the good Chevalier and his friends the while making good cheer, during which season he went and came throughout the castle as he did choose ; for, being on his oath, they little dreamt that he would ever break it.

He acted otherwise, although he afterwards declared that he had meant no wrong, but excused himself on the plea that none of his people had come nigh to him, and said that he had himself gone to obtain his ransom of one thousand crowns for the good Chevalier. Nevertheless the case was such ; Don Alonzo going and coming at pleasure, got weary thereof, one day consulted with an Albanian, one of the castle's garrison. He said to him : "Come hitber,

Théode! If thou wilt do me a good turn, it will be well for thee, and I promise on my faith that, as long as I do live, thou shalt want for nothing. It wearies me longer to remain here, all the more so hearing nothing of my people. If thou wilt provision me with a good steed (considering that I am in this place without restraint), I wish to make escape to-morrow morning. It is but fifteen or twenty miles to the garrison of my people, I would do that in four hours, and thou wilt come with me. I will see thee well provided for and give thee fifty ducats."

The Albanian, who was avaricious, promised this; however, first he said: "Sir, I have heard that you are in the castle on your parole; you will displease our Captain much."

"I will not break my faith," said Don Alonzo; "he has fixed my ransom at one thousand ducats, that will I send him; and further than this I am not bound."

"Well then!" said Théode the Albanian, "to-morrow's morn at day-break I will without fail on horseback be at the gate of the castle; when it opens, make semblance of amusing thyself, and you will find yours waiting."

This being arranged between them, it was carried into execution the following day, as it had been proposed; they found all so easy that, the porter hardly appearing to notice him (because, as has before been said, he was on his parole, and free to go and come), Don Alonzo mounted on his horse and went off as hard as well he could.<sup>1</sup>

Shortly afterward the good Chevalier, who was vigilant, entering the

<sup>1</sup> According to the account given by Champier, the facts are not similar, and more in favour of Sotomaiore; but it is sufficient to compare his text with that of the *Loyal Serviteur*, to see that the author has been less well-informed. "After a time," he says, "Lord Alonzo, not having had tidings from Spain or from his friends, said to Captain Bayard: 'I am here as your prisoner, and at your expense, which profits little to you or me. I pray of you let me go, and on my faith I will do that which in a short time will bring me the money from Spain, with which to pay my promised ransom, and you may rest assured, that I should sooner die than break my faith.' Then replied the Lord of Bayard: 'I am content with what you say, for I know the house from whence you come, your parents and your line, the which is famous throughout Spain; also I know of your prowess, and of the name you have gained in your camp. For these causes I let you depart on your faith; and if shortly you cannot send me your ransom, you must return and surrender yourself unto me as prisoner then.' At this reply the Lord Alonzo bade farewell to Captain Bayard." As I have said, it is only necessary to compare the text, to observe that Champier is not so well-informed. In his text I see but vague words; in that of the *Loyal Serviteur*, on the contrary, are given facts precise and exact; and he places on the scene a certain number of subordinate personages, such as the Albanian, Le Basque and the porter.



minor courtyard of the castle, inquired about his prisoner; they had amused themselves each morning together, but no one could inform him of his whereabouts. Amazed, he came to the porter, of whom he inquired whether he had seen him. He replied: "Yes, at daybreak, close to the gate." The sentinel was inquired of concerning him, but he was nowhere to be found, neither the said Théode the Albanian.

Who was sorely grieved? It was the good Chevalier. Ordering one of his soldiers, Le Basco<sup>1</sup> by name, he said to him: "This instant mount your horse, along with nine others, and ride straight towards Andria, try to find our prisoner; and, if you find him, bring him back alive or dead. And if perchance the miscreant Albanian is with him, bring him also hither; for he shall be hung from these battlements, an example to those who another time would play the traitor as he has done."

Le Basque made no more delay, but instantly mounting his horse, and spurring it forward, without considering who followed him (nevertheless he was well followed), took the road to Andria, two miles from which he made up to Alonzo unnoticed, buckling up one of his horse's straps, the which had broken. Who, when he perceived that he was being followed, tried to remount, but could not, was caught, recaptured, and set again on horseback. Théode was wiser than to allow himself to be recaptured, knowing well that he went for his life; saved himself in Andria, whilst Don Alonzo was escorted back to Minervino, where, when the good Chevalier saw him, he said: "How comes it, Signor Don Alonzo? you gave unto me your promise not to depart from thence without my leave, the which you now have done! I will trust you no further; for it was not honourable in any gentleman to leave a place, being there upon his honour."

Don Alonzo replied: "I had not it in mind to wrong you; you fixed my ransom at one thousand crowns, which you would have in two days' time received. My reason for thus going was owing to the disappointment I endured, having received no tidings of my people."

The good Chevalier, still most wrathful, would not accept of his excuses, but had him placed within a tower, in which he was kept for the space of fifteen days, without being placed in irons, or receiving further indignities. He was well treated as regards food and drink, and thus had reason for contentment.

<sup>1</sup> This soldier was later known as Bayard's esquire. His name was Pierre de Tardes, his surname *Le Basco* or *La Basque*.

At the end of fifteen days came a trumpeter demanding safe conduct for one of his people wishing to bring the ransom money: he was detained, and then the money was brought two days later. For which cause Signor Don Alonzo was at once liberated. Took leave of the good Chevalier and all the company in a sufficiently courteous manner, afterwards returning to Andria. But previous to his departure he witnessed how the said good Chevalier divided the whole of the ransom amongst his men, not retaining for himself one farthing.



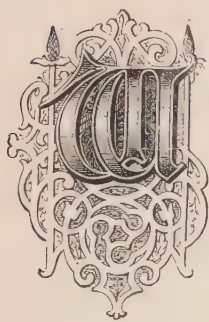
Spanish Coin. (Ferdinand and Isabella.)



Trumpeter delivering a Letter to the Spanish Camp.

## CHAPTER X.

Of how Signor Don Alonzo complained of the treatment he had received from the good Chevalier, and how they came to fight.



**W**HEN Signor Don Alonzo had arrived in Andria, all his friends and companions greeted him warmly ; for, the truth to tell, there was no man in all the Spanish armies more esteemed than he, nor who loved feats of arms more. They comforted him as well as they could, showing him that he need not be so down-hearted at having been taken prisoner, for it was the fortune of war to lose at one time and gain at another, and it was sufficient that God had restored him safe and sound unto his friends. After much converse, he was questioned as to the manner in which the good Chevalier lived, what kind of man he was, and how, during his imprisonment, he had been treated by him ?

To which replied Don Alonzo :

"On my word, I do assure you, gentlemen, that, as regards the person of Bayard, I believe that nowhere in the world is there more bold a gentlemen, or less of an idler ; for if he be not at war, he of necessity does something in its stead with his soldiers, be it wrestling, jumping, throwing the bar, or other honest pastimes known to gentlemen wherewith to exercise themselves. In liberality he has no equal ; as I saw by several of his actions, even when he received the thousand ducats for my ransom ; before me he divided it amongst his soldiers, not retaining for himself one single ducat. In short, the truth to tell, if he lives long, it is to become great things. But as you inquire of me concerning his treatment of me, I cannot praise it much ; I do not know if it were by his orders, but his people did not treat me as became a gentleman, but far more harshly than they ought to have. And my living did not content me."

Some marvelled at his words, considering the uprightness always attributed to the good Chevalier ; others said that "one never finds beautiful prisons ;" no one blamed him. But there was so much talk concerning it, that a prisoner of the garrison of Minervino, on his return, fully informed the good Chevalier of how Don Alonzo complained continuously of the bad treatment he said he had received, with other talk still less truthful, at which he had marvelled greatly.

And straightway calling his people to him, he said :

"My lords, here is Don Alonzo complaining amongst the Spaniards of the treatment he has received at my hands, which he says could not have been worse. You all know how it was. It appears to me that it would have been impossible to treat a prisoner better than we did him before he made his flight, and since, although he has been more confined, we have done naught unto him whereof he should complain. And, by my troth ! if I thought that we had done wrong towards him, I would make amends. For which I entreat you to tell me if any of you perceived naught of which I have heard nothing."

To the which all replied : "Captain, had he been Spain's greatest prince, you could not have better treated him. He does wrong and sins in thus complaining ; but the Spaniards make so much of this gallant, and are so vainglorious, that this is pure devilry."

"By my word !" said the good Chevalier, "I will write and caution him, how I am of wrathful temperament, and that if he say that I ill-treated him I will prove otherwise by personal encounter, either on foot or on horseback, whichever may please him."



Calling forthwith for a clerk, he wrote a letter to this effect :

“SIGNOR ALONZO,

“I have learnt that, after your return from my prison, you have made complaints amongst your people that I did not treat you as befitted a gentleman. You well know that such is not the case; but, in that were it true, would do me much dishonour, I have been wishful to write unto you this letter, by which I entreat of you to repair the injustice of these words in presence of those who have heard them, by confessing, as is the truth, the good and straightforward treatment you met with at my hands. And doing this will both increase your honour and repair mine, which by injustice you have sullied. And in the event of your refusing to do so, I hereby declare that I am resolved to make you retract all by mortal combat 'twixt your person and mine, be it on horseback or on foot, and with what arms you may choose. And adieu.

“At Minervino, this tenth day of July.”

By a trumpeter, none other than the brave and noble Lord de La Palisse, surnamed La Lune, this letter was sent to Signor Don Alonzo, in the town of Andria, who, when he had read it, without asking counsel of any, sent reply by the same trumpeter, in a letter containing these words :

“MY LORD OF BAYARD,

“I have seen your letter which the bearer placed in my hands, and amongst other things mentioned therein is that of my having circulated amongst those of my nation that I have not been treated by you as befitted a gentleman, being your prisoner, and that on my not refuting it, you are resolved to combat me. I hereby declare that I will not retract one word of what I said, not being a man to retract. As regards the combat you propose betwixt us, I accept it between this day and twelve to fifteen days hence, to take place two miles from out this town of Andria, or elsewhere as you may think fit.”

La Lune gave this reply to the good Chevalier, who would sooner have received it than ten thousand crowns, ill though he was. He told him that he accepted the challenge, likewise the day of assignation.

Thus, the matter fixed upon, the good Chevalier instantly informed Lord de La Palisse of the same, who being a man well versed in such matters, Bayard took him, after God and his old friend Bellabre, as his guide.

The day of the combat drew nigh, which was such as you will hear of.



Spiked Crown.



Crown of the Sun.

Coins of the time of Louis XII.



Bayard striking to earth Alonzo de Sotomaiore.

## CHAPTER XI.

Of how the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche fought against Don Alonzo and vanquished him.



WHEN the day arrived assigned for the combat, the Lord de La Palisse, accompanied by two hundred men-at-arms, (which each of the combatants accorded to the other), escorted his champion to the field, who was mounted on a goodly charger, and dressed completely in white, emblem of humility. The Lord Alonzo had not as yet arrived.

La Lune went to hasten him, of whom he inquired as in what way the Lord de Bayard was prepared to fight. Being told that he was on horseback, and dressed in complete armour, he exclaimed: "How is this? It is for me to select the weapons, and him the ground. Trumpeter, go tell him that I will this day fight on foot!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At this point the two combatants would have exchanged letters, of which Champier gives us the substance. "When the Lord Alonzo," he says, "knew that Bayard had already repaired to the place of combat, he was much displeased, and to evade and put off the fight, wrote an epistle, the which I myself found in a purse that once belonged to the mother of the noble Bayard, which had been taken to her son, written in Spanish, as

Notwithstanding the boldness shown by Signor Alonzo, he would willingly not have been brought thus forward, having never realised, owing to the disease from which the good Chevalier was now suffering, that he would consent to fight on foot. But when he saw that all was in readiness to commence, thought he had done well in fighting him thus for many reasons: one was that, on horseback, in all the world, no more adroit gentleman was to be found than the good Chevalier; the other that, owing to the disease from which he was suffering, he would of necessity be feeble, and that filled him with the hope of being able to vanquish him. La Lune advanced towards the good Chevalier, to whom he said: "Captain, here is some news for you; your adversary says now that he will meet you but on foot, and that to him is left the choice of weapons."

This was indeed the truth; nevertheless it had been previously concluded that the combat was to take place on horseback in full accoutrement of men-at-arms; but now it appeared that Signor Alonzo was wishful to avoid the tilting.

When the good Chevalier had heard the trumpet, he remained for one moment pensive, for, even on that day, he had had fever. Nevertheless with leonine courage he replied: "My friend, La Lune, go hasten him; nothing will this day prevent me repairing mine honour, by God's help; and if combat on foot be not pleasing to him, I will do otherwise as he may think fit."

Meanwhile the good Chevalier prepared his camp, which consisted of large stones alongside one another, and had just placed himself at one end thereof, in company with several good, bold, and valiant captains, such as the Lords de La Palisse, d'Oroze, d'Himbercourt, de Fontrailles,

follows: 'Seigneur Petrou de Bayardo yo he sentido como siti venuto a lo locho donde ery stato deputado de farce fate d'armas de la mia persona a la vestra y delque me plaze e voglio che si alcuno de la gente nostra de Andre ny de la vestra fasse donato impacho nes uno e que alse vulga cautelo que voy ve rendate prizonero mio come si fusseti stato vencido per forza d'armas e voy non voglio altra cautela. Scripto in Andre stado 26 novembrio 1503. Par mi Petrou de Cordova scripta. Don Alonce de Sotomaioire.' When the said Bayard had received the above from Don Alonzo, he replied as follows: 'Seigneur Alonzo, ai vu ce que m'avez écrit, et suis content s'il y a aucun Français ni autre qui donne empêchement à vous, que je sois votre prisonnier. Aussi, en semblable si les vôtres me donnent empêchement, serez mon prisonnier, car ne veux que défendre mon honneur de ce que dites et avez publié que je ne vous ai pas bien traité quand étiez mon prisonnier ni en gentilhomme.' The incorrect text of the Spanish document does not appear to M. Roman to appear to be authentic. M. de Terrebasse accepts it more willingly, having found it in the *Trophæum Gallorum*, published at Lyons by Symphorien Champier in 1507, who was a cotemporary of Bayard's."



the Baron de Béarn, and many others, all of whom prayed to God that he would aid their champion.

When La Lune returned to Signor Alonzo, who now knew that there was no further help, and for his honour he must come to combat, he advanced, well supported by the Marquis de Licite, the Don Diego de Quinonez, Lieutenant of the great Captain Gonsalve Fernand,<sup>1</sup> Don Pedro de Haldez, Don Francesco d'Altamesa, and many others, who accompanied him as far as the camp, where, having arrived, he sent the weapons to the Chevalier to choose from, the which were a long rapier and a dagger; they were armed with gorgets and steel coifs. He did not take long to choose; but, when he saw what he had to do, delayed no longer, taking his stand at one end of the camp by his friend Bellabre, whom he had chosen as his second; the Lord de La Palisse kept the ground of the camp on his side. The Signor Don Alonzo entered by the other end, having for his second Don Diego de Quinonez, and as keeper of the ground, Don Francesco d'Altamesa.

When both had entered, the good Chevalier, falling on both knees, made humble supplication to God; then, stretching himself on the ground, he kissed the earth, and in rising made the sign of the cross (he always did the same at home). Then marching straight towards his enemy, with as assured a gait as he had been in a palace, dancing amongst fair ladies.

Don Alonzo did not show either that he in any way felt fear; coming straight up to the good Chevalier, he said these words: "Senor de Bayardo, que me quereis?"

Who replied in his native tongue: "I will defend mine honour."

And without further words they approached each other, each dealing his adversary a mighty rapier thrust, that of the good Chevalier slightly wounding Signor Alonzo on the face, causing blood to flow. Believe me that each had swift step and ready eye, and wished that not a single thrust should be lost. If ever were seen in camp two champions better exemplifying *prudhommes* than they, believe it not! Several thrusts were dealt, one after the other, still without result. The good Chevalier, who saw from the first his enemy's manœuvres, on seeing the thrusts made, covered his face, consequently could not have it injured, and had recourse to strategy, by which, when Don Alonzo raised his arm to administer a thrust, the good Chevalier raised his also, but kept

<sup>1</sup> It appears that Gonsalve of Cordova, as the General, and at the same time a near relative of Sotomaiore, reprimanded him, ordering that he should not longer delay the combat.

his rapier in the air without dealing the thrust, and with coolness, his enemy's thrust over, choosing his moment, dealt him a tremendous sweep upon the throat that, notwithstanding the protection of the gorget,<sup>1</sup> the rapier entered therein fully four nails deep, and the same could not be withdrawn. Don Alonzo, feeling this to be his deathblow, let drop his rapier, seizing the good Chevalier by the body, who also grasped him as in the manner of wrestling, and so evenly were they balanced that they fell to earth together side by side. The good Chevalier promptly took his dagger and thrust it into his enemy's nostril, crying: "Surrender, Signor Alonzo, or you are a dead man!"

But his speech was useless, as already had his spirit fled. Then his second, Don Diego de Quinonez, called out, "Senor Bayardo, ya es muerto; vencido habeis."<sup>2</sup>

Which was, alas! too true, as he never moved hand or foot more.

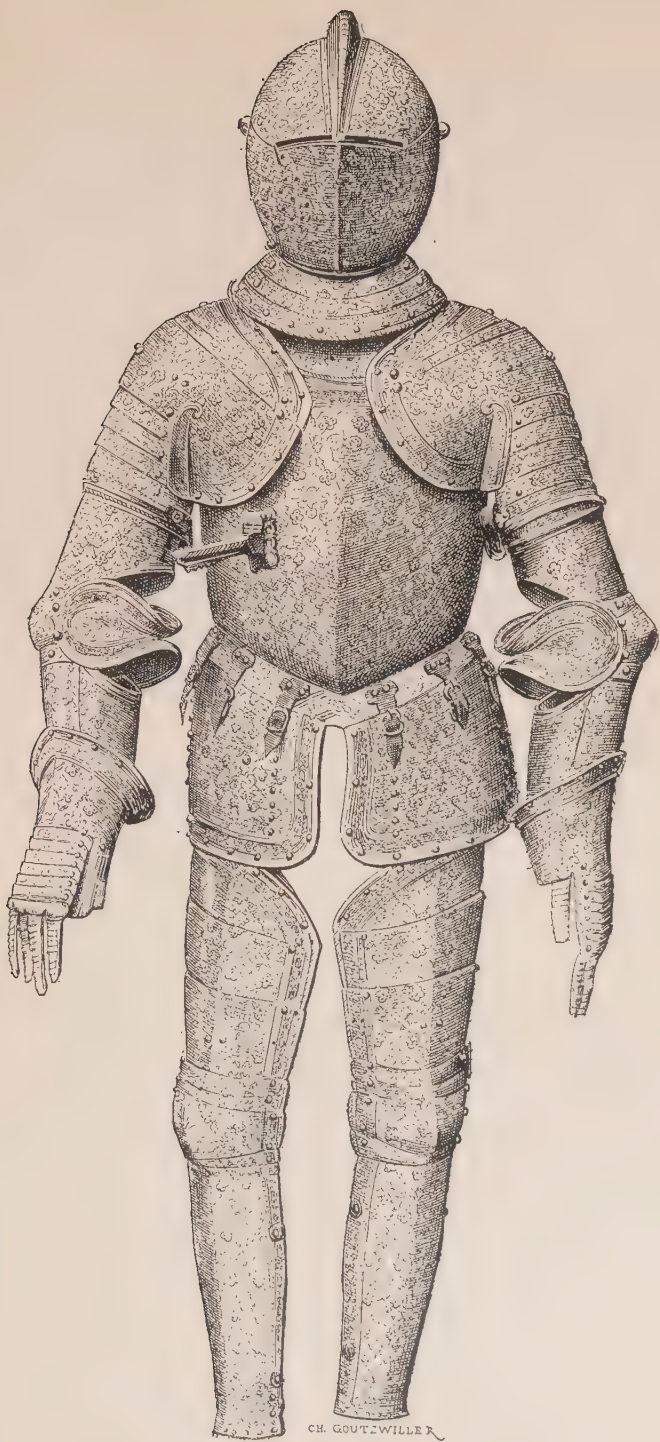
But the most discomforted amongst them was the good Chevalier; as, had he possessed one thousand crowns, he would cheerfully have given them, could he have vanquished him alive. Nevertheless, recognising God's grace towards himself, he knelt, thanking Him humbly; then

<sup>1</sup> The gorget covered the neck, and was most frequently composed of a certain number of iron plates linked together, which divided itself into two parts; the upper part was flexible, with a chin-piece, which opened to put on the helmet, to which it was attached by hooks. There were also, as is here seen, gorgets of armour.

<sup>2</sup> "Lord de Bayard, he is now dead; you have conquered." Further on, Diego adds: "Over much, my Lord of Bayard, for the honour of Spain!" All the celebrated historians of the time tell of this celebrated combat. Champier, whose version is somewhat different to this one, but to our mind not worthy of so much confidence, and wanting in amplification. Jean d'Anton alone relates it with its details as worthy of notice. We here give a quotation from his work, where it appears to us to have been given in all honesty:

"Chacun d'eux côtoyait son ennemi et approchait de la longueur du glaive pour se trouver à découvert et donner dedans. Et, à une fois, Bayard, au rabattre l'un des coups de l'Espagnol, l'approcha de tant, que, en croyant donner de toute puissance de l'estoc travers du visage, comme cet Espagnol fléchit la tête en arrière, le coup fut assené en la au gorgerette, de telle façon que, au travers des mailles, lui entra en la gorge de plus de quatre doigts. Lorsqu'il retira l'estoc, grand abondance de sang commença à ruisseler sur l'armure jusqu'à terre. Dont cet Espagnol, comme forcené, à toute force, se voulut revenger, et, pour ce faire, s'approcha tant de son homme, que chacun pensait qu'il le voulut saisir au collet. Et là s'essaya souvent de lui en rendre autant, mais tant perdait son sang que la terre en était enrougie, et moult s'affaiblissait; toutefois ne reculait pas d'un seul pas, mais plus que devant se tenait entre le Français, tant qu'à la fin se joignit à lui.

"Et ainsi, à belle pointe d'estoc, se tâtèrent longuement l'un l'autre, et d'aussi près que de la main au visage se pouvaient toucher. Bayard, avisant son coup, lui rua soudainement de toute sa force le poignard qu'il tenait de la main gauche contre le visage. Et entre l'œil gauche et le bout du nez, lui mit jusqu'à la poignée, tant que dedans le cerveau lui entra. Dont cet Espagnol tomba à la renverse, atteint par l'angoisse de la mort, et Bayard tomba sur lui, sans lui tirer le glaive de la tête."



ARMOUR OF GONSALVE OF CORDOVA.

(Armeria Real, Madrid.)





kissing the earth thrice, he took his enemy's body from out the camp, saying to his second, "Signor Don Diego, have I done enough?"

Who piteously answered, "Troppo, Senor Bayardo, pour la honra d'Espana."

"You well know," said the good Chevalier, "that it is for me to do with the body what I think fit; nevertheless I give it back to you; and truly I wish, with mine honour saved, that it had been otherwise."

To be brief, the Spaniards carried away their champion's body 'midst grievous lamentation, the French leading theirs 'midst the sound of trumpets and clarionets until reaching the garrison of the good Lord de La Palisse, where, before doing aught else, the good Chevalier repaired to the church, there to offer oblations to the Almighty, later making all possible rejoicings. None of these French gentlemen could tire of giving praise unto the good Chevalier, so much so that, throughout the kingdom, not only amongst French but also amongst Spaniards, he was held to be one of the most finished gentlemen that could anywhere be found.



Seal of La Palisse.



Bayard and Oroze meeting the Spaniards.

## CHAPTER XII.

Of a Tournament held in the kingdom of Naples, between thirteen Frenchmen and thirteen Spaniards, in the which the good Chevalier made such feats of arms that he carried off the prize over all.



E know that, amongst other nations, the Spaniards are a people who of themselves will not condemn themselves, and are always somewhat vainglorious. And inasmuch as they are a brave nation, and are possessed together with both prowess and a good manner, there are no people in the world that can hold out against them. They had heard how the good Chevalier challenged Don Alonzo de Sotomaiore, whom the Spaniards at heart mourned deeply, and they sought each day for means to avenge themselves. There had been agreed upon 'twixt the French and they, a few days after the death of Signor Don Alonzo, a truce of two months; the reason thereof I know not. Now it happened that during the truce the Spaniards went to amuse themselves nigh to the French garrisons, and about these places they sometimes fell in with Frenchmen who likewise were amusing themselves. These had often words together, but always the said Spaniards sought for some cause of disagreement.



COMBAT OF THE THIRTEEN





One day, amongst others, a band of thirteen Spaniards, all men-at-arms, and well mounted, went to disport themselves close by to the garrison of the good Chevalier, who, together with the Lord of Oroze, of the house of Urfé, a very noble captain, had taken two companions, and sallied forth to breathe the air about half a league distant, where they encountered the said Spaniards, whom they saluted; they returned the greeting. They entered into converse concerning divers matters, and amongst other words, a Spaniard bold and courageous, by name Diego de Bisegna, the which had been one of the firing company of Signor Don Alonzo de Sotomaiore (still holding his death in remembrance), said: "Gentlemen and Frenchmen, I do not know if this truce wearies you; for, although it has only been as yet of eight days' duration, it wearies us exceedingly. If, nevertheless, while it lasts there be a band of you, ten against ten, twenty against twenty (either more or less), who would meet us in combat upon the quarrel of our masters, my side can easily be numbered. And those who shall be vanquished shall remain the other's prisoners."

At these words the Lord of Oroze looked at the good Chevalier, who said: "My Lord of Oroze, what thinkest thou of these words?"

He also said: "It seems to me that this gentleman talks honestly. I could willingly answer him, but I pray of you that you reply to him according to your judgment."

"Since it pleases you," replied the good Chevalier, "I will tell him my opinion."

"Sir, my friend and I have heard your words, and do understand that you would meet us at an encounter of arms, number against number. You are here thirteen men-at-arms; if it suit your wishes, eight days from this come two miles from hence, armed and mounted; my companion and I will meet you there with the same number. And he who has a good heart will show it!"

Thereupon all the Spaniards in their own tongue replied, "We do wish it."

They then returned, as did the Lord of Oroze and the good Chevalier, to within Minervino; where they selected their men, and on the day named found themselves at the place agreed upon with the Spaniards, who likewise were on the spot. Of each nation there were many others who had come there as spectators. They fixed their camp, making condition that those who should pass beyond the same should be held as prisoners and unable to compete more that day; likewise that those unhorsed must cease to fight. And that in case till nightfall one party had

not vanquished the other, and there remained but one on horseback, the joust should be considered over, and that he should carry away all his companions free and discharged, with permission to leave the camp.

To end our story : the French ranged themselves on one side and the Spaniards on the other. All, with lances in rest, spurred their horses ; but the said Spaniards endeavoured not to hit the men, but to kill the horses, which they did to the number of eleven. There remaining on horseback alone the Lord of Oroze and the good Chevalier. But this trickery was not of much service to the Spaniards, for afterwards their horses refused to move forward, however sorely they were spurred. And the said Lord of Oroze and the good Chevalier rushed upon them in sharp assault. And, when the larger side in their turn desired to charge, they retreated behind the dead horses of their companions, which served them as a rampart.

And, to conclude, the Spaniards were mightily provoked, and though they numbered thirteen horsemen against two, were still unable to take the camp ; night came on, but still they had gained nothing. When being brought to a close, according to the agreement made, all gave the honour of the combat to the French ; who had fought so bravely, two against thirteen, for four hours without being defeated. The good Chevalier had made such feats of arms that it was much noised abroad, and added greatly to his renown.



Mace of the Sixteenth Century.



The Treasurers flying with their Sacks.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Of how the good Chevalier captured the Treasurer and his servant, who were carrying fifteen thousand ducats to the great Captain Gonsalve Fernand, and of what he did with it.



**A**BOUT one month after this combat, the truce being over, the good Chevalier was informed by his spies that there had come to Naples a treasurer, who changed money into gold, to take the same to the great Captain Gonsalve Fernand, and who would perforce have to pass within three or four miles of the garrison. He had slept none since he had heard thereof, and had placed sentries, who at last came to tell him that the treasurer had arrived at a village held by the Spaniards, which was but fifteen miles from Minervino, and that on the morrow, with an escort of light horse,<sup>1</sup> had prepared to proceed on towards the great Captain.

The good Chevalier had much desire to seize this money, not for

<sup>1</sup> Soldiers of the light cavalry, who fought with shields and lances, riding jennets (*à la geneta*) that is to say, with very short stirrups, as do the Moors; they were mounted on bob-tailed horses (*ginete*).

himself, but to distribute amongst his soldiers; so, rising two hours before dawn, went and lay in ambush between two small hills, accompanied only by twenty horsemen, and sent round to the other side his friend Tardieu, with twenty-five Albanians, so that if not caught on one side he must be on the other.

Now it happened as here follows, that at about the hour of seven that morning, the scouts of the good Chevalier, hearing the tramp of horses, came to apprise him of the same. The Chevalier and his men were so well concealed between two rocks that they could have with ease been passed by unobserved. The Spaniards advanced towards them, and in their centre the treasurer and his servant, carrying the bags of money<sup>1</sup> behind them on their horses. When they had just passed, without further delay the Chevalier and his men raised the cry of *France! France! À mort! À mort!* when the said Spaniards, finding themselves thus charged, and taken unawares, believing that there were a far greater number of men than in truth there were, took to flight in the direction of Barletto. They were pursued, but not far, for the poor treasurer alone was wanted, who, being captured with his servant, was conducted under escort to Minervino. Arriving there, they were despoiled of their money-bags, the which were full of sparkling ducats. The good Chevalier wished to count the same, but the treasurer said to him in Spanish: "Non conteis, senor, son quince mil ducados."<sup>2</sup>

Much rejoiced were they with this their prize.

Meanwhile Tardieu returned, who, when he beheld all this money, felt much discomfited that he had not captured it, saying at the same time to his good Chevalier, "I also shall have my share of this, as I was engaged in the undertaking."

"That is true," quoth the good Chevalier; "but you had no hand in the capturing thereof." And for the fun of it, continued, "And even had you been there, being under my orders, I can give thee but what I think fit."

Upon this Tardieu waxed wrathful, swearing in God's name that he would learn the reason thereof; and straightway made complaint of it to the Lieutenant-General of the army of France, who sent for the good Chevalier, who instantly came unto him, and, in his presence, each one told his tale; the which, having listened to, the said Lieutenant-General.

<sup>1</sup> The money was carried in bags of a certain dimension called *les bouges*, from whence came the word *bougette*, or small travelling-bag. The expression, "*Il a bien rempli ses bouges*" became proverbial to describe a man who had become rich.

<sup>2</sup> "Do not count them, my lord; there are fifteen thousand ducats."



inquired the opinion of all the captains present. The decision being (after having heard all), that Tardieu was entitled to no part of the spoil, at which he was sorely disappointed. But being by nature of a jovial mind, he at once exclaimed, "By the blood of St. George, I am indeed unfortunate!" He then addressed the good Chevalier, saying, "But, by heavens! it is all one, since you have to provide me with all things needful for me while in this country." Bayard at this laughed heartily, and straightway they returned together to Minervino, where,



Albanian. From a Woodcut of the Sixteenth Century.

when they had arrived, the good Chevalier before Tardieu, still further to tantalise him, had the ducats placed before him on a table, and then said, "Friend, how seems it to you? are not these fine sugar-plums?"

"Indeed, by all the devils! that they are," replied he; "but I have nothing of it. I would that I were hung, by the blood of God! For had I only half of what is there, I would have riches, and be a prosperous man my life-long."

"How so? My friend," said the good Chevalier, "thinkest thou that being possessed of this would influence your whole life in this

world? And now, I tell you that of that which you have tried to seize by force, I give to thee, of my own free will, the half." And instantly counting it, gave over unto him seven thousand five hundred ducats.

Tardieu, who had until now thought that he spoke but in jest, when he saw that it was true, seized it, throwing himself on both knees, and with tears of joy in his eyes, said, "Alas! my master, my friend, how can I ever sufficiently thank you for your goodness? Greater liberality than even that of Alexander!"

"Hush, friend! if it lay in my power I would do far more for thee."

After this, all his life long, Tardieu was rich; for by means of these moneys, after that they had returned from Naples into France, he, in his province, espoused an heiress, daughter of a Lord de Saint-Martin, who had as *dot* three thousand pounds of *rentes*.

You must now learn what became of the other seven thousand five hundred ducats. The good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, whose heart was as a pearl, called unto him all those of his garrison, and to each, according to his rank, he distributed it, without reserving for himself one farthing. Then said he to the treasurer, "My friend, I know full well that, if I would, I could demand a goodly ransom for thee, but I hold myself content with what I have already had. When you and your man so desire, I will give unto you safe conduct to any place you may desire; nothing further will be taken from you, nor will you be searched."

They had about them, in personalties and money, five hundred ducats or more.

Who felt happy? It was the unfortunate treasurer, who, by a trumpeter of the good Chevalier's, to whom he gave three crowns, was escorted as far as Barletta, together with his man, right well, seeing his fortune had been to have fallen into such good hands.



Spanish Ducats of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.



Pedro de Paz crossing the Gargliano.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Of how the good Chevalier defended the bridge across the Garigliano alone for the space of half-an-hour against two hundred Spaniards.



ENOUGH is seen in other histories of how it fared with the kingdom of Naples, and of how, towards the close of the war between France and Spain, the army of the said French was encamped on one bank of the river called the Garigliano, whilst that of the Spaniards was on the opposite bank. You must understand that if on the side of the French were to be found many brave and valiant knights, the like were also to be met with among the Spaniards. Amongst others, the great and renowned Captain Gonsalve Fernand, a man both wise and vigilant, and another, by name Pedro de Paz, the same not being two cubits in height. But a braver could nowhere be found. He was so much hump-backed and so small that, when mounted, his head alone was to be seen above the saddle. One morning the said Pedro de Paz resolved to alarm the French, and he, together with one hundred to one hundred and twenty horsemen resolved to cross the river Garigliano at a certain

place, the ford of which he knew. He placed a man on foot behind each horse, armed with an arquebuse; and thus he hoped to alarm the French and make them fly, abandoning the bridge which they had gained.

He carried out his enterprise well, giving the French camp a sharp and warm alarm, into the which they all retreated, thinking that the entire Spanish army were advancing; but such was not the case.

The good Chevalier, who wished always to be near the scene of action, was hard by the bridge, and with him a bold gentleman, the Squire Le Basco by name, Master of the Horse to King Louis XII. of France. They commenced to arm themselves on hearing the noise, and were soon in readiness mounted on their horses, and, one need not say, went straightway to where the affray was going on.

But the good Chevalier, on looking beyond the river, saw well nigh two hundred Spaniards advancing straight to the bridge to take it, the which they would have done with but faint resistance, and that meant the total destruction of the French army. He began by saying to his friend, "Sir Squire, my friend, hasten thee to warn our people to defend yonder bridge, or we are all lost. In the meanwhile I shall amuse them till you arrive; but hasten thee!" which he did, and the good Chevalier, with lance in hand, went himself to the end of the said bridge, where at the other end were the Spaniards ready to pass over it. But, as a furious lion, putting his lance in rest, he rushed upon the troop who were already on the bridge, making two or three to stagger, of which two fell over into the water, from which they never rose more, for the river was both wide and deep. That over, he did many great feats, though sorely assailed, and had it not been for his expert horsemanship, could not have resisted them. But as an angry lion stood holding the bridge, which he prevented their crossing, whilst with his sword he defended himself in a way that made the Spaniards think that he was not a man, but a devil.<sup>1</sup>

In short, he held it bravely till the Squire Le Basco, his comrade, came to his aid with two hundred men-at-arms, who, when they arrived,

<sup>1</sup> These three words, *mais un ennemi*, have seemed insufficient to many editors of our text. But we must hold in mind that the word *ennemi* was a long time synonymous with *démon*. Long after this Pascal writes in his *Provinciales*, "S'il arrivait qu'à la mort, l'ennemi eût quelques prétentions sur vous." I do not know if our legend of Bayard has made Spain jealous, but they still preserve in the Armeria Real the armour of a Spanish knight, who, according to the catalogue, killed by his own hand more than four hundred Frenchmen in the fight of Garigliano. The catalogue mentions, it is true, that this man-killer had some companions, but their numbers he has forgotten to mention.





BAYARD DEFENDING THE BRIDGE OF GARIGLIANO.



compelled the said Spaniards to abandon the bridge, chasing them a full mile from it. And would have gone farther, but perceived a large number of Spaniards, numbering seven or eight hundred horsemen, coming to assist their people. The good Chevalier on seeing this called to his men, saying, "Sirs, this day we have done enough in saving our bridge; let us retreat in good order." His counsel being held wise, they commenced the retreat, Bayard always remaining last, and sustaining the whole brunt of the charge, or the greater part of it. In the end, finding himself sorely pressed, his horse being completely exhausted, having carried him through the entire day, when suddenly the enemy poured down on them in a mass, bringing many of the French to ground, the horse of the Chevalier being backed well nigh into a ditch, where he was surrounded by twenty or thirty men, who called out, "Rende! rende! senor!"<sup>1</sup> He, fighting still, could but reply, "Sirs, I of needs must surrender, seeing that alone I cannot fight against all of you."

He had already got far separated from his companions, who had retreated straight towards the bridge, thinking all the while that the Chevalier was still amongst them. And when they got some distance off, one amongst them, by name the Chevalier Guiffrey, a gentleman of Dauphiny,<sup>2</sup> and his neighbour, suddenly remarked, "Ho! sirs, we have lost all! The good Captain Bayard is dead or taken prisoner, for he is not amongst us. Can it be otherwise? and only this day he led us so valiantly, and deserved so much honour! I vow to God that if I alone go, I will return, and, whether he be alive or dead, shall get tidings of him!"

I cannot say which of the troop was the most sorely grieved on learning that the Chevalier Guiffrey spoke not in jest. All dismounted to readjust their horse-furniture; then remounted, with inconceivable courage pursued the Spaniards at full speed, who were taking with them the flower and *élite* of all that was noble, alone through the fault of his horse, which, had it been capable of like endurance to him, he would never have been captured.

One must understand that when the Spaniards retreated, taking with them the good Chevalier (because of their great number) did not deign to disarm him, neither to take from him his sword, which hung by his side; neither despoiled they him of his hatchet,<sup>3</sup> which he had in hand.

<sup>1</sup> "Surrender! Surrender, my lord!"

<sup>2</sup> According to Terrebasse, it was not Guiffrey, but Bellabre, who had thus spoken.

<sup>3</sup> One finds this battle-axe in the picture of Bayard on horseback, that we have here given after Champier, and which is the most ancient engraving known (1527).



Whilst marching they continually inquired as to who he was. He, knowing well that if they knew his rightful name he never would escape with life, because the Spaniards were more suspicious as a nation than the French, and knew better than exchange him, replied only that he was a gentleman.

Meanwhile the French came up, his comrades shouting, "France, France! Turn, turn, Spaniards! you carry not off thus our *guidon*!" At which the Spaniards, although so many in number, were much astonished.

### le preux Chevalier Bayard



Portrait of Bayard on Horseback. From an Engraving of 1527.

Nevertheless with bold front they received the heavy charge of the French troops, but it fared hardly with some amongst them, and those the best mounted, many of whom were thrown to ground.

Seeing which, the good Chevalier, who was still fully armed, and wanted but a fresh horse, his being weary, dismounted, and without putting foot in stirrup, vaulted on a bob-tailed horse, which had been cast to earth by the hand of the Squire Le Basco, when he overthrew the brave knight, Salvador de Borgia, Lieutenant of the Marquis



de la Palude's division. Finding himself once more well mounted, he did some marvellous feats of arms, crying "France! France! Bayard! Bayard! He whom you have thus let go!"

When the Spaniards heard his name, and knew the error they had made in allowing him to retain his arms, being a prisoner, without his having said *recours ou non*<sup>1</sup> (for once having given his faith he would have kept it), the hearts of all failed them, and they said amongst themselves, "Let us away to our own camp; we shall do no further good this day."

Saying which they broke into a gallop, and the French, seeing the shadows of night approaching, happy at having recovered their true leader, returned joyfully to camp, where during eight days they ceased



Medal of Julius II.

From a Print of the Sixteenth Century.

not to speak of their glorious adventure, and at the same time the prowess of the good Chevalier.

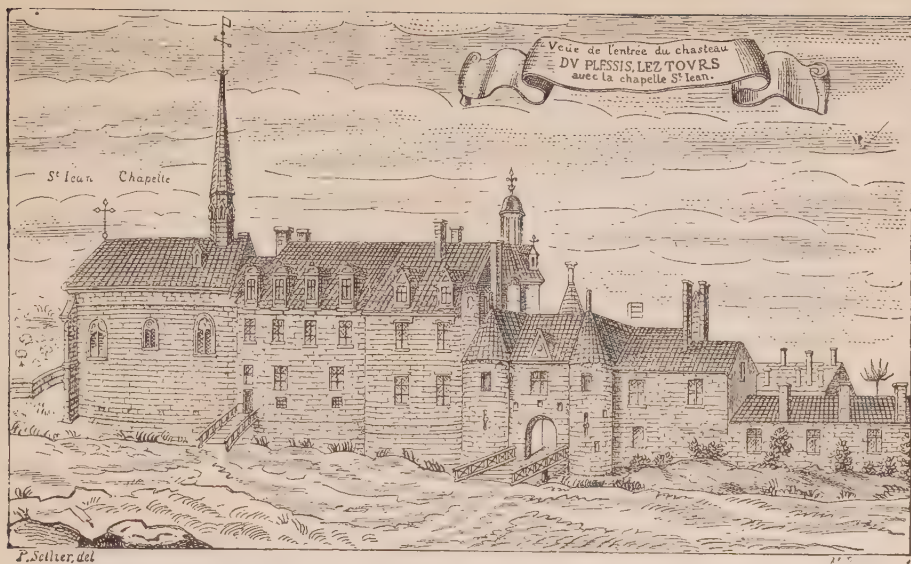
In this same year sent King Louis XII. of France, to capture the province of Rousillon, a number of men, under command of Lord de Dunois. But they returned without having done things to further their glory; and there died a great French knight, by name the Lord of Rochepot.

After that, I cannot say through whose fault, the French did not longer remain in this kingdom of Naples, but returned to their own land, the greater number of them in but sorry state. As they journeyed

<sup>1</sup> That is to say, without having sworn to fight no more, if succour came or not—*recours* here means *deliverance*.

through Rome the Pope Julius paid them much courtesy, but afterwards cheated them most thoroughly. The valiant Captain Louis d'Ars, who still held several places in Puglia (and of his division was the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche), after the return of the French army, remained still in this said kingdom, despite the Spanish power, for the space of one year, during which time some brilliant reconnoitres were made, and heavy skirmishes, in the greater part of which they had success; and further, would have held their own, but were summoned home by the King their master, to their great regret, in the year 1504. And all were honourably welcomed, as well they deserved, even by the King their master, who, being wise and prudent, accepted the fortune of war as sent by God (in whom was his chiefest strength).

I will now cease speaking of warfare, and tell of the fortunes that came unto France and the surrounding countries for the next two years.



View of Plessis-les-Tours.

## CHAPTER XV.

Of divers events that came to pass in the space of two years both in France, Italy, and Spain.



AFTER the completion of these events,<sup>1</sup> there was a cessation of war twixt France and Spain, the which was but ill advised, inasmuch as one party had what they desired, and the other had not.

In the year one thousand one hundred and five died Jeanne of France, Duchess of Berry, who had been espoused to King Louis XII.; who also this same year, in his city of Blois, was so grievously sick, that they no longer hoped for life, physicians having lost hope, and human remedies proving of no avail. But (as I believe, in answer to

<sup>1</sup> Contrary to his custom, the Loyal Serviteur omits in all these events past, certain important facts in the military career of Bayard, at the time when he abandoned Puglia. M. de Terrebasse has found them mentioned in Jean d'Anton, and has given them to us in the Appendix.

the fervent prayers of his people, for he was much loved by reason of his clemency towards them, never having oppressed them with tithes and taxes) that the Almighty prolonged his days. In the said year died Don Frederick of Aragon at Plessis-les-Tours, once King of Naples, the last of the race of Pierre of Aragon, who, without justice or reason, had usurped the said kingdom of Naples, and whose descendants held it, and do still under other titles.

In the year one thousand five hundred and four, one of the most triumphant and victorious dames that for a thousand years has lived



Jeanne of France.

on this earth, departed this life. This was the Queen Isabella of Castille, who helped, herself armed, in the conquest of Granada over the Moors, took prisoners the children of the King Chico,<sup>1</sup> who reigned over the said kingdom, the which she had baptised. And I would assure the readers of this present history, that her life was such that she well merited a crown of laurels after death. This same year died also the person who on her decease had succeeded her and been her heir, Philip, King of Spain, who was, by right of his wife, Archduke of

<sup>1</sup> Chico (in Spanish *patois*) was the surname of the Moorish king, Boabdil.



Austria and Count of Flanders. France was no loser by his death; for he had sown a seed that could have profited her little.

Pope Julius, by the aid of the King of France, as also of his Lieutenant-General of the duchy of Milan (the Lord of Chaumont, Sir Charles d'Amboise, a good and virtuous man), conquered Bologna under Sir Jean de Bentivoglio, in the said year, and as recompense thereof France received many indulgences.

I do not know through whose counsel, but from this time the French never held the same footing in Italy, because that the said Pope, not over good a Frenchman, fortified this side of the Alps adjoining the lands held by the King of France in Lombardy.



Arms of Aragon.

I here recall the events that followed. Many at this time made profit to themselves; and many of the captains who were governed by the Lord de Chaumont made unto themselves gains. Nor were the men of letters forgetful to take unto themselves benefices.<sup>1</sup>

In short, it was a system of avarice preceding honour, the same which has always existed more in France than elsewhere. If the same

<sup>1</sup> That is to say, many traded on their influence over the Lord of Chaumont; those who were captains received money, and those who were clerks (men of letters) were given benefices (it is understood by the Pope). According to Champier, Julius II. tried even to raise Bayard's position, offering him the title of Captain-General; but Bayard replied that he knew but two masters, the God in heaven, and the King of France on earth.

is the most excellent country in Europe ; but good ground does not of necessity bring forth good fruit, be it as it may. I myself hold with he who wrote the *Roman de la Rose*, by name Master Jean de Meung ; the same says that *beaux dons donnent gloire aux donneurs, mais ils empirent les preneurs*.

The King of Aragon, widowed by the death of Isabella his wife, espoused the same year Germaine de Foix, niece to the King of France, and was escorted with much triumph into Spain, taking with her the Count of Cifuentes and also a Jacobin bishop. After awhile she was desirous that to the French should be given all preferment, which was not held with ; and by all who knew her she was counted an unworthy daughter of France.



View of Genoa.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Of how the Genoese revolted, and the King of France crossed the Alps and brought them to reason.



DO not say that all good Christians must be followers of the Catholic Church, nor that it must be obeyed, neither do I say that all its ministers must of necessity be godly men. And to prove this, I can bring forward as an example Pope Julius II., who (as a recompense for the assistance rendered him by King Louis, who had also bestowed on him Bologna) commenced to drive the French out of Italy, and by subtle and sinister means caused the Genoese population to rise in revolt against their nobles, driving them from their city, and electing for themselves a duke, named Sir Paul de Novi, a working mechanic, and by trade a dyer.

A Genoese gentleman, named Sir Jean Louis de Flisco, the same being a good Frenchman, the Lord de Las, who held the Castle, and many others, remained faithful to the King of France. And for this

cause the wise Prince, somewhat a judge in such matters, seeing well that if it were not speedily repaired grave inconveniences might arise, determined to cross the Alps with a strong force, the which he did with all dispatch, the situation requiring the same for divers reasons.

The good Chevalier was at this time ill at Lyons, with quartan fever, which clung to him for upwards of seven years. As also with an arm which troubled him, caused by a pike-thrust received long since, the which had been so badly dressed that an ulcer had followed, which was not as yet at all healed.<sup>1</sup>

On his return from the kingdom of Naples, the King his master kept him as one of his squires of his stable, until such time arrived that the command of a company of men-at-arms was vacant, the which he could give him. Thinking in his own mind, that notwithstanding his indisposition, he would indeed be most faint-hearted not to follow his prince, and regarding as naught the inconveniences, resolved to march with him.

In two or three days he gave the needful orders, and commenced the passage across the Alps with the others; and with such rapidity did the army march, that on his approaching the town of Genoa the inhabitants were much astonished, as they had hoped that in the space of a few days great assistance would have been sent them by the Pope, and also from Romania, together with seven or eight thousand men, called in Italy *bresignels*, who are accounted the best Italian foot-soldiers, and

<sup>1</sup> The ulcer was bad and also cavernous, according to Champier, who himself, knowing of medical matters, had on this account a curious knowledge of our hero. "One day," he says, "I gave a supper in my house to the Captain Bayard and his cousin Annie Magdalene Terrail, wife of the noble Claude de Varey, at that time the Queen's pantler. Now one night at supper it was that I said to him: 'My lord captain, I wonder that you who are so ill with the fever, besides having on your right arm a dangerous ulcer, wish to go to Genoa with the King amongst these Pennine mountains, and expose yourself to the danger of war.' He answered me: 'Truly you speak the truth; but in times of necessity for nothing should one leave one's prince; it were better to die for him than die of shame.' Then said I to him: 'My lord captain, at least until your arm be cured, and to avoid a crowd being with him, follow in company with Cardinal Amboise to Geneva; for betwixt now and then you may be cured of your arm, as also of your fever.' 'Of a truth, my friend,' said he, 'you say well; but one thing I most fear, which is that many officers of the papal court will follow the legate, who will be mounted on Spanish mules, the which kick much. I have but tender legs, for which reason I fear much the heels of mules, to which I am unaccustomed, and prefer being between horses, who know me, and I them.' Then he replied: 'Sir, you are forgiven, for to jest is your custom.' 'Of a truth,' said Bayard, 'I say it not in plesantry, but as I have heard.' At the request of the said lord captain all those present laughed heartily, for he said much in this speech which it were impossible here to write." I have here given the entire passage, because it appears to me to be truthful, and agrees with the other incidents told of Bayard. Champier does not always appear so truthful.



very hardy in warfare. They nevertheless unflinchingly did their duty, and at the top of the mountain, under which the French had to pass in order to enter the town, had raised a strong bastion, held by good men and artillery, which caused great wonderment amongst the whole army. Then the King assembled his captains, and inquired of them what was to be done. There were divers opinions: some said that from their position their army might be totally destroyed, and that on the heights above there might be still great numbers not visible, who would



Seal of Louis XII.

repulse them at their weak points, and bring them to shame. Others said that it was but the mob, who would lack endurance.

The King, looking towards the good Chevalier, said to him, "Bayard, what thinkest thou?" "On my faith, sire," said he, "I am unable to advise you. One had need go and see what they are doing up there; and, for my part, if it may please you to give me permission, before an hour is over, if I am not killed or taken prisoner, you will have the information wanted."

"I beg of you to go," said the King, "as you are well versed in such matters."

Without more delay, the good Chevalier, who had but to sound the alarm, was joined by several of his friends and companions. Amongst them the Viscount de Rhodes, Captain Maugiron, Lord de Beaudinar, the Bastard de Luppé, and several others, in all numbering one hundred or one hundred and twenty. Amongst them were two of the noble house of La Foix, Lords of Barbazan and Lesparre, sons of Lord de Lautrec. And having assembled, he giving them a good lead, commenced to ascend the mountain.

Seeing him in front, they endeavoured but to follow him, the which they did with difficulty; the summit reached, they stopped but to take breath, then marched straight on towards the bastion; on the road to which they met with much resistance,<sup>1</sup> and had somewhat sharp fighting; but ultimately the Genoese turned and took to flight, the French desiring to pursue them. But the good Chevalier called out, "No, sirs! straight to the bastion. Possibly there are some left within, who might surround us; this we must see to first at any rate."

In this all were agreed, and marched onwards, when what he had surmised came to pass, as still within it were two or three hundred men, who defended it, but in rude manner, finally quitting it, and flying like the wind down the mountain-side in order to reach their town. Thus was the bastion taken.

And after this the Genoese did not great deeds, but surrendered themselves to the mercy of the King, who, entering the town, obliged the inhabitants to defray the expenses of his army, and at their own expense to build a strong castle near by the city, the which he called *Godefafa*. He caused their doge to be decapitated, and also another, by name Giustiniani. In short, sufficiently chastised them at one time.

<sup>1</sup> Champier makes Bayard speak thus on this occasion: "Sir, I am of opinion that we ought to at once ascend this mountain, and beat these peasants and townfolk from off the bastion. And I, with this fever, which I would were at present elsewhere, and my useless arm, will lead the way." Then afterwards saying to Captain Maugiron, who later was killed before Ravenna: "Captain Maugiron, come with me; we are from the same province, and have long known one another. Follow me, and if the arm is weak it shall be tried this day. As to the legs, they are active and lithe to climb." At Bayard's words all the young gentlemen took courage, and said together, "Let us follow Bayard! We have nothing to fear in following him!" And thus all the young gentlemen followed first after Bayard, with the irregulars and Gascons after them, all proudly. All wondered much at Bayard, who, notwithstanding his fever, ascended the mountain with much activity, reaching first the summit with half-lance in hand. And as soon as they had all reached the summit of the mountain before the bastion, Bayard cried, "France! France!"

Shortly after this, the King of France and the King of Aràgon, who was returning from Naples into Spain, met at Savona Germaine de Foix; the same was possessed of much audacity. She paid but little heed to all the French, even to her brother, the goodly Duke of Nemours, of whom this history will later make mention.

The King of France feasted right well the great Captain, Gonsalve Fernand, whilst the King of Aragon paid much honour to the Captain Louis d'Ars, and to the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, saying to the King of France these words: "My lord and brother, happy is that prince who has belonging to him two such knights!"

The two princes, after spending several days in company, took leave of one another; the one going into Spain, and the other returning to his duchy of Milan.



Genoese Costumes.



A Great Banquet.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Of how the Emperor Maximilian made war against the Venetians, and of the King of France sending Lord Jean-Jacques with a large force to his assistance.



**A**FTER the retaking of Genoa and the meeting of the two kings at Savona, that of France returned through the city of Milan, where Lord Jean-Jacques gave one of the most gorgeous banquets, not given by royalty, on record. For when all the guests were bidden, they numbered five hundred places, without the dames, who were one hundred to one hundred and twenty; and they were right well served with meats, small dishes of dainties, masquerades, comedies, and all other sorts of pastimes.

After which the King returned to his kingdom of France, where the following year he was apprised by the Venetians, who were his allies, of how the Emperor Maximilian was marching into their country, and anxious to commence war; for this cause, by their ambassador, who was near by him, Sir Antonio Gondelmare, he was supplicated to assist



them, the which he did willingly, commanding Lord Jean-Jacques to proceed to their aid with six hundred men-at-arms and six thousand men on foot. The which he obeyed, and, joining the forces of the said Venetians at a place called Pèdro, where the Emperor's army had already arrived, would have made farther march, had not it been for the



Seal of Maximilian.<sup>1</sup>

arrival of the said Lord Jean-Jacques, who stopped him; and from this time the Emperor's army did not great things.

The Venetians, who are subtle and cunning, being of a mind that it were wiser to come to terms than continue the war, sought for means to do so, and found them. I believe that they had to supply some money,

<sup>1</sup> National Archives.

which was the one thing in this world of which the Emperor Maximilian had need, being most destitute of it. He then withdrew his army. The Lord Jean-Jacques, who had not been consulted in this matter, was somewhat displeased, telling the proveditor of the Seigniorie that he would inform his master thereof, who, in his opinion, would find the matters strange enough to cause him displeasure.

But the matters lay suspended for a while, for at this time the King of France, Louis XII., was about to make his triumphant entry into Rouen in company with his wife, who was likewise most triumphant. For if the knights of that place had done their duty, the people of the town had done as much. They held jousts and tournaments there, which continued for the space of eight days.

Meanwhile a treaty was made up between the Pope, the Emperor, and



Medallion of J.-J. Trivulce.

From an Engraving of the Sixteenth Century.

the Kings of France and Spain, when, to put an end to it, was by them or their ambassadors concluded and agreed upon that they should all meet on an appointed day in the city of Cambray. The King of France was represented there by the Cardinal of Amboise, legate of the said kingdom; his nephew the Grand Master of France, Lord de Chaumont, and Chief-at-arms of the house of Amboise; and several others. And many of the other princes and ambassadors were invested with much power. At what conclusion they arrived at is not so certain, but it was their endeavour to overthrow the Seigniorie of Venice, which, with much pomp and little fear of God, lived in much luxury and opulence, having but little regard to other princes of Christendom; which, as it seemed, brought down displeasure from above, for before the ambassadors quitted the said town of Cambray, they joined an alliance, friends of friends and enemies of enemies, for their masters.

And it was there arranged that the King of France in person should, Easter over, spend the following year in Italy, entering the country of the Venetians forty days before any other of the allies should be in the field. I do not know to what end such terms were imposed, unless they were much on the alert, and perhaps otherwise it might have been worse for the King of France, for instead of going to see the Venetians, they might have come to him. For there existed not much cordiality between the houses of France and Austria; as likewise the Pope and the King of France did but ill agree. In short, it seems to me, the truth to tell, that the French desired to play the game which children play at school, "*S'il est bon, je le prend, et s'il est mauvais, je le laisse.*"

Nevertheless, all went well, and the good King Louis completed his undertaking, to his great honour and to the profit of his allies, as you will hear.



A Camp of Irregulars.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Of how Louis XII., King of France, marched his army into Italy against the Venetians, and of the victory he won.



AT the end of the year one thousand five hundred and eight, towards the month of March,<sup>1</sup> the King of France marched his forces into his duchy of Milan, and likewise his French irregulars,<sup>2</sup> who were fourteen to fifteen thousand in number. The same were led and commanded by bold and honourable captains, such as the Lords du Molard, de Richemont, La Crotte, the Count de Roussillon, the Lord de Vendenesse, the Captain Odet, Duras the younger, and several others, the endeavour of each of whom was to have the best company.

<sup>1</sup> March, 1509, according to the Gregorian calendar.

<sup>2</sup> These adventurers formed the nucleus of our southern infantry; later they were called *les bandes* of Piedmont. They only became regulars under Francis I.; before, their appearance justified their name. Brantôme thus writes of them: "Habillés à la pendarde, portant des chemises à longues manches comme Bohèmes et Mores, qui leur duraient vêtues plus de deux ou trois mois sans changer; montrant leurs poitrines velues toutes découvertes, les chausses bigarrées, déchiquetées, et balafrées. D'autres plus propres



The good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche was at this time summoned to interview the King, who said unto him, "Bayard, thou knowest that I am about to cross the Alps, for reason of the Venetians, who most unjustly hold the Provinces of Cremona, la Ghiara d'Adda, and others; I desire that in this undertaking (although I have already given you the company of Captain Chatelart, lately deceased, to my great regret) you raise for me some men on foot. Your lieutenant Pierrepont, who is a goodly knight, will escort your men-at-arms." "Sire," replied the good Chevalier, "I willingly do your pleasure; but what numbers of these men on foot do you wish me to escort?" "One thousand," said the King; "no man has ever more."

"Sire," said the good Chevalier, "the number is large, considering mine experience. Therefore I beg that I may have but five hundred; and I give you my faith, sire, that I will with care choose such as may do you good service. It seems to me that for one man alone this is a great charge, should he do his duty well."

"Well," said the King, "go, then, with despatch to Dauphiny, and be in my duchy of Milan by the end of March, without fail."

Of all the captains, there were none who chose his men so well as he; and by the end of March or beginning of April he had them all lodged in garrison in the duchy of Milan.

avaient du taffetas en si grande quantité, qu'ils le doubloient et appelaient *chausses bouffantes*. Mais il fallait que la plupart montrassent la jambe nue, une ou deux, et portaient leurs bas déchaussés pendants à la ceinture. C'étaient la plupart gens de sacs et de corde, méchants garnements qui cachaient les oreilles par longs cheveux hérissés et barbes horribles, autant pour qu'on ne les vît point essorillés que pour se montrer effroyables à leurs ennemis." They were divided into companies, and to command them, instead of doubtful *condottieri*, were placed French gentlemen of unattached companies. Louis XII. raised the moral tone of these infantry, and got from them the best of services, as is seen in our text, which is exemplified in the manner in which they assaulted the bastion of Geneva. From that date all poor gentlemen were pressed to join them, and forty years later the ruffians described by Brantôme had become more than civilised. "On ne voyait rien de si brave ni de si bien en point," writes Carloix, who was secretary to the Maréchal de Vieilleville. "Quant à leurs armes, elles étaient la plupart dorées et gravées. Pour les accoutrements, ce n'était que tout soie d'ordinaire. J'ai ouï dire que pour venir en Guyenne on vit pour un coup au capitaine La Chasse, gentilhomme provençal, cinquante soldats qui tous avaient le bonnet rouge de velours, ferré, doré, avec la chaîne au col faisant deux tours, avec le fourreau et l'escarpe (soulier) de velours. J'ai ouï dire que, pour le premier jour de mai, un caporal de la (compagnie) colonelle de M. de Bonnivet, nommé Albret, comparut le matin à la messe habillé tout de satin vert, et ses bandes de chausses toutes rattachées de doubles ducats . . . jusques à ses souliers." The order royal for raising these troops of infantry is dated January 12, 1508, the original of which is to be found in the National Library, (vol. lxxxv. in the Dupuy Collection, page 26), and here we give a facsimile of something still more precious, which is the contract and acceptance of Bayard, with his autograph signature.

The Venetians, who were already challenged by the herald, Montjoie, considered how best to defend themselves, aware of the strength of the King of France, which was by no means great, for of all kinds he had but thirty thousand men (of whom, amongst his twenty thousand foot, six thousand were Swiss and two thousand men-at-arms), making in all but a small army, whilst they numbered more than two thousand men-at-arms, and upwards of thirty thousand men on foot.

Their leader was the Count Petigliano, and their Captain-general of men on foot the Lord Bartolomeo d'Alviano, who, besides his other troops, had a goodly band of *bresignels*, wearing his uniform of white and red, living in good fellowship, brought up in the service of arms.

I will not discourse at length of their movements, going and coming, but at length the King of France crossed the Alps and reached his town of Milan, where he learnt that the Venetians had recaptured Trevi, a small town on the banks of the Adda, which a short time before his Grand Master, Lord de Chaumont, had taken from them, with the Captains Molart, La Crotte, Richemont, and the good Chevalier, who, with their men, had marched on in front. In the which town of Trevi, the Venetians, because that the inhabitants had turned French, put fire to it, taking all the horsemen prisoners, the chief of whom was Captain Fontrailles. Captain de La Porte, Lord Estanson, and two other captains of the men on foot, the Knight Blanc,<sup>1</sup> and Captain Imbault<sup>2</sup> likewise were taken prisoners.

When this news was made known to the said lord, he marched straight on Cassano, where he forthwith formed two bridges of boats across the river Adda, one for horsemen, the other for those on foot, whilst he himself, armed cap-à-pie, preserved order. The troops over, next day they took a small town called Rivolta, sacking the same, and two days later a village named Agnadello; and at another, called Pandino, the two armies of the French and Venetians came in contact.

And although their commanders, the Count Petigliano and Lord Bartolomeo d'Alviano, had expressly injunctioned their nobles not to give battle to the King (but only to guard the town and castle, and weary the French by vexation and loss of time), the same Alviano, more bold than well-advised, desired to risk all, thinking to himself, being too self-confident, that he could have no greater honour, for loss or gain, than to

<sup>1</sup> They called the "Chevalier Blanc" Antoine of Arces, a Dauphinèse lord, who was always dressed in white, and rode on a white horse.

<sup>2</sup> M. Roman has recognised, in this Captain Imbault, Humbert of Rivoire, a lord of Romania, also a Dauphinèse.

FACSIMILE OF THE AGREEMENT OF THE CAPTAINS OF THE MEN ON FOOT, WITH  
BAYARD'S SIGNATURE.

27

Nous cappitains cy dessoubz nommez. Confessons avoir veu et attendu l'ordonnance  
qu'il a pleu au Roy faire sur le fait de ses gens de pié. Laquelle chacun en notre endroit  
nous promettons entretenir selon la dite ordonnance et le vouloir et intention du dit  
seigneur. En tesmoing de ce, nous avons signé ces présentes de noz mains. Le xv<sup>me</sup>  
jour de janvier l'an mil cinq cens et huict. Galet d'Aydie, Remond de Daillon, Ph. de  
Rychemont, Olivier de Silly, Bayart, Uriage.

*(Signatures of the captains: Galet d'Aydie, Remond de Daillon, Ph. de Rychemont, Olivier de Silly, Bayart, Uriage)*

*(Circular stamp: BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE)*

*(Signature: Bayard)*

*(Signature: Uriage)*

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Rychemont, Olivier de Silly, Bayart, Uriage. (Bibliothèque Nationale, tome LXXXV.  
de la Collection Dupuy, p. 26.)





have fought the King of France, eager to try his fortune, came straight on to combat, when a heavy assault and mortal encounter ensued, where, to tell the truth, from the very commencement was seen the inefficiency of the men of the Seigniorie. In the midst of the combat, Lord Bartolomeo perceived the rear-guard of the French approaching (amongst them the good Chevalier), who, marching with wonderful rapidity over the most rugged ground, were approaching him on the flank. He was much alarmed, as also were his troops, who, notwithstanding the great efforts made by them, were routed and defeated, the reds and whites being victors of the field, whilst the said Alviano, after receiving several wounds, was taken prisoner by the brave little Lord de Vendenesse, who was brought to Lord de La Palisse.

The Count Petigliano, thus seeing his men on foot defeated, unwilling to tempt fortune further, retired a short distance. He was pursued, but not far, as his infantry were amusing the French, who, after having done their duty, retired each to his standard with but little loss, leaving fourteen or fifteen thousand of their enemies dead on the field.

Lord Bartolomeo was carried prisoner to the King's camp, who, after dinner, caused a false alarm to be raised, to learn if his men were active if such were to happen. They inquired of Lord Bartolomeo as to what it might be; he in his native tongue replied, "You must know if you wish to fight one against another, for of our people I can assure you you will see nothing for fifteen days." And thus derisively he spoke, knowing his nation well.

The which battle was fought on the fourteenth day of May, one thousand five hundred and nine.



Arms of the Seigniorie of Venice.



Hanging.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Of how Louis XII., King of France, captured all the towns and stations of the Venetians, as far as Peschiera.



HE King of France sojourned for a day or two on the battle-field, during which time the castle of Caravaggio offered some resistance, but in two hours was carried, and in it some irregulars were taken, the same being carried by force to the battlements, where they were hanged by the necks.<sup>1</sup>

This daunted those who were in other towns, the result being that neither town nor fortresses after offered any resistance, excepting the castle of Pischiera. Great disasters came to those who were there, in that they all were killed, and those who tried to escape were taken prisoners. Amongst them was a proveditor of that district, and his son, who were willing to pay for

<sup>1</sup> Carrying out the atrocious custom of hanging from the battlements the brave defenders of a place.

their deliverance a goodly ransom. But that served them not, for each to a tree was hanged, which to my thinking was great cruelty. A very valiant gentleman, by name Le Lorrain, had received their oath, and spoke angry words unto the Grand Master, the King's Lieutenant, concerning them, but it was of no avail.

The King of France remained at this said place of Peschiera, after having retaken all the towns and stations disputed by him, as Cremona, Crema, Brescia, Bergameo and a hundred other small towns, all of which he took in five or six days, except the castle of Cremona, which held out for several days, but at last surrendered. And even more the said Prince accomplished, for, by means of the battle he had won, the following places were given up to Pope Julius: Ravenna, Forli, Imola, Faenza, besides other places that the said Venetians held in Romania; and to the King of Spain, Brindisi and Otranto. He was presented with the keys of the town of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua; but gave them to the Emperor, who disputed the right of these cities. Finally, not keeping any, to his disadvantage, as you will hereafter read.

In the meanwhile, the remainder of the Venetian army, sorely amazed, retreated towards Treviso and Le Fruili, believing that they would be followed; but this was not done, much to the Emperor's disadvantage, who in the small town of Peschiera was daily awaiting the King of France. The same had promised that he should there be found in a vessel, in company with those whom he thought fit, and on the lake which surrounds part of the said town of Peschiera, hold converse together more fully of their affairs. And for this cause the Legate Amboise was sent to him, but, reaching Rovera di Velo, proceeded no further. Who, on his return, took the Bishop of Gurck, the said Emperor's ambassador, before the French King (who was full of excuses for his master); the King after this returned by short stages to Milan, in the beginning of July.

Meanwhile, the town of Padua—to guard which the Emperor had only sent eight hundred lansquenets, and it being six miles in circumference—was retaken by the army of the Seigneurie of Venice, into the which they entered by a strategy, whereof I must tell you. Sir André Gritti, with another Captain, by name Messer Lucio Malvezza, and their men.

The Venetians had received intelligence from within the town, and one thing we must note is that no nobility on this earth were more beloved by their subjects than they had always been, on account of

the perfect justice that had always been maintained.<sup>1</sup> Now, hearken. In the commencement of July (which in Italy is the time for gathering in the grain a second time) the said Captain André Gritti and Messer Lucio Malvezza came and lay in ambush an arrow's throw from the said town (round about which were planted so many trees, that one could in no direction see far) one Tuesday morning, with four hundred men-at-arms and two thousand men on foot. For, into this town of Padua each day was carried much grain, entering in great cartloads, which in passing through the gates did so with much difficulty.

On the day of their ambush, at break of day, these large carts commenced to enter the said town. When four had passed, after the fifth came six Venetian men-at-arms; and behind each of their horses was a man on foot, armed with an arquebuse already loaded. Whilst amongst them was a trumpeter to sound his trumpet as soon as they had reached the gates, at the sound of which the force in ambush was to come up.

The few lansquenets within the city kept good watch thereof, having only two gates open, where at each were thirty men on guard. There was in the said town a gentleman, by name Messer Geraldo Magurin, who had been warned by the Seigniorie of this contemplated undertaking, and had resolved that, when he saw the affair commence, to be at arms with all those on his side.

This fifth waggon was passing, and had just entered. The six men-at-arms which followed it cried out, "Marco! Marco!" Their archers threw themselves upon the ground, discharging their crossbows; the result was that each one killed his man, aiming as at a target.

The unfortunate lansquenets saw this with amazement; nevertheless, they put themselves in attitude of defence and sounded the alarm. This availed them little; for the instant the trumpet had sounded, the immense mass rushed forward, making a wondrous noise, and crying, "Marco! Marco! Italia! Italia!"

On the other hand, this gentleman, the Messer Geraldo Magurin, had made due preparations within the town, for from out the houses rushed more than two thousand men-at-arms, armed with scimitars and javelins, in a way that lansquenets alone could do, and falling in, they marched unto the market-place, where they placed themselves in battle order. At once they were assailed on all sides, but never did men defend themselves more bravely, and it was two hours before they were defeated.

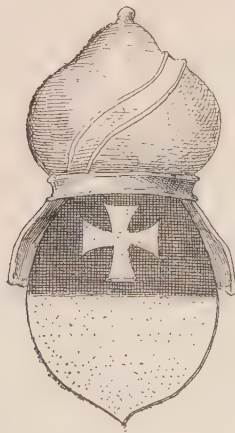
<sup>1</sup> This praise accorded to the Venetian ministry merits remark.



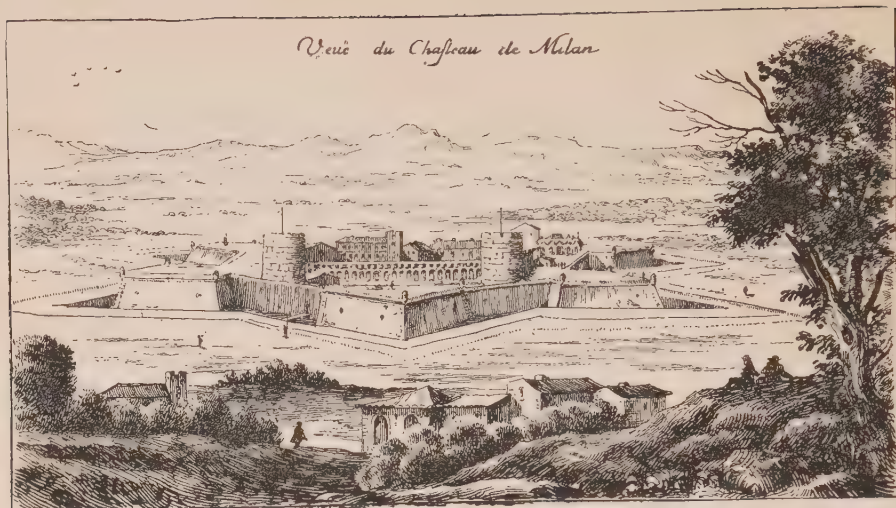
At last such a force came down upon them that, unable to bear up longer, they were dispersed, defeated, and cut to pieces, without mercy, the same being a grievous wrong. But they sold their lives well, and it is given unto men to die but once. They were in all in number more than fifteen hundred men, as many of whom were townsfolk as soldiers.

Nevertheless the city of Padua was taken, into the which soon after marched the Count de Petigliano, who with much despatch had it repaired and fortified, justly considering that it might be of good service to the Seigniorie.

These tidings reaching the ears of the Emperor, he felt despair, and vowed to God that he would be avenged and go in person, the which he did. He wrote a letter to the King of France, who was still within Milan, saying that if, of his good pleasure, he would assist him with five hundred men-at-arms for the space of three months, he would bring the Venetians to reason. The same was granted him, and of the event that followed you shall read.



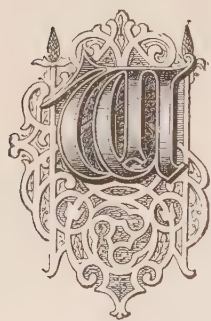
Arms of Andrea Gritti.



Citadel of Milan.

## CHAPTER XX.

Of how the King of France sent Lord de La Palisse to the aid of the Emperor, with five hundred men-at-arms, and many captains, amongst whom was the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.



WHEN the King of France heard that Padua had revolted, he was very wrathful, the more so it being the fault of the Emperor, who, to guard such a town, had only sent eight hundred lansquenets. Nevertheless, at the request of the said Emperor, he commanded Lord de La Palisse to take five hundred of the choicest men-at-arms then in Italy, and to proceed to the Emperor's assistance, who was then marching on Padua.

The said lord, who desired but such errands—for what was his whole life but warfare?—quickly commenced preparations. And meeting the good Chevalier one day as he was leaving the castle, said to him: “My comrade and friend, will you join company with me?”

To whom he told the whole tale. Bayard, who wished for nothing

better even than to be in his company, graciously replied that he was at his service to do with him whatsoever he chose.

In this same undertaking were the Baron de Béarn, who led part of the Duke of Nemours' division; the Baron de Conti, who had one hundred men-at-arms; Lord Théodore de Trivulce; Lord Jules de Saint-Severin; Lord Imbercourt; Captain le Clayette; Lord de La Crotte, who was lieutenant of the Marquis of Montferrat, and the good Chevalier. Together with the which five hundred men-at-arms were a company of two hundred gentlemen, amongst them the eldest son of Lord de Bussy, cousin-german of the Grand Master Lord de Chaumont, who presented him with twenty of his men-at-arms, and two venturesome gentlemen, one called Lord de Bonnet, Breton, a renowned knight, and another, the Lord de Mipont, of the duchy of Burgundy, the which the good Chevalier looked upon as brothers, and much honoured for their great prowess. Lord de La Palisse, being in readiness, commenced his march, and with his comrades went straight towards Peschiera. Meanwhile the King of France marched back to his kingdom of France, leaving his duchy and all that he had conquered in peace.

You must learn that as soon as the Venetians had retaken Padua, they proceeded as far as Vicenza, whose inhabitants forthwith joined them: it was not a town to resist such a force. They then were desirous of reaching Verona, but the good Lord de La Palisse, who had been informed of their designs, started before daybreak with his detachment to a spot by name Villafranca, and, presenting himself before the town, caused them fear. And for this cause the said Venetians returned to Vicenza. But had they reached Verona, Lord de La Palisse could have done but little, for in that it is a strong town, and through it flows a rapid river, so much so that, without any force but that of gendarmerie, need not perforce have surrendered. But the same took Lord de La Palisse by his despatch, also that of the Chevalier, who always led the runners. He commanded then but thirty men-at-arms, but twenty-five of those were capable of being captains of one hundred men.

All this force of gendarmerie entered into Verona, where the Bishop of Trente, who was there for the Emperor, received with joy, for he was mightily afraid. They remained there only two days, feasting the inhabitants thereof, and then hastened towards Vicenza, where instantly those of the Seigneurie who were therein, left and took refuge some in Padua, the rest at Treviso.

Lord de La Palisse and his company remained within Vicenza five or

six days awaiting news of the Emperor, whom they heard was already in the field. Finding that he did not approach, they quitted Vicenza and repaired to a large village, by name Castelfranco, where they sojourned fifteen days. It was distant ten miles from Padua.

Meanwhile there arrived in the French camp Lord Du Ru, with some Burgundian men-at-arms and about six thousand lansquenets. These were led by a German noble, a goodly prince both brave and enterprising, showing it in his life: by name called the Prince Anhalt.

In the commencement of August, the King arrived at the foot of the mountain, hard by a chapel called Bassano, and all his retinue with him, the which, albeit the mountain was not great, were eight whole days ere they reached the plains. The Emperor saw Lord de La Palisse and his captains, with which he made good cheer. This first sight of them took place at the little town of Este, from which the Dukes of Ferrara take their surname.

Together they formed as fine an army as had been seen for a century.



Medallion of Théodore Trivulce.

From a Woodcut of the Sixteenth Century





Maximilian in the midst of his Artillery. After Albert Dürer.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Of how the Emperor Maximilian put siege to Padua, and of what happened the while.



THE Emperor, who was so long expected, annoying thus the French, arrived, as you must learn, with all the pomp of Emperor ; and if his mighty forces had done their duty, might have with them conquered the whole world. For which it is needful to describe in some manner his forces, which were as follows. He had one hundred and five pieces of artillery on trucks, the smallest of which was termed a falcon, and six large bomb-ketches, which could not be fired from off the gun-carriages, but were drawn on powerful waggons and accompanied by cranes,<sup>1</sup> and when they wished to fire them they were placed on the ground, and with the crane was raised slightly the mouth of the piece, under which was placed a large piece of wood, and behind them placed

<sup>1</sup> As these bombs were too large to be moved on a gun-carriage, they placed them on waggons with the help of a machine made to facilitate the undertaking. For taking down and putting up these mouths of fire, they used cranes similar to those now seen.

a strong buttress<sup>1</sup> to prevent recoil. These pieces fired off bullets of stone, of weight hardly to be lifted,<sup>2</sup> and could only be fired at most four times each day.

His own company was solely composed of dukes, counts, marquises, and other German princes and lords, numbering in all one hundred and twenty, with about twelve thousand horse, and five or six hundred Burgundian and Hainaulter men-at-arms. Of men on foot and lansquenets, they were countless, and in all were estimated at more than fifty thousand.

The Cardinal de Ferrara came in place of the Duke, his brother, to the Emperor's assistance, bringing with him twelve pieces of artillery, five hundred horses, and three thousand foot-men; and the Cardinal of Mantua also brought a like number or thereabouts. In short, with the French men-at-arms, they counted to have in camp one hundred thousand combatants.

A great defect was as regarded the artillery, for they had but waggons for half the cannons, and, when marching, were obliged to leave part of their forces to protect the ones left till such time as the first half were placed on the field there to remain. When the waggons returned to fetch the others, this caused much vexatious delay. The said Emperor arose betimes, and straightway marched his men, never willingly halting until two or three hours after noon. This was not, considering the season, refreshing for men-at-arms under their helmets.

He first encamped hard by the palace of the Queen of Cyprus, about ten miles distant from Padua,<sup>3</sup> where they were found by Lord de Milhau, a young French gentleman, bold and enterprising as a captain, and son of an honourable and wise knight, Lord Alègre, with wellnigh a thousand or twelve hundred French irregulars, all chosen men and skirmishers.

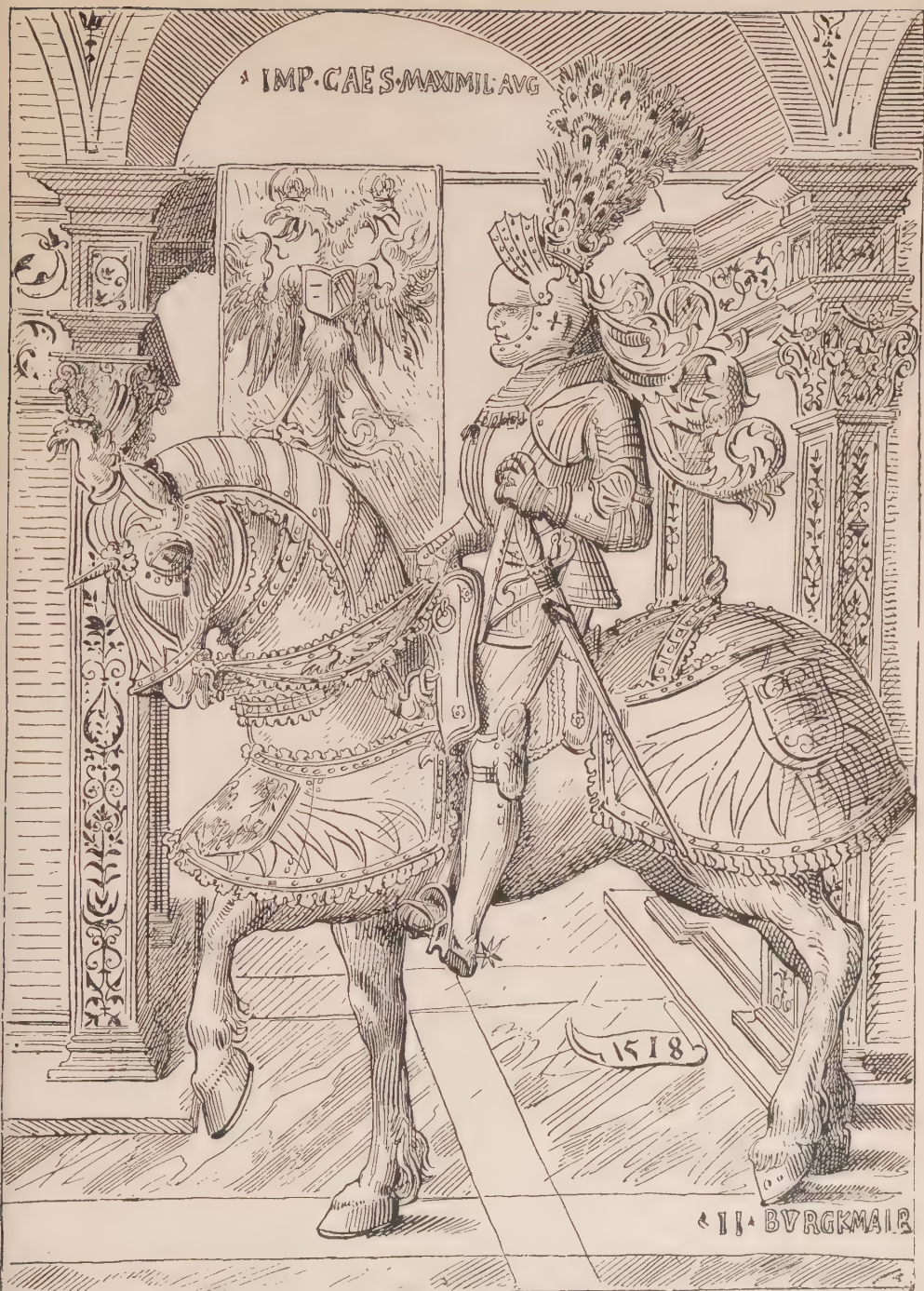
And in the same camp it was agreed to lay siege unto Padua, a council being called, at which the opinions were divers. For one of the Emperor's Lieutenant-Generals was a Greek by birth, by name the Lord Constantine,<sup>4</sup> who wished to carry out his own opinions, and afterwards

<sup>1</sup> Behind these ancient guns they made a wonderfully solid butt to prevent the recoil. Engravings in the poem of 'Nancéide,' printed in 1518, show these mouths of fire as they were placed for firing; behind them are placed pieces of rock.

<sup>2</sup> Owing to the improvements in modern artillery, we no longer have these extreme weights, with machinery to facilitate their moving. At Narbonne are still to be seen old bullets of stone, measuring a metre in diameter.

<sup>3</sup> M. Roman states that Asolo, near Treviso, was the spot on which the palace stood of Catherine Cornaro, the last Queen of Cyprus. She ceded all her rights to the Venetians.

<sup>4</sup> He was a Paléologue, as was the Marquis of Montferrat.



EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN ON HORSEBACK.

After Albert Dürer.







behaved but ill to his master, as you will learn. Slightly suspected of treason, he wished to call out Lord de La Palisse, but found he would not come to words with him. We shall leave him here till we must needs speak of him again. It was finally arranged at this council to go and lay siege to the said Padua, and that, to approach it, the French men-at-arms were to lead with the Prince of Anhalt and his lansquenets, who were the most distinguished regiment in all Germany; but firstly it was very necessary to take a small town, called Monselice, the which had a very strong fortress, and was distant six or seven miles from Padua, because the garrison of the Scignorie that



Arms of the Duke of Ferrara.

were therein had power mightily to annoy the camp and cut off the supplies coming to it.

The next morning the force departed and encamped about half a mile from this little town, which offered no resistance, for how could it? But the fortress could have held out for long, had the knaves in it been worth anything, but their hearts failed them at once. The approach completed, after the artillery had made with difficulty a small breach, the alarm was sounded for the assault.

They had in doing so to go up a steep ascent; but the French irregulars under Captain Milhau did it without ado, seeming as if they had not eaten for eight days, so active were they.

Those within made but a faint resistance, which did not last, for in less than a quarter of an hour it was carried, and they were all cut to pieces. These irregulars gained a goodly booty, amongst other valuables one hundred and fifty or sixty fine horses. The town and fortress were handed over to the Duke of Ferrara, who claimed them; but he at the same time lent them thirty thousand ducats.

Two days after the taking of Monselice the army evacuated it, marching straight upon Padua, to which they laid siege.



Bayard clearing away the Barriers.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Of how the Emperor Maximilian commenced the siege of Padua, and the gallant approach made by the French gentlemen, and of the extreme bravery shown by the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.



ON the taking of the town and castle of Monselice, the same having been delivered into the hands of Cardinal Ferrara, who was there representing his; they garrisoned the same well. The Duke of Ferrara brother was at the time elsewhere, fighting against the Venetians, and this same year gained a signal victory over them on the banks of the Po, which was not less disastrous to them than the battle in which they were defeated by the King of France. For, whilst the Venetians were still deliberating, he laid waste a district on the Ferrarais, called Polesine de Rovigo, placed on the Po fourteen or fifteen galleys, with three or four thousand men therein, and, leaving Chiozza, came to Francolini. But the Duke of Ferrara had raised there two bastions one

to the right of the way to Lezzola, the other at Papozza, one in front of the other, which were manned by three or four thousand trusty men, and had also four galleys on the Po, well manned and equipped. He knew that his enemies were lying in ambush, and he went out to meet them, defeating them utterly, none escaping. Then with his galleys and other large boats he went forward to fight their galleys, which were already abandoned, of which he sunk two, and took six, with all their equipment of artillery thereon, of which there were thirty good cast-iron pieces, besides haquebuts. It was a signal victory with but little loss, except that of Count Ludovic de la Mirandole, who was killed thereat by a bomb of artillery. The Venetians sustained most heavy losses.

Now we must return to the Emperor's camp. The army quitted Monselice, and marched straightway to within a mile of Padua; the same is a strong city and difficult of approach. Within it were Count Petigliano with a thousand men-at-arms, twelve thousand foot-men, and two hundred pieces of artillery, and throughout the siege they never could in any way change the course of the canal or stop it, the which went straight to Venice, and which passed through the city, which was distant from Venice but sixteen miles. When the army had thus approached the town, the Emperor called unto him all his captains, even the French, whom he treated with much deference, to consult as at what gate the siege should be carried. Each gave his advice, but in the end it was determined that the chief camp, in the which should be the Emperor, was to be stationed at the gate leading to Vicenza, and that he should have the French with him. At another gate higher up was to be Cardinal de Ferrara, the Burgundians and Hainaulters, with ten thousand lansquenets; and at one lower down the Cardinal of Mantua, the Lord Jean de Mantua his brother, and the Prince of Anhalt's division; in case of need, either of these could succour the chief camp. This being determined on, they had but to march.

The good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche was ordered to the front, he had in his company the young Lord de Bussy, and the Captains La Clayette and La Crotte. Now, in order to reach this gate of Vicenza, they had to march along a long straight road, across which were four strong barricades, two hundred paces apart, at each of which he had to fight. On either side of the road, as those know who have been in Italy, there were deep ditches, which necessitated the barricades being taken from the front. On the walls of the city there was



a force of artillery who poured on the road, from behind their people, on the advancing French a constant fire that seemed like hail.

Notwithstanding this, the good Chevalier and his men commenced to skirmish, and gaily advanced to the first barrier, which they assaulted bravely, amidst a perfect hail of arquebuse. Nevertheless it was gained, and the enemy repulsed to the second. If at the first they fought well, they did better still at this one, at which the young Lord de Bussy was wounded in the arm by the blow of a haquebut, and had his horse killed under him. But, notwithstanding this, it was impossible for him to retire, and believe that no man did better than he that day. Captain Millhau reinforced them at this second barricade with a hundred or hundred and twenty of his irregulars,<sup>1</sup> who were all most eager. You must understand that their advance was made about midday, for which cause daylight facilitated the combatants.

The assault of this second barrier lasted half an hour; it was at length carried, and so swiftly were those who defended it pursued, that they had not time to remain them at the third, but abandoned it without a struggle, and retreated to the fourth, at which there were one thousand or twelve hundred men, and three or four falconets, the which were fired straight down this long road; but did little harm, only killing two horses.

This barrier was but a stone's throw from the boulevard of the city, which inspired the men of the Seigniorie with renewed courage, and they fought well, the assault lasting one hour, a hand-to-hand encounter with pikes and haquebuts. The good Chevalier, seeing that they held out for so long, said to his comrades: "Sirs, these men here amuse us over much. Dismount and force this barrier."

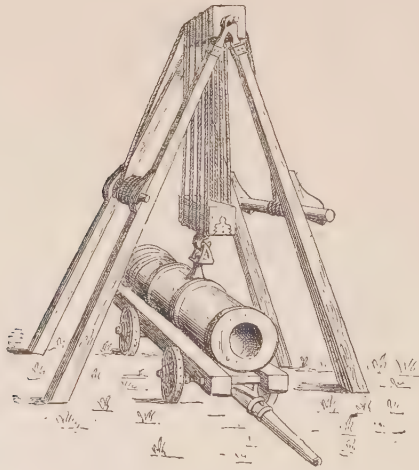
Between thirty and forty men-at-arms at once dismounted, who with raised visors went straight at this barrier, at point of the lance. The brave Prince Anhalt there joined the good Chevalier, also Lord de Millhau, and two others, one named Jean le Picard the elder, and Captain Maulevrier, also most eager. But the Venetians had continued reinforcements.

Seeing which, the good Chevalier cried out: "Sirs, we shall remain here in this manner for six years, without doing anything, for they reinforce themselves each hour. Give them a fierce assault, and afterwards each one of you follow me!"

<sup>1</sup> The word *rustres* is synonymous with the word peasant now or plebeian. They were employed by the men-at-arms, and had the pride and discipline of a troop of regular horsemen, who gave their services to true gentlemen.

The which they promised, he crying out, "Sound the trumpet!" And then, as a lion robbed of his whelps, dashed forward with his men, making a marvellous onslaught, compelling his enemies to abandon the barrier at the point of the pike. Then shouting, "Forward, comrades! they are ours!" he vaulted over the said barrier, followed by thirty or forty others, receiving a warm reception. Whereupon the remaining French, seeing the danger of their companions, all followed them, crying, "France! France! Empire! Empire!" made such a charge on their enemies that they were compelled to quit the ground. Turning their backs, they abandoned all, and retreated, completely beaten, into the town.

Thus were the barriers gained before Padua, in full daylight, the which gave the French great glory, as much those on horse as on foot, likewise the good Chevalier, to whom all praise was due. The approach concluded, the artillery was ranged along the edge of the moat, and remained there six weeks without quitting, until the siege was raised, which was such as you shall hereafter read of.



Machine for raising Cannon.



Foragers.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Of the severe fighting that took place before Padua, and of the breach that was made.



THE approaches made before Padua, and the artillery parked, each repaired to his own quarters in three camps, according to the order before named. You must understand that the numbers were so great, that the said camp extended on all sides over more than four miles of country. And it is a wondrous thing, that during the siege, which was of about two months' duration, the foragers had never to go more than six miles from the camp to seize hay, corn, oats, meat, fowls, wine, and other necessities for man as well as beast. And such abundance had they, that when they raised the siege they burnt one hundred ducats' worth of food, of which they had made provision, believing the siege would have lasted longer. This is an incident; let us now come to matter.

The day after the approaches, the cannons commenced to do their work. The battle, lasting eight hours, was the most terrible one that had taken place for one hundred years; for in it the three camps were engaged, and their artillery discharged more than twenty thousand cannon. If the Emperor and his men made much use of their artillery, those in the town did as much, if not more, so for each shot fired, two were returned. In the end the said town was so battered that the three breaches made formed but one.

At this time one of the Emperor's gunners was taken, whom they found, instead of aiming on the city, was firing on his own people, and said that Lord Constantine had bidden him do this; and, what was still worse, did so according to instructions received also from Count de Petigliano. I know not if what he said were true, but the gunner was placed on a mortar-piece and blown to pieces into the city. Enough has been said to the discredit of the said Constantine, but they could not prove this against him. He was called an infamous traitor by the Lord of La Palisse, who desired to fight him; but he replied not to the challenge, and at this time the Emperor was blind to all concerning him.

The three breaches made formed one opening four or five hundred paces wide; a fair passage through which to lead the assault; and as regards the moat it was by no means large. But Count Petigliano had within fortified the city so effectually that, had there been five hundred thousand men without, it would have been impossible for them to enter, had those within determined otherwise; and I shall make known to you how this was. Behind the breach, by which they could enter the city, the same Count Petigliano had caused to be dug a trench or flat-bottomed ditch about twenty feet in depth and the same in width. And this same trench he had filled up with fagots and old wood well dusted with gunpowder, while at intervals of a hundred paces he had raised ramparts of earth, on which artillery were placed, to fire along these trenches.

After this had been passed, if that had been possible (it could not have been possible without the grace of God), the entire Venetian army were inside the same city ready to do battle on horseback and on foot. For in it was a fine esplanade, of size enough to hold twenty thousand foot-men and horsemen in order of battle. And behind this was a platform, on which were mounted twenty or thirty pieces of artillery, who could fire over their forces, without doing them injury, straight on to the breach.

The French received timely warning of this terrible danger from





REGIMENT OF GERMAN ARTILLERY.

After a German Manuscript given by the Town of Nuremberg to that of Strasburg in 1530.



some prisoners who in divers skirmishes were taken, and, after their ransom had been paid, released; to whom the Count had shown all these things, the which had after represented them to Lord of La Palisse and the French captains. Repeating these words once again on their departure: "I trust, my friends, that, by the help of God, some day the King of France and the Seigneur may return to bonds of amity. And, were it not for the French who are with the Emperor,



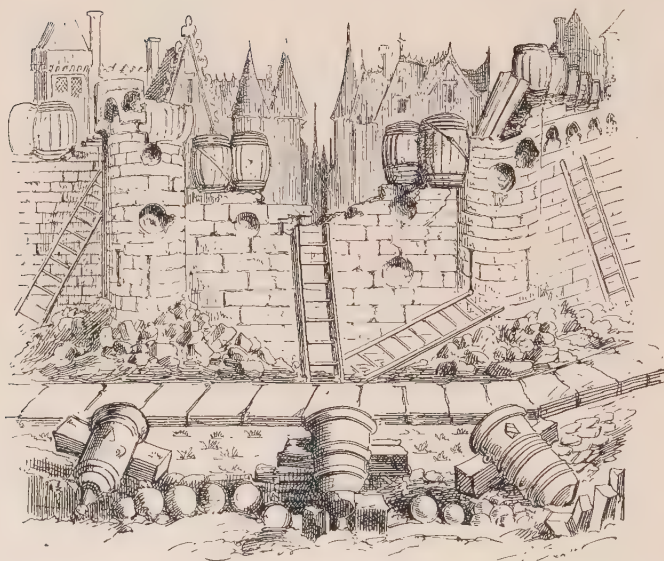
German Master-Gunner with his Servant.<sup>1</sup>

I believe that, ere twenty-four hours are over, I should have quitted this town, and ignominiously raised the siege thereof."

I do not know how this would have been done, with the number of men before him. These sayings were duly repeated to the captain-lords of the French army; but they did not think otherwise, for reason that their master had given them in service to the Emperor to do his bidding.

<sup>1</sup> From an unpublished manuscript in the Strasburg Library, given in 1530 to the town of Nuremburg.

You have already heard of how the breach was made into the city, which was only too large, wide enough for a thousand men two deep to walk abreast, the which the Emperor would surely have had done. He commenced the assault, as you shall hereafter learn; but firstly I will speak to you of a feat done by the good Chevalier and his companions.



Breach in the City.

From a Wood Engraving of the Sixteenth Century.





The Archer Mouart in Observation from the Pigeon-house.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

How the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, during the siege of Padua, made sallies with his companions which brought him much honour.



DURING the siege of Padua there were constant alarms in the Emperor's camp, caused by sallies made by those from out the city, as also those of the garrison of Treviso, a strongly fortified town twenty or twenty-five miles distant from Padua. In this latter, amongst other captains, was Messer Lucio Malvezzi, as venturesome a warrior as any to be found. Two or three times each week he surprised the Emperor's camp without sound of trumpet, and, if he saw his chance, did not spare his enemies; if, on the contrary, he saw his chance was not good, wisely retired, never losing a man. So long continuing these courses, that men spoke of him with wonderment.

This course of action vexed sorely the good Chevalier, and, without noising it abroad, by means of spies whom he paid liberally, and who would have perished sooner than deceive him, heard much of the

comings and goings of the said Malvezzi, finally determined to go out to meet him.

Coming to those of his fellow men-at-arms who lodged with him, one of whom was Captain La Clayette, and the other Lord de La Crotte,<sup>1</sup> both brave and valiant knights, he said to them, "Sirs, this Captain Malvezzi causes us much vexation; not a day passes without his surprising us; and tell they not many other things concerning him? I am not envious of his great deeds, but am angered that he does not know us otherwise. I have had information concerning his movements. Wilt thou come out to meet him, and thou shalt see a goodly fray? I trust that we may find him on the morrow's morn, for he has in no ways surprised us these two days."

"We shall do as thou desirest," replied his comrades.

"Then it is done," said the good Chevalier; "at two hours after midnight, each accompanied by thirty men-at-arms, the bravest that you have; I shall take my company and the good comrades I have with me, such as Bonnet, Mipont, Cossey, Brezon, and others, who are experienced as myself. And without trumpet-sound, or call of any kind, we shall mount our steeds, and trust to me we shall have faithful guides."

As he had said, so it was done; and betwixt the hours of two and three in the morning, in the month of September, they mounted their horses, their guide in front, who was guarded by four archers. He had been promised good payment if he executed well his duty; on the other hand, if he played them false, his life was to be the forfeit. Thus the good Chevalier had arranged, because oftentimes spies are double-faced, turning the loss where it best pleases them. But this one did his duty trustily, taking them across the country till daybreak, when they reached a large palace fenced round by a high wall.

Thereon the spy informed the good Chevalier, saying, "Sir, if this day the Captain Messer Lucio Malvezzi quits Treviso to visit your camp, he must of necessity pass by this. If it may please you to hide here, where no one has lived, for cause of the war, you can see him pass, though he will be unable to see you."

This being found good by all the captains, they entered forthwith, when, after having tarried for more than two hours, they heard the tramp of horses.

<sup>1</sup> *La Crotte* is an ancient word signifying cavern; later it was called *grotte*, as *crotesque* was later changed into *grotesque*.

The good Chevalier had made an old archer of his troop, by name Mouart (as experienced in warfare as any man alive), ascend into a dovecot, to see all who might pass by, and note their numbers. Seeing Messer Lucio Malvezzi whilst still a great way off, with troops, according to his judgment, numbering from one hundred men-at-arms, helmets on head, and well-nigh two hundred Albanians led by a captain named Scanderbeg, all well mounted, and, judging from their countenances, resolute men. They passed but a stone's throw from where the French lay in ambush.

After that they had passed, Mouart descended joyfully, and gave his information. Who were overjoyed? All were much so. The Chevalier ordered the re-strapping of their horses, for there was neither page or varlet in the troop (such had been enjoined), and said to his comrades, "Sirs, it is ten years since we had a like adventure. If we are but noble gallants; they have twice our numbers, but that is of no account; let us follow them."

"Onward! onward!" cried they all, and, remounting their horses, the gate was opened; they pursued their foe at rapid trot, and had scarce proceeded a mile when they espied them on the high road. At once the Chevalier ordered the trumpeter, crying, "Sound, sound the trumpet!" the which they forthwith did.

The Venetian captains, who never dreamed of any one behind them, thought that it was their own men who would hasten forward. Nevertheless, at the same time, without farther advance, they halted, long enough to espy that they were in truth followed by enemies. They were somewhat taken aback, thus finding themselves between the Emperqr's camp and those they now saw; they must perforce pass by them or through them. But were comforted to see that they were not many in number. Putting on a bold front, the Captain Messer Lucio Malvezzi entreated his men to do their best, telling them that force was required to defeat or subdue these others. On each side of the roadway were deep trenches, which a man-at-arms, unless well horsed, could not have ventured to cross, for fear of remaining in them; thus, in a measure, they were compelled to give fight.

Trumpets sounded on either side, and when they were about an arrow's throw from one another, they rushed forward, some crying, "Empire! Empire! France! France!" the others, "Marco! Marco!" It was right gladsome to hear them.

In this first charge many were brought to ground; in the which Bonnet gave one lance-thrust which pierced the man right through the

body. Each man did his duty. The Albanians deviated from the high road and separated from their guides in their endeavour to take the French from the rear, seeing which the good Chevalier remarked to Captain La Crotte : "Friend, look to the rear that we be not surrounded. We shall look to the rest."

This was done, and when the said Albanians tried to approach, they were met and repulsed, leaving a dozen on the ground ; the others escaped by flight. La Crotte did not pursue them, but returned to the main force ; on his arrival he found the Venetians completely routed, and all were already seeing to their prisoners.

Messer Lucio Malvezzi, who was mounted to perfection, leaped off the



Arms of Maximilian.

high road, and twenty or thirty of the best horsed escaped in the direction of Treviso. They were a short while followed, but with no result, as the fugitive horses went swiftly and with right good will. Abandoning their chase, they returned to their prisoners, of whom they had more in number than they were men. For without error they had taken one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty, whom they divested of their swords and maces, and placed them in their centre.

Thus arriving in camp, they were met by the Emperor, who was walking therein. Who, when he saw this mighty dust, sent to know the cause thereof ; a French gentleman, by name Louis du Péchin, shortly returned to him, saying, "Sir, it is the good Chevalier Bayard, and his Captains La Clayette and La Crotte, who have made the most



brilliant reconnoitre known for one hundred years. Having taken more prisoners than they are men, and having captured two standards."

The Emperor was highly pleased; drew nigh to the French, to whom he wished good day, the French saluting him in return, in a manner fitting so great a prince. Praising each captain in a fitting manner, he then said to the good Chevalier: "My Lord of Bayard, my brother your master is fortunate in having a follower like unto you; I should willingly give a hundred thousand florins to have a dozen such."

The good Chevalier replied: "Sire, you say that which pleases you, and for your praises bestowed I most humbly thank you. Of one thing rest assured, that, whilst my master remains your ally, you can have no more faithful follower than myself."

The Emperor thanked him; and upon this he and his companions took their leave and returned to their quarters. Never had enterprise made such noise in camp as did this one, of which most of the honour was given to the good Chevalier, who accorded the entire praise to his two companions. There was no more courteous knight than he to be found in Christendom. I will say no more of this matter, but tell you of another adventure undertaken by the Chevalier alone.



Crossbowmen on Horseback. After Jost Ammon.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Telling of another feat of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, in which he took prisoners sixty Albanians and thirty crossbowmen.



THREE or four days after this exploit undertaken by the Captains La Crotte and La Clayette together with the good Chevalier, he was apprised by one of his spies that in a castle called Bassano were concealed Captain Scanderbeg and his Albanians (with other mounted crossbowmen, under command of Captain Rinaldo Contarini, a Paduan gentleman), and that daily he made raids on those coming into the camp, and on the lansquenets returning to Germany in charge of the cattle taken from the enemy, to such an extent that for several days they had seized two hundred and recovered more than five or six hundred oxen and cows, the which they had taken to this castle of Bassano; and the spy said that if one morning he would meet him at a certain by-way at the foot of the mountain below the said castle he could not fail to find them.

The good Chevalier, who had always found the spy trustworthy (the same he had enriched with more than two hundred ducats), determined to repair thither, telling no man; for he thought most certainly, in that they were, he heard, but two hundred horsemen in all, that he could well meet them with his thirty men, who were all well chosen.

Besides these he had with him eight or ten gentlemen, the same having joined the Emperor's camp for their own pleasure, only because of the love they bore to the good Chevalier. And they, with his company, were not men to be easily defeated. He told them of his wishes, asking if they would join him. It was their life, and they wished for nothing better.

Thus, one Saturday, an hour before dawn, in the month of September, they mounted their steeds and went fifteen miles without drawing rein. When they reached the by-way shown them by the spy, so hidden that none could have perceived it, though it was but a cannon's throw distant from the castle, there they lay silently in ambush until they heard the castle trumpet sound "to horse!" which sound rejoiced their hearts.

The good Chevalier, consulting the spy as to what road they should take, he replied, "Whichever way they go, they must perforce pass by a little bridge of wood, distant a mile from this, which two men can guard from one hundred. When they have crossed this bridge, send some of your men there to guard it (that they return not to the castle), and I will myself lead you by a way behind this mountain of which I know, by which without fail you will meet them on the open, between this and the palace of the Queen of Cyprus.

"It is well-advised," said the good Chevalier. "Who will guard this bridge?" Lord de Bonnet said, "My friend Mipont and myself will guard it, if it please you, and you leave some men with us."

"I willingly agree," he said. "Petitjean de La Vergne" (and so he chose to the number of six men-at-arms and ten or twelve archers) "will bear you company."

Whilst directing this point they espied the Albanians and crossbowmen leaving the castle, who looked most gay, dreaming of a like booty as had been obtained for the last two days. But it fared with them far differently, as you shall hear.

When all had passed, Bonnet went straight to the bridge with his men, whilst the good Chevalier and the rest of the troops went down the by-way shown them by the spy, and so good a guide was he that in less than half an hour they were on the plain, where they could have caught sight of a horseman six miles off. Arriving here, they learnt

that by the entrance of a long gully their enemies were keeping the road to Vicenza, where they hoped to fall upon their prey.

The good Chevalier called unto him the Bastard Du Fay, his standard-bearer, to whom he said, "Captain, go with two of your archers to skirmish yonder men. When they see you are so small a number they will without doubt charge you. Turn and run, make semblance of fear, and lead them hither, where I shall await you by this hill-side. And you shall see fair play."

He had not to be told twice, knowing well the exigencies of war. Commenced his march till his enemies espied him. Captain Scanderbeg, overjoyed at this encounter, commenced a bold march with his men, when, perceiving the French with their white crosses, charged them with the cry of "Marco! Marco!"

The Bastard Du Fay, knowing his lesson well, began by semblance of fear to commence the retreat. He was quickly pursued as if repulsed until the ambuscade of the good Chevalier was reached, who, with his men, helmet on head and sword in hand, as a lion rushed forward with the cry of "France! France! Empire! Empire!"

In this first charge were upwards of thirty of the enemy brought to ground. The first assault was hard and sharp, but then the Albanians and the crossbowmen fled at full speed, hoping to reach Bassano, to which they knew the road right well. If they did their duty in flying, the French did theirs in pursuit. Nevertheless, the light horses went too swiftly, and the good Chevalier had lost his prey had it not been for the bridge guarded by Bonnet, the which, with his comrade Mipont and his men, defended it from the enemy in such a way that Captain Scanderbeg knew well he must either fight or fly where chance should decide. Which would he elect? He choose the latter, and took to flight. But though the spurs were brought into requisition, there were taken by the two captains sixty Albanians and thirty crossbowmen; the remainder escaped by crossing the plains towards Treviso.

One of the good Chevalier's troop, who had been an archer only six days, was a young Dauphinese noble, by name Guigo Guiffrey, son of Lord de Boutières; the same was only seventeen years old, but came of a good race, and had an ardent wish to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors. During the combat he saw the standard-bearer of Contarini's crossbowmen thrown into a trench, and wished to gain possession of the same. The youth in his endeavour to gain it followed him, and, with half-lance in hand, gave him so heavy a thrust that he was



brought to ground and it was broken. Then, with hand on his sword, he cried, "Surrender, or I shall slay thee!"

The standard-bearer, unwilling yet to die, handed his sword and his banner to the youth, to whom he surrendered himself, who would rather this than hold ten thousand crowns. Making him remount, he led him straight to the good Chevalier, who sounded the retreat; he had so many prisoners that he knew not what to do with them. Bonnet, seeing from afar the young Boutières' approach, remarked, "Sir, I beg of you to look! See, here comes Guigo, who has taken a prisoner and a banner."

Whilst these words were being spoken he arrived. The good Chevalier, when he knew him, was well pleased (none could be more so), saying, "How, Boutières! Is it you that have taken this prisoner and this standard?"

"Yes, my lord, so has it pleased God. He made a wise man surrender, else I should have killed him."

At which all the company laughed, even the good Chevalier, who was both surprised and well content. He said, "Boutières, my friend, yours is a good beginning, God grant that it may so continue."<sup>1</sup>

He has since, by his many virtues, been made lieutenant-general of one hundred men-at-arms, presented by the King of France to the good Chevalier, after that he had so gallantly defended the town of Mézières against the Emperor's troops, the which you will hear of in due time.

After this converse, the good Chevalier said to Bonnet, to Mipont, Captain Pierrepont,<sup>2</sup> then his lieutenant, a brave knight, wise and bold, and others present, "Sirs, we must take this castle, for there is much booty therein, which will be for our men."

"It will be well done," said the others; "but it is strong, and we have not artillery."

"Be still," said he. "I know of a manner by which it may be ours in the space of half an hour."

Calling the Captains Scanderbeg and Rinaldo to him, he said, "Knowest thou this, my lords? Surrender me this place forthwith; I know right well that you have this power; or if not, I swear to God that I will behead you before the gate within an hour."

<sup>1</sup> This comes, says Brantôme, in speaking of this incident, of being baptised by a great man. This prophecy fired the soul of Boutières, who became Lieutenant-General, and later decided the victory of Cérisoles, leading the advance guard.

<sup>2</sup> Pierre du Pont, called Pierrepont, also called Pierrepont Daly, was a nephew of Bayard's; his mother was a Terrail.

They replied that they would do so if it were possible; the which it was, for it was held by a nephew of Captain Scanderbeg's, who instantly surrendered it on his uncle speaking to him. The good Chevalier and those of his troop entered therein and found more than five hundred oxen and cows, besides other booty, which was equally divided, all being well pleased. The cattle were driven to Vicenza, there to sell. They then fed well their horses, and replaced others also, of which they had captured many.

The good Chevalier was seated at his table with the two Venetian captains, and, whilst dining, the little Boutières arrived to see his Captain, bringing with him his prisoner, the same being twice his size and thirty years of age.

When the good Chevalier saw him he laughed heartily, and said to the two Venetian captains, "My lords, this youth, who was a page but six days since, and will not have beard for three more years, has taken your standard. It is a bad case. I do not know what is your custom, but we French do not willingly resign our standards, unless it be of necessity."

The Venetian standard-bearer felt shame, and knew his honour lowered, and said in his own tongue, "By my faith, Captain, I did not surrender myself through any fear of him, for it was not he alone that took me prisoner. I could easily have escaped from his hands, and am a better soldier than he; but I alone could not fight your troop."

The good Chevalier looked at Boutières, to whom he said, "Hearken to what your prisoner says, that you are not the man that captured him."

The youth was very much incensed, and wrathfully exclaimed, "My lord, I beg of you to grant me one favour."

"Yes, truly," said the good Chevalier; "what may it be?"

"It is," said he, "that I hand back to my prisoner his horse and his arms, and I shall likewise mount mine. We shall repair there below. If I can again vanquish him, most assuredly he shall die, I vow to God; and were he to escape, I will pay his ransom."

Never had the good Chevalier been better pleased than at this proposal, saying aloud, "Right willingly I grant you this."

This was of no avail, as the Venetian would not accept the challenge, for honour he had none, whilst the little Boutières had much.

Dinner over, the good Chevalier and the French remounted their horses and returned to camp, to which they led their prisoners. This great capture of prisoners was noised abroad for full eight days, and

much praise was given to the good Chevalier by the Emperor and all other Germans, Hainaulters and Burgundians. Even the good Lord of La Palisse was wondrous well pleased when the encounter of the little Boutières was related unto him, and his proffered offer to his prisoner. As regards amusing all the camp, you must not question.

Full well did the said Lord of La Palisse know the ancient race from which he was descended, and that all of that house were gallant gentlemen.

Thus ended this adventure of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.



Seal of Guigo de Boutières.



A Cannon in the Breach.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Of how the Emperor determined to assault Padua, and the reason why he tarried.



YOU have already heard of how the artillery of the Emperor, the Duke of Ferrara, and that of the Marquis of Mantua, had made three breaches all broken into one, which was half a mile in length,<sup>1</sup> or near unto. One morning the Emperor, accompanied by his princes and German lords, went to see the same. At the which he marvelled, blaming much, considering the numbers of his men, that they had not assaulted it sooner, for for three days the gunners had not even sent a spent stone<sup>2</sup> into the city, although before them all walls had been broken down.

For which reason, returning to his tent which was only a stone's throw

<sup>1</sup> That is to say five hundred geometrical paces, or 2500 feet. The Italian mile was the shortest in Europe; the German mile was 25,000 feet, the Swiss 26,000 feet, and the Swedish 30,000.

<sup>2</sup> That is to say spent bullets. The first bullets were of stone, the name of the substance became later that of the projectile.



distant from that of the Lord of La Palisse, called unto him his French secretary, whom he made indite a letter to the said lord, which was of this substance :

"My cousin, I have this morning seen the breach of the town, which I find passable for those who would do their duty. I have therefore determined this day to make the assault. And desire that, at the sound of my drum, which will be about midday, you will hold in readiness all the French gentlemen under your command and at my service by the order of my brother, the King of France, to join in the said assault with my footmen. And I trust, with God's help, we may carry it."

By the self-same secretary that had written the letter, he sent it to the Lord of La Palisse, who found in it but strange manner of procedure. Nevertheless he dissembled. Saying to the secretary : "I am amazed that the Emperor did not summons either my companions or myself unto him to deliberate concerning this matter. Nevertheless I pray you inform him that I will forthwith call them unto me, and on their coming, will show unto them this letter. And doubt not but that they will be obedient to the Emperor's commands."

The secretary returned, delivering his message; and the Lord of La Palisse summoned unto him all his French captains, the which repaired unto his tent. Already it had been noised throughout the camp that they were to assault the town at midday, or shortly after. Then followed a wonderful sight; the priests were retained on all sides for confession, for all would have their souls relieved. Whilst many men-at-arms gave into their safe-keeping their purses and other valuables.

Of one thing we must inform those reading this history, that for five hundred years no prince had held a camp that could compare in richness to this one. And not a day passed but that they plundered four or five hundred lansquenets, driving oxen and cows into Germany, as also corn and flax, silks for weaving, and other merchandise, and the said Padua alone had loss of two million crowns, in furnitures, together with houses and palaces burnt and destroyed.

Now we must return to our subject. On the arrival of the French captains at the quarters of the Lord of La Palisse, he said unto them : "Sirs, you must dine, for I have something of which to tell you, and were I to tell you beforehand, peradventure you will not make good cheer."

He said these words in jest, well aware that amongst his companions there was not one who would not make another Hector or a Roland, above all the good Chevalier, who never in his life was astonished at

anything he saw or heard. During dinner they made merry one with another. The Lord of La Palisse to the Lord of Imbercourt, who knew right well to answer him in words of friendship and of mirth. I think that I have before named all the French captains here assembled, and believe that throughout all Europe so many of the same standard could not be found.

Dinner over, all others leaving the room except the captains, to whom Lord of La Palisse communicated the substance of his letter from the Emperor, reading the same twice that it might be the better understood. The which heard, each one looked around smiling, seeing who would speak.

Then said the Lord of Imbercourt: "We must not dream thus," said he to the Lord of La Palisse; "Go tell the Emperor that we are in readiness. I am already weary of the fields, for the nights are cold, and also that good wines are beginning to fail us."

At the which all laughed, all the captains speaking except the good Chevalier, all agreeing with the words of the Lord of Imbercourt. The Lord of La Palisse looked at Bayard, who seemed to be picking his teeth, and appeared unaware of his companion's proposals. Calling to him laughingly, he said: "What then! Hercules of France, thinkest thou? There is not time for tooth-picking; we must answer the Emperor with promptitude."

The good Chevalier, well accustomed to jesting: replied, "If we entirely agree with my Lord of Imbercourt, we have but to go straight for the breach. But in that it is a pastime most wearisome for men-at-arms to go on foot, I would willingly have myself excused. Nevertheless that thou desirest my opinion, I will give it. The Emperor in his letter desires of you to send all your French gentlemen on foot to make the assault with his lansquenets. In that I am concerned, although I possess but little in this world, still I am a gentleman. As to you, my lords, most of you are great lords, and of noble houses; as also are many of our men-at-arms. Considers the Emperor it to be a just and reasonable matter to peril so much nobleness together with his infantry, of whom one is a shoemaker, another a farrier, another a baker, and such-like mechanics, who hold not their honour as do we gentlemen? It is but poorly advised, I say, with all due respect to his Majesty."

"This be my counsel, my lord," said he to the Lord of La Palisse, "that you should reply to the Emperor thus: That having summoned all your captains unto you, according to his wishes, who are right willing to do in accordance with the instructions they have received

from their master. But that their said master has in his service none but gentlemen,<sup>1</sup> the whom to mix with men on foot, and those who are but of low estate, would suit them ill. But that he has many counts, lords, and gentlemen of Germany, whom if he sends on foot in company with the men-at-arms from France, they will willingly lead the way. Letting his lansquenets follow, if they know how so to do.’”

When the good Chevalier had thus given his opinion, none could say one word, all considering his counsel wise and reasonable. On their reply being carried to the Emperor, he found it full of justice. And instantly ordered drums and trumpets to sound, to call together his privy council,<sup>2</sup> the which was composed of all princes, lords, and captains, of Germany, Burgundy, and Hainault. To whom, when assembled, the Emperor told of how he had resolved in an hour's time to commence the assault on the town. To which he had summoned the French nobles, who were all willing to carry out this duty, but that they had asked that the gentlemen of Germany should go in company with them, volunteering themselves to go first and lead the way. “For which cause, my lords, I do pray of you as earnestly as I may that you likewise do consent to accompany them, and also go on foot. Trusting, that by God's help, in the first assault to vanquish our enemies.”

When the Emperor had ceased speaking, there arose suddenly a wonderful and strange noise amongst the Germans, which lasted for the space of half an hour ere it was quelled. Then one amongst them, charged to reply for all, said that they were not such as went on foot, nor to go into a breach, their true estate being to fight like gentlemen on horseback. None other reply could the Emperor obtain; albeit it was against his desires and pleased him not any. He kept silence, saying only: “Well then, my lords, you must then advise what can be done for the best.”

Then at once calling unto him one of his gentlemen, by name Rock-andorf, the which went and came amongst the French as an ambassador (and, truth to tell, spent the most part of his time amongst them),

<sup>1</sup> Historians have interpreted this declaration in divers ways, writes M. de Terrebasse. We must not conclude that none could be of this company unless of noble birth, but that the service of this company conferred nobility on those who consecrated themselves thereunto.

<sup>2</sup> In regard to the following recital, I cannot refrain from mentioning a curious coincidence, which is this, that fifty years later Charles-Quint was in a similar manner discomfited. At the siege of Metz, as that at Padua, a wide breach was made, and the garrison, called out by German guns, were ranged behind ramparts improvised out of the débris, but the assault ordered was never made, and the Emperor, much vexed, left shortly after, leaving the siege to be raised without him.

to whom he said: "Repair thou to the quarters of my good cousin, the Lord of La Palisse; recommend me to him, and likewise to all the French lords and captains as shall be with him. Telling them that on this day there shall be no assault."

Rockandorf went and gave his message; each one, by reason of it, disarmed himself, some well pleased, others wrathful.

I know not how it happened, nor from whence came the counsel, but, on the night following the said proposals, the Emperor left the camp with a train of camp in length forty miles, and commanded his men to raise the siege. The which was done, as you shall hear.



German Drummer. After Jost Ammon.





Medallion of Maximilian.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Of how the Emperor retired from the Camp before Padua, upon learning that the Germans refused to assault the same.

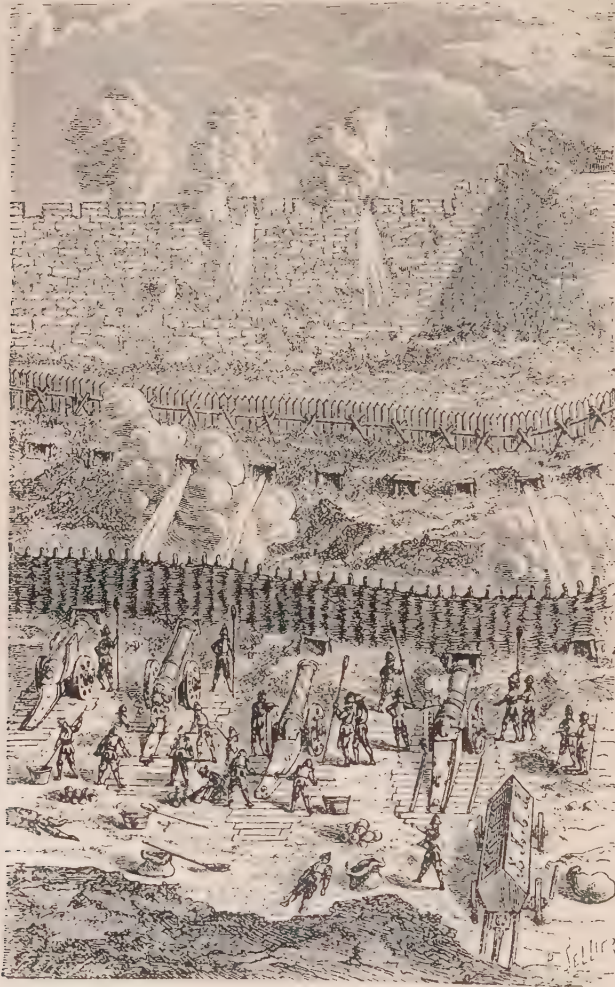


THOU must not enquire as to whether the Emperor was wrathful, when he learnt the willingness of the French captains, and that his German people would do nothing for him, of which opinion was not the noble Prince of Anhalt, who asked not other things, but to offer himself to the Emperor. Likewise did he present and excuse himself to the French captains. He had, amongst other captains of his troop, one by name

Captain Jacob, who afterwards entered the service of the King of France, and died at the battle of Ravenna, as thou shalt hear. The same daily joined himself unto the French skirmishers, and for boldness and integrity was renowned. But of Germans there were few like unto these.

The Emperor, inflated with wrath and vexation, on the morrow, two hours before day, without warning, in company with five or six hundred

horses and his personal staff, left his camp,<sup>1</sup> and proceeding without a halt for thirty or forty miles, drawing up when in Germany. Directing the Lord of Constantine, his Lieutenant-General, together with the Lord



Siege of Padua. After a German Print of the period.

of La Palisse, to move the camp as creditably as possible. All wondered much at this mode of action, but had but to obey.

<sup>1</sup> It is to be remarked that the Loyal Serviteur returns here to a feat already mentioned at the end of the preceding chapter. Such repetitions are not unusual, and lead us to suppose that his recital was not so much intended to be read consecutively as to be taken as separate recitals. It seems thus to renew the broken thread, as in a series of conferences, at the point where it had been left off.

The captains, both French, German and Burgundians, held council together, at which they determined to raise the siege, which had been hard and troublesome, having in all before the town from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty pieces of artillery. They had not camp equipage for half that number. The French were ordered to hold escort until such time as the artillery were raised. But the goodly Prince of Anhalt, who knew well the turpitude of his nation, with his company, which was composed of eight thousand men, never quitted the said artillery, the which did him much honour. For from early morn till two o'clock next night, he held himself in battle order. And if they did eat, it was not at their ease, for each hour wellnigh were given hot and strong alarms, inasmuch as those within the town made many and great sallies; also because they had to move the cannons by



Arms of the Prince of Anhalt.

degrees to the camp to which they were moving, there to leave them, and return with the horses and oxen to take others.

Without loss either to the Emperor or to the French the siege was raised. A great evil being that they put fire to all quarters as they passed by. The good Chevalier, out of feeling, placed seven or eight of his men-at-arms within the handsome quarters he had occupied during the siege, in order to save the same until the said lansquenets had passed beyond them. And be assured that such wanton destruction displeased him sore.

From camp to camp the army advanced until it reached Vicenza, to which place the Emperor sent gifts to Lord de La Palisse and all the French captains according to their rank. For he was in a manner liberal, and a better prince could nowhere be found, if he had had wherewith to give. One great fault he had, in that he placed con-

fidence in no one, and kept all his enterprises secret, the which brought him much trouble during his life.

From Vicenza most of the Germans returned home, one portion remaining in the town to guard it, with Lord Du Ru; Lord de La Palisse likewise retreated to Toussaint, in the Duchy of Milan, with all his company, except the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, who remained yet some time in garrison at Verona, where he did brave deeds, as you shall hear.

The Venetians still held a town, called Legnano, in the which they retained a strong garrison, and often making raids against those within Verona.





Church of San-Zeno at Verona.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Of how the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, being at Venice, made a raid on the Venetians, in the which they were taken and retaken twice in one day, and what was the end thereof.



THE good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche was ordered to the garrison of Verona, together with two or three hundred men-at-arms lent by the King of France to the Emperor. Shortly after, those of the Emperor's forces within Vicenza, knowing that the town was not to be held, retired to Verona, because that the Venetians were strong in the field, and marched forward to lay siege unto it. But seeing it thus abandoned, took their army to a village named St. Boniface, distant from Verona fifteen or eighteen miles. This was in the winter time, when it was needful that the soldiers who were within the town should send for forage for their horses, oftentimes from afar, so much so, that often they lost both of horses and men, for want of fitting guides. But not a day passed without meeting their enemies, irritating one another much.

On the side of the Venetians, there was a certain captain, a truly brave man full of adventure, by name Jean-Paul Manfrone, the which each day made exploits up to the very gates of Verona. And so far he carried them, that he irritated much the good Chevalier, who determined, that on the first day the foragers should issue from the camp, he himself should escort them and make use of some of the subtleties of warfare. But although he arranged all secretly, Captain Manfrone was advised thereof by a spy kept in his quarters. The whom resolved that, when going to the fields, he would with him take such a force, that were he to encounter the good Chevalier, he could do so without trepidation.

One Thursday's morn, the foragers quitted Verona, and in their train thirty or forty men-at-arms and archers led by the Captain Pierrepont, Lieutenant of the said good Chevalier, who was both wise and wary. Making digression from the high-road to look for houses and get what was needful. The good Chevalier, accompanied by two hundred men-at-arms, who did not dream of being discovered, went straightway to a village on the highway, by name St. Martin, distant from the said Verona six miles. Sending some runners to look out, who were not long gone before they saw their enemies, to about the number of five hundred horsemen, marching direct to those in search of forage. They returned to make their report to the good Chevalier, who was well pleased, and, together with his whole company, instantly mounted their horses, going in search of them.

The Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone, who by the said spy had been advised of this undertaking, had placed in ambush within a palace hard by five or six hundred men on foot, pikemen, and arquebusiers, to whom he had well sang their lesson, and, amongst other things, that they were not to come out until they saw them retreating, pursued by the French. For he would make semblance of flight, and by this means surround and defeat the French. The good Chevalier had not proceeded two miles across the open, when he saw his enemies distinctly. He commenced a march straight upon them, with the cry of "*Empire! and France!*" desiring to charge them.

They made semblance of holding their ground; but seeing him approach, commenced the retreat along the road straight towards their ambush, the which they passed a short distance. Then suddenly halting, with the cry of "*Marco! Marco!*" commenced to defend themselves valiantly. The footmen left their ambush, and came rushing on the French, discharging their arquebuses. One shot of which killed the

Chevalier's horse between his legs, the which in falling held one of his legs beneath. His men-at-arms, who would have died sooner than thus leave him, made a vigorous defence, and one dismounting, by name Grantmont, rescued his Captain from his peril.

But their feat of arms could not avail them, and both were taken prisoners by the footmen, who wished to disarm them.

Captain Pierrepont, who was with the foragers, hearing the noise, advanced at full speed, arriving at a timely moment, to find his Captain and Grantmont in close quarters; for already they had been drawn away from the masses to lead them to a place of safety. You need not ask if he were well pleased; for as a lion rushes on those who hold him, they suddenly abandoned their prize and retired to their troop to fight with them against the remainder of the French furiously.

The good Chevalier and Grantmont were instantly re-horsed, and straightway returned to the aid of their people, who had endured much, for they were assailed both in front and rear. But the sight once more of the good Chevalier and of Captain Pierrepont filled them with fresh courage. Nevertheless, the play was one-sided, the Venetians numbering four to one, and with their arquebuses doing the French much damage.

The good Chevalier began by saying to Captain Pierrepont: "Captain, if we fail to gain the high road we are lost, but if once there, we can retreat in spite of all without loss, thanks be to God."

"I hold with that counsel," answered Captain Pierrepont.

They then commenced to fight their way back to the high road whence they came, but this they could not do without much endurance. Nevertheless, they had as yet lost no men, whilst their enemies had lost betwixt forty and fifty footmen and seven or eight horsemen.

When the Chevalier and his men had gained the high road leading to Verona, they closed in and retreated slowly. And as they accomplished each two hundred paces, turned afresh upon their enemies, defending themselves right gallantly. But at their wing still were the footmen keeping up a sharp and constant fire of arquebuses, and for this cause in their last charge the good Chevalier had a second horse killed under him, who, feeling it stagger, jumped off, sword in hand, and thus on foot did marvellous feats of arms. But he was soon surrounded, and it would have gone ill with him, but for the Bastard Du Fay, his standard-bearer, who with his archers rushed forward with brilliant charge into the midst of the Venetian troops, recovering his Captain, and did the same remount in spite of them. They then

closed in with the others. Already night was drawing in; for which cause the good Chevalier gave orders to charge no more, as it sufficed to retreat, which they did to their great credit, till they reached St. Martin, from whence they had started that morning. There there lay a pool, surrounded by a fence, by the which they halted.

The Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone, well aware that he could do them no further harm, as now they could receive succour from Verona, sounded his retreat, and returned towards St. Boniface, his footmen going before him. The same were much fatigued by their battle, at which they had fought for four or five hours, and were wishful to remain at a village distant from St. Boniface four or five miles, but their Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone did not hold this opinion, and himself returned with his horsemen, in spite of their long and tiring gallop, to St. Boniface.

The good Chevalier and his men put up for this night in the village of St. Martin, where they made good cheer with what they had, speaking much of their successful retreat, in the which they had lost but one archer, and had four horses killed; their enemies in the encounter had sustained heavy losses.

Meanwhile one of their spies arrived, the which came from the said St. Boniface. He was brought to the presence of the good Chevalier, who enquired of him what the enemy were doing.

He replied, "Nothing further. They have a large troop in St. Boniface, and amongst them runs the tale that soon Verona will be theirs, as they have much intelligence from within. As I was departing, there arrived there the Captain Manfrone, much heated and very wrathful; for I hear that he says that he came to war, and instead of meeting with men he has had to fight against devils of the infernal regions. And in coming hither I found a village, four or five miles distant, full of their footmen, who had halted there. Seemingly, to look at them, they were much fatigued."

"In that case," said the good Chevalier, "as I live it must surely be their men-on-foot the which we fought this day, who were unwilling to go as far as St. Boniface. If we will it, they are ours! The moon is bright; let us feed our horses, and towards the hours of three or four let us go and arouse them!"

This judgment was found wise, and refreshing their horses as best they could, after having placed sentinels, all lay down to rest. But the good Chevalier rested not; he thought but of his enterprise. About three hours after midnight, noiselessly, he and his men mounted their



horses, going straight to the village, where were billeted the Venetian footmen, the whom he found sleeping like unto fine swine, without sentries; at least, if such there were, they were but bad ones. Having arrived, they at once raised the cry of "*Empire! Empire! France! France! à mort! à mort!*"

By this joyful sound the churls awoke, rushing out of the house one after the other; they were knocked down as beasts. Their captain, together with two or three hundred men, repaired to the market-place,



Venetian Captain. After Vecelli.

the which he hoped to man and fortify, but he was not given time so to do; for being borne down upon from all directions, he and his men were utterly defeated and discomfited. There remained of them only three alive, of which one was the Captain, and two other gentlemen, who were brothers. These were liberated in exchange for two other French gentlemen, prisoners in the prison of the Seigniorie of Venice.

When the good Chevalier had accomplished this enterprise so honourably, he desired not to remain longer, fearing further complications. So

retired with all his men to within Verona, where he was received with much joy.

It was otherwise with the Venetians. On hearing of the loss of their men, they were most wrathful; and Messer Andrea Gritti, Proveditore of the Seignorie, accounted much blame to the Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone for that he had left some of his men behind. But the same excused himself well, saying that it had been impossible for him to persuade them to go further than the village in the which they were afterwards defeated. And of their danger he had warned them, but without being able to bring them to reason. Nevertheless within himself thinking to avenge himself shortly; but it only added to his shame, as you shall hear.



The burning of the Grotto of Longaro.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

How the good Chevalier took thought against betrayal by a spy who had promised the Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone to put him into his hands, and that which came of it. How Legnano was taken by siege, and of the cruel fortune of the people of Longaro ; and how Monselice was also taken by siege.



EVEN or eight days after this fair foray, the Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone, sore vexed in that he had been so grossly beaten and driven back, and his men slain and undone, while he had wrought no harm, or less than none, upon his enemies, resolved to take his revenge some way or another. Now there was a spy who often went to and fro between Verona and St. Boniface, and served both the captain and the good Chevalier, giving each of them to understand that he strove but to do him service. But these spies ever have their heart inclined more to one side than the other, as this man had towards the Captain Manfrone, who, one day when he had given some little thought

to his affair, said to him, "You must go to Verona, and give the Captain Bayard to understand that the Seigniorie of Venice has written to the proveditore to send me into Legnano for the protection of the place, because they have sent for the captain who is there to dispatch him to the Levant with a number of galleys; that you know for certain that I shall set forth to-morrow at point of day with three hundred light-horse, and that of footmen I take none. I am confident that, so high is his courage, he will never let me pass without a skirmish, and if he come, I trust he will not return thence save slain or captive; because I shall take two hundred men-at-arms and two thousand footmen, whom I will place in ambush at Isola della Scala, near which spot, if he visit me, I desire to be encountered; and be advised, that if you have wit to perform your task well, I pledge you my faith to give you a hundred golden ducats."

Spies are, as every man knows, created only by Dame Avarice. Moreover, for this merit they have a further value; for of six that are taken, if one escape, he oweth great praise to God. For the true physic they have for the evil which possesses them, is a halter.

This worthy then promised the Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone that he would find means to do the business. He came forthwith to Verona to the quarters of the good Chevalier, for there he was well enough known of all the serving men, in that they believed for certain that he was wholly in the service of their master. They brought him to the good Chevalier just as he ended supper; who, as soon as he saw him, gave him an exceeding hearty greeting, and said to him: "Vizentin, welcome! you come not without cause; what news have you?"

The other answered: "Very good, my lord, God be thanked!"

Straightway the good Chevalier arose from table and drew the spy aside to learn the tidings. The latter related the matter point by point, and made it appear to him so good, that no man was more rejoiced. He bade them lead Vizentin to supper and give him fat cheer. Then afterwards he takes aside the Captain Pierrepont, the Captain La Varenne, who carried his ensign, the Bastard Du Fay, and a captain of Burgundy who was supping with him, and who was called my Lord of Sucker.<sup>1</sup> To them he related all that the spy had told him, how the Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone would withdraw into Legnano

<sup>1</sup> Probably the same Hannotin de Sucker who measured swords with Bayard at the tourney of Aire. Then he was styled as of Hainault; but as Hainault was at that time an appanage of the duchy of Burgundy, that is no contradiction of the term Burgundian used here.



on the morrow, taking with him but three hundred horse. Wherefore if they were ready to show themselves brave fellows, his journey should not end without blows, and that the matter demanded speedy issue. His words were to the taste of all; and on the instant it was resolved that they should set forth at break of day, and should take two hundred men-at-arms. They also chose the Lord of Conti to be of the adventure, and informed him thereof, in order that he might hold himself ready like the others; and indeed he needed but little praying, for he was a right gallant knight.

This resolved, every man retired to his quarters to make ready his harness for the morning, among them the Captain Sucker, who was some distance from his lodging. Which was a stroke of fortune, for on his way thither he catches sight of the spy (him who had been to speak with the good Chevalier) coming forth from the house of a gentleman of Verona who was reckoned to be an exceeding bad Imperialist, and on the contrary had *Marco*<sup>1</sup> written on his heart. Hence the captain suspected treason.

He seized the spy by the collar, and demanded of him whence he came. The man was unable to answer promptly, and changed colour, which caused the captain to suspect more and more. He turned short about, and keeping hold of the spy, returned straight to the house where he had just supped.

On his arrival, he found the good Chevalier about to get into bed; but the latter straightway seized a night-robe, and they seated themselves near the fire, he and the captain together alone; for meanwhile the spy was placed in safe guard.

The captain thereupon made known to the good Chevalier the occasion of his sudden return, which was the detection of the spy coming out of the house of Messer Battista Volteggio, who was the greatest *marchesco*<sup>2</sup> in the world. Wherefore he suspected some mischief: "Because," said he, "when I surprised him, he was wondrously amazed."

When the good Chevalier had heard this tale, he was not without suspicion, any more than the Captain Sucker. He sent for the spy, and demanded of him what was his business at the house of Battista Volteggio. First he said he had been to see a kinsman there; later he

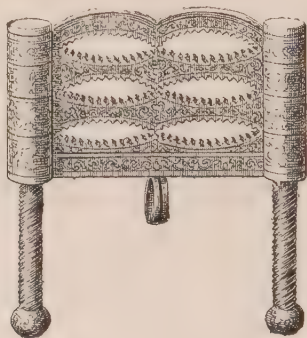
<sup>1</sup> That is Mark, or Saint Mark, the war cry and patron saint of the Republic of Venice.

<sup>2</sup> That is, a partisan of St. Mark. The original has the Italian word in a Frenchified form, *marquesque*.

maintained another tale, and at last was caught out in five or six versions. So manacles were brought, into which his two thumbs were put, to make him speak in a different fashion.

The good Chevalier said to him, "Vizentin, speak the truth without concealment, and I promise you, on the faith of a true gentleman, that whatever it may be, I will do you no harm, even though my death be conspired. But on the other hand, if I detect you in a lie, I will have you hanged by the neck at break of day."

The spy knew that he was caught, and throwing himself on his knees, he begged for mercy, which was assuredly promised him. He began to narrate the plot from end to end, not only how the captain Jean-Paul Manfrone had placed two hundred men-at-arms and two thousand footmen in ambush at Isola della Scalla to defeat the good

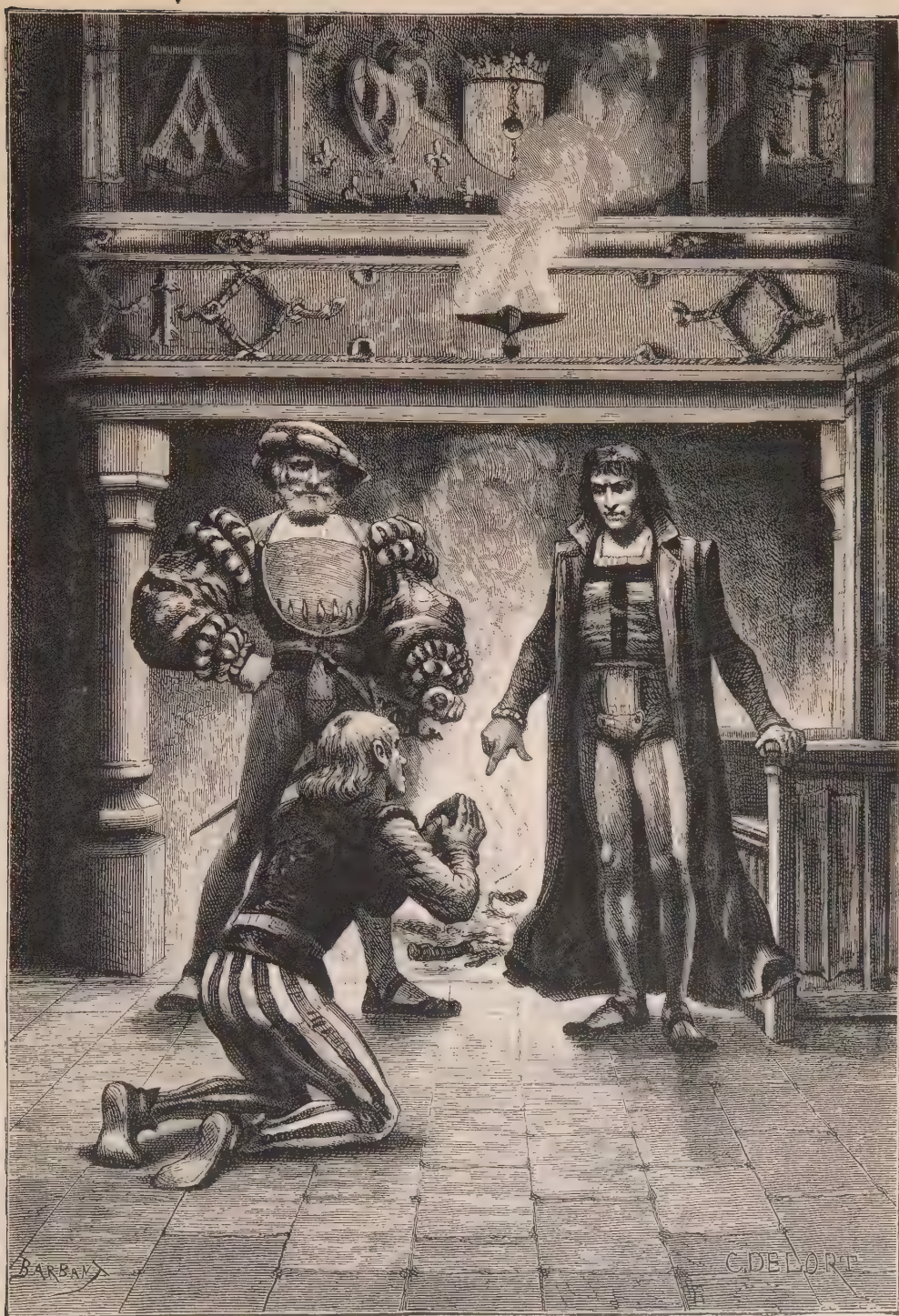


Manacles.

Chevalier, but also that he went to the house of Messer Battista to inform him of the enterprise, and also to advise him how he should find means some night to deliver one of the gates of the town to the Proveditore Messer Andrea Gritti. And many other things did this unworthy spy relate; but he declared that Messer Battista Volteggio had told him that he would never meddle in such mischief, and that since he was under the Emperor, he wished so to live and die.

When he had ended his fine story, the good Chevalier said to him; "Vizentin, I have ill-employed the crowns I have bestowed on you; and within your body lies the heart of a coward and a scoundrel, although I have ever esteemed you little otherwise. You have well deserved death. But since I have pledged my faith, you shall receive no harm, and I will have you set safely outside the town. But beware





THE SPY THREW HIMSELF ON HIS KNEES.





that while I am in the place you be not seen therein, for all the world would not save you from being hanged by me."

He was led away from their presence and confined in a chamber until he should be wanted. "My friend, what shall we do to this Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone, who thinks to take us by craft? We must give him a dressing, and if you can do what I will tell you, we will bring about one of the finest jests that has happened for a hundred years."

Sucker answered: "Command, my lord, and you shall be obeyed." "Go, then, instantly," said he, "to the lodging of the Prince of Anhalt, and commend me humbly to his good favour. Make known to him this affair in full, and make him agree to lend us to-morrow at dawn two thousand of his lansquenets, whom we will take with us at good speed. Then we will leave in ambush at some spot, where, if before the fight is done you do not see some wonder, lay the blame on me."

The Captain Sucker incontinently set forth, and went straight to the dwelling of the prince, who was now asleep. He had him aroused, and then came to speak with him, and told him all you have heard above.

The noble prince, who loved nothing so much as war, among all gentlemen had conceived such a love for the good Chevalier on account of his prowess, that the matter would have been strange indeed if he had refused it. He said that he was sore displeased that he had not sooner known of this enterprise, for he would have gone himself; but that as to his men, the good Chevalier could dispose of them better than he could. So he immediately sent his secretary to warn four or five captains thereof, who, to cut the account short, were as ready at dawn as the men-at-arms who had known of the affair in the evening. They presented themselves at the gate at the same time with the men-at-arms, which gave cause for wonder to the Lord of Conti, for nothing of this had been told him over night. He inquired of the good Chevalier what it might mean, and the latter related to him at length all that had arisen. "On my faith," said the Lord of Conti, "if God will, we will do something fine to-day."

The gate was thrown open, and they took the road towards Isola della Scala. Then the good Chevalier said to Sucker, "You and the lansquenets must remain in ambush at Servoda"<sup>1</sup> (this was a small village about two miles from Isola). "Do not be anxious, for I will

<sup>1</sup> M. de Terrebasse reads Zevio, which is probably the real name of Servoda.

draw the enemy right under your nose ; so that you shall have honour enough to day, if you prove a brave fellow."

As it was said, so was it done ; for on arriving at the said village, the lansquenets remained in ambush, while the good Chevalier, the Lord of Conti, and their troop went on towards Isola, feigning to know nothing of what was therein. The place looked over a fine plain where on all sides you could see for a considerable distance. At length they catch sight of the Captain Manfrone in company with a few light-horse. The good Chevalier sent forward his guidon, the Bastard Du Fay, with some archers, to skirmish with them a little ; and he himself marched at a quick pace after him with the men-at-arms.

But he had not gone far, when he saw sally forth from the town of Isola della Scala the foot-soldiers of the Seignorie and a troop of men-at-arms. He feigned to be somewhat surprised, and bade the trumpet sound recall ; on hearing which, the Bastard Du Fay, according to his instructions, retreated towards the main body. They closed their ranks well, and pretending to be retiring straight to Verona, marched slowly towards the village where their lansquenets were, and whither an archer had already gone to bid the Captain Sucker come forth in battle array. The gendarmerie of the Seignorie, with this body of foot-soldiers on its wing, charged the French sharply and frequently, making such a noise that you could not have heard God thunder ; for they thought among themselves that the foe they saw could not escape them. The French turned not a step from their route, and kept skirmishing cautiously, so that they were close to Servoda, about an arrow's flight off, when they perceived the lansquenets advancing at a quick march and in close order ; the latter were also discovered by the Venetians, who were exceedingly surprised. Then said the good Chevalier, "My lords, it is time to charge."

And so everyone did, and they fell upon the Venetians, who showed themselves men of worth ; nevertheless many of them were borne to the ground. Their foot-soldiers could not flee, for they were too far from refuge ; they were in like manner charged by the lansquenets, and, being unable to withstand their weight, were broken and routed, and all cut to pieces, without a prisoner being taken. This took place under the eyes of the Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone, who well performed his devoir ; nevertheless he knew sure enough that if he did not beat a retreat he would be slain or captured. He began to retire at full gallop towards St. Boniface, which was a good stretch. He was well pursued ; but the good Chevalier had the retreat sounded, and accor-

dingly everyone returned; but it was with great gain of prisoners and horses, and the spoil of that day was exceedingly fine. The Venetians suffered severe loss in the fight, for all their two thousand foot and full twenty-five men-at-arms were slain. There were also about sixty prisoners taken, who were brought to Verona, where the French, Burgundians, and lansquenets were received with joy by their comrades, who felt sorely vexed not to have been with them.

Thus then went it with this fair adventure; and it was great fortune for the good Chevalier, who received high praise from all men generally. On his return to his quarters, he sent for the spy, to whom he said: "Vizentin, according to my promise, you shall go to the Venetians' camp, and you shall ask the Captain Jean-Paul Manfrone if the Captain Bayard is as cunning in war as he; and say that when he desires a like bargain he will find it in the field."

He commanded two of his archers to conduct the spy beyond the town; which they did. The spy then went straight to St. Boniface, where the Lord Jean-Paul Manfrone, perceiving him, had him arrested and hanged by the neck, saying that he had betrayed him; and no excuse he could think of served him a whit.

The Venetians still held this town called Legnano, where they had a large garrison, and excursions were often made both by them and by the army at Verona, the one against the other; and in this state they remained all the winter.

At the beginning of the year fifteen hundred and ten, and after Easter, the King of France, Louis XII., granted leave of absence to his nephew, the noble Duke of Nemours, of whom, short though his life was, this history will make ample mention, for he well deserves to be chronicled in every way. He passed into Italy, bringing in his company the captain Louis d'Ars, a virtuous and brave knight; and there on their arrival they were received, each according to his quality, by the Lord of Chaumont, Grand-Master of France and governor of Milan, and by all the captains then in Italy, with such courtesy as could not be surpassed. And above all in this shall mention be made of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, who was so much beloved of the Duke of Nemours and his chief captain, Louis d'Ars. By the command of the King of France there had also come the Lord of Molart with two thousand adventurers, and many other captains.

The said grand-master, the Lord of Chaumont, went to lay siege to this town of Legnano that the Venetians held; and in order that it might have no succour of men or provisions, the Lord of Alègre was

sent forward with five hundred men-at-arms and four or five thousand lansquenets that were at Vicenza, under the command of the noble Prince of Anhalt, who had also under him that Captain Jacob who was with the King of France.

This fortress of Legnano was strongly built; moreover it had good artillery, including that of the Duke of Ferrara, who, with other cannon, possessed a huge culverin twenty feet in length, which the adventurers named *the great devil*. At last the town and the castle were taken, and all that were therein, or the most part, were put to death. In this capture the Lord of Molart and his adventurers bore themselves right bravely, and gained great honour, for they had never the patience to wait until the breach was practicable in order to give the assault. The Lord of Chaumont left there to hold the place the Captain La Crotte with a hundred men-at-arms, whom he commanded under the Marquis of Montferrat, and a thousand foot under two captains, the one named L'Hérisson and the other Giacomo Corso, a Neapolitan.

During this siege of Legnano the Lord of Chaumont had news of the death of his uncle, the Legate of Amboise, whereby he suffered a great and grievous loss, for the Legate had been the means of raising him to the honours he then enjoyed. In like manner had the deceased conferred many benefits on all the members of his house, as well those in the church as those without, for he was the whole government of the King of France, Louis XII., and of his kingdom.<sup>1</sup> He had been an exceedingly wise prelate and an honest man in his day; he never would hold more than one benefice, and at his decease was only Archbishop of Rouen; yet he might have had others in abundance, if he had so willed.<sup>2</sup> His sad death the Lord of Chaumont took bitterly to heart, for he survived it but a short time, although before the world he made no great semblance of grief, and did not cease to conduct the affairs of his master well and prudently.

When he had ordered matters at Legnano, he set forth to join himself with the forces of the Emperor, with a view to march into the territory of the Venetians, and try to bring them to reason. The King of Spain had a few days before despatched to the assistance of the Emperor, under command of the Duke of Termini, four hundred men-at-arms, Spaniards and Neapolitans, whom he made right welcome.

<sup>1</sup> That is, he was the actual ruler.

<sup>2</sup> The author, who treats the house of Amboise with marked favour, refrains from adding that the Cardinal several times sacrificed the interests of France to his desire to obtain the papacy.





PORTRAIT OF CHARLES D'AMBOISE, SEIGNEUR DE CHAUMONT.



But inasmuch as they were worn out with fatigue, they were sent into quarters in Verona. The camp, including both the Emperor's and that of the King of France, marched as far as a place called Santa Croce, where they tarried some time, as it was thought that the Emperor would come down;<sup>1</sup> but he did not. During this encampment the heat was exceedingly fierce, and for this reason the greater number of those who were there called it the Burning Camp.

On the march from that place, and near to a large village named Longaro, a most piteous incident occurred. For, as all the inhabitants had taken flight because of the war, there were in retreat in a certain cave which was in the side of a mountain, and which extended a mile or more [in depth], upwards of two thousand souls, both men and women, including some of the most considerable persons of the plain; and they had abundance of provisions there. They had also carried up some warlike gear and arquebuses to defend the entrance against those who might attack them; and the place was almost impregnable, for only one man at a time could approach it.

The adventurers, who are readily wont to seek pillage, in particular those who are worth nothing in war, came up to the entrance of this cave, which in Italian is called the Grotto of Longaro.<sup>2</sup> I doubt not they sought to enter within; but they were gently prayed to desist, inasmuch as they could gain nothing there, because the inmates had left their goods in their houses.

The rascals refused to accept these prayers in payment and tried to force an entry, but they were prevented, and some arquebuse-shots were fired, which laid low two on the spot. The others went and fetched their comrades, who, more ready for mischief than otherwise, directed their steps thither..

On their arrival they saw clearly that they would never get in by force. So they conceived a grossly wicked and cowardly plan; for straight in front of the narrow opening they put a quantity of wood, straw, and hay, and fire with it, which in a short time produced so horrible a smoke in the cave, whither no air came except by this entrance, that all within were suffocated and died in torment, without being touched by the fire at all. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen were there, who, after the fire had burnt down and entrance was made, were found lifeless, and who, one would have said, were sleeping. This was a horrible sad deed.

<sup>1</sup> That is, cross the Alps.

<sup>2</sup> Now the Grotto of Masano.

The said adventurers gained great plunder there; but the lord the grand-master and all the captains were marvellously displeased thereat, and above all the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, who all day long took pains to discover those who had brought it about. He caught two of them, of whom the one had no ears at all, and the other had but one.<sup>1</sup> He made so full an inquisition into their life, that they were led by the provost of the camp before the said grotto, and there by his executioner hanged by the neck; and the good Chevalier was pleased to be present.

Now, while they were about this deed, almost as by a miracle there comes out of the cave a youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age, who seemed rather dead than alive, and was all yellow from the smoke. He was brought before the good Chevalier, who inquired of him how he had saved himself. He answered that when he saw the smoke so thick, he went right to the farthest end of the cave, where he said there was a cleft from the higher part of the mountain, very small, but by means of it he had obtained air. He told a piteous tale, namely, that several gentlemen and their wives, when they perceived that fire was to be used, wished to sally forth, knowing so well that they were bound to die. But the villeins with them, who were far the stronger, refused to allow it; and came in front of them with halberds pointed, saying that they should die as well as the others; and so the poor folk were attacked both by the fire and by their own people.

From this place of Longaro the camp marched straight to Monselice, which the Venetians had retaken and fortified, and garrisoned with a thousand or twelve hundred men. On the road an encounter took place between the Lord of Alègre and the good Chevalier (in company with the Lord Mercurio<sup>2</sup> and his Albanians, who were at that time on the side of the Emperor) and some light-horse belonging to the forces of the Seigniorie, and called Croats (and who are more Turks than Christians), who had come to see if they could pick up anything about the camp. But they gained an ill booty, for all or the greater part of them remained there, and in a short quarter of an hour were made prisoners. Among them the Lord Mercurio recognised the captain, who, as he said later, was his cousin-german, and who had ousted him from his inheritance in Croatia, which he now held and occupied by force,

<sup>1</sup> Showing that they had been previously convicted of some crime, and punished.

<sup>2</sup> His name was Mercurio Rona. M. Roman has found in the Bibliothèque Nationale (at Paris) a receipt signed by him as captain of a hundred Albanian horsemen (Ms. Fr. 26,110, No. 704.)



and he was his greatest enemy in this world. So he turned to him to recall all the evil deeds he had done him, and that now it was right for him to take vengeance for them. The other said it was true, but that he had been captured in fair war, and therefore had the right to depart on paying ransom according to his power, and for that he offered ten thousand ducats and six fine and rare Turkish horses.

"We will speak of that more at leisure," said the Lord Mercurio; "but on your faith, if you had me in your power as I have you in mine, what would you do with me?"

He answered: "Since you press me to pledge my faith, I advise you that if you were at my mercy as I am at yours, all the gold in the world would not save you to prevent me cutting you to pieces."

"In truth," said the Lord Mercurio, "I will do no worse by you."

So he gave the order to his Albanians in their own language to make play with their weapons, and they promptly set their scimitars to work. And there was neither captain nor other man who did not receive ten wounds after he was dead; then they cut off their heads and spiked them on the end of their stradiots,<sup>1</sup> asserting that they were not Christians. These men wore a strange head-dress, for it was like a maiden's hood. And in the place where they put the head, it was furnished with five or six thick pieces of paper glued together, so that a sword did no more harm to it than to a *secrète*.<sup>2</sup>

The siege was laid to Monselice, which was cannonaded for the space of five or six days, and would never have been taken, seeing the fortifications that had been made, had it not been that those within used to sally out, very often as far as a good stone's throw from their fort, to skirmish against the French adventurers, who of their own accord had been to spy what was doing in the place.

One afternoon, when no one was thinking of the matter, the men of the Captain Molart, together with a gentleman named the Baron of Montfaucon, went out to skirmish with the people of the castle, who also issued forth and achieved marvellous feats, so much so that twice or thrice they repulsed the adventurers with severe loss. But on one occasion, among others, the latter drove their adversaries before them with such

<sup>1</sup> *Stradiotto* was the name given, particularly in Italy, to all Greek mercenaries. The name was thence applied to their lances, according to Terrebasse; to their scimitars, according to M. Roman. The weapon appears, in fact, to have been a sort of javelin shod with iron at both ends, and attaining the length, says Montgomery, of ten or twelve feet.

<sup>2</sup> A steel cap worn under the helmet; such as we have seen Bayard had in his duel with Sotomaiore.

eagerness and so far, that they entered pell-mell with the enemy into the town. Then the defenders saw that they were lost, and they retreated into a great tower, where they were forthwith besieged; and fire was laid at the foot of the tower.

Most of them let themselves be burnt rather than surrender; the others climbed out by the battlements, and were caught by the adventurers on the points of their pikes. In short, very few escaped with life. On the side of the French, a gentleman named Camican was killed; and the Baron of Montfaucon was wounded to death; nevertheless he escaped it, but with very great difficulty.

The ramparts were built up and a strong garrison left in the place, as it was intended to go and besiege Padua;<sup>1</sup> but news came that Pope Julian had taken up arms and was marching against the Duke of Ferrara, who was an ally of the King of France; and the said duke had written at length to the King asking for assistance. The King was willing to comply with this request, and wrote to the grand-master, his lieutenant-general, to lend him help, which he did. For he sent the Lords of Montoisson, of Fontrailles, and du Lude, and the good Chevalier, with three or four thousand French foot-soldiers, and eight hundred Swiss, who like adventurers had brought from their own country a captain named Jacob Zemberg. On their arrival at Ferrara, they were heartily welcomed by the duke and the duchess and all the inhabitants.

The grand-master with the remainder of his army withdrew to the duchy of Milan, because he was informed that the Swiss, who shortly before had abandoned the alliance of the King, his master, were making a descent there, and were already at the bridge of La Treillina.

When he arrived, he did not stay at Milan, but with a gendarmerie, his two hundred gentlemen, and a small number of foot, went to await the enemy in the plain of Galeazzo, and had all the machinery of the mills and all provisions removed from their line of march. And what is worse, according to report, he had all the wines poisoned that were in the said district of Galeazzo; and hither the Swiss came. And they drank their fill of the wine; but devil a one took any harm by it! Not long, however, were they in the country, when provisions failed them; wherefore they determined to return home; whither they were always closely escorted, to prevent their setting fire to any village.

<sup>1</sup> To console themselves for this disappointment, four hundred young Frenchmen, riding full gallop, presented themselves at the gates of Padua (so says Terrebase), and then turned bridle, after having planted there their lances decked with the colours of their ladies.

There came some French adventurers to the said district of Galeazzo, who would drink of the wine that had been poisoned for the Swiss; but more than two hundred of them died. One must suppose either that God interposed, or else that the drugs had remained at the bottom of the cask.

Now I will leave this matter for a little while, and will return to the war between the Pope and the Duke of Ferrara; but first I will relate a wonderful and perilous adventure, that befell the people of Legnano in the same year.



Swiss Foot-soldiers.

From a Print of the Sixteenth Century.



Venetians disguising themselves as French Soldiers.

## CHAPTER XXX.

How the men of the garrison of Legnano made an excursion against the Venetians, on the information of certain spies who betrayed them. Wherefore they were defeated.



WHEN the gentle knight of La Crotte had set himself in order in Legnano, few days passed before he fell sick, and was in great danger of death. Now he had plenty of young men and volunteers, and among others there was a gentleman called Guyon de Cantiers, very brave and more full of courage than of discretion. The Venetians used occasionally to pass right in front of this stronghold of Legnano, but those within, being placed there as a garrison, dared not make sorties; for their only charge was to guard it safely. This Guyon de Cantiers had spies on all sides, and in this way he made acquaintance with one from the town of Montagnana, distant twelve or fifteen miles from Legnano; and this man often came to see the said Cantiers at his post. And he was ever telling the latter how, if at some time he would sally



forth with not too large a number of horse and foot-soldiers, he could not fail to take prisoner the Proveditore of the Seigniorie of Venice, Messer Andrea Gritti; because he was often coming to the said Montagnana with two or three hundred light-horse. Further he added that, if the said De Cantiers and his companions were ambushed near the town one morning before day, they could not fail, when the Proveditore came forth, to capture him and the town at the same time, and to pillage it. And the rogue undertook to give notice of the day when there would be a good chance.

Cantiers, who had a great desire to make excursions, and also to entrap this fine prey, assured him there should be no default, only let him be truly informed. The other gave him promises enough so to do, and then returned to Montagnana, where, on his arrival, he disclosed to him who held charge of the town for the Seigniorie the trick that he had put upon the people of Legnano. And he added that if they [the Venetians] would play their parts well, they could not fail to get into their power the greater part of the garrison, and consequently without difficulty the fortress itself, which was of extreme importance to them.

The Captain of Montagnana thought very well of this proposal, and he forthwith, by express messenger, sent word thereof to the Proveditore, Messer Andrea Gritti, who brought over three hundred men, eight hundred light-horse, and two thousand foot-soldiers. Of this band, on his arrival two or three miles from Montagnana, he sent into ambush two hundred men-at-arms and a thousand foot-soldiers, who were instructed to allow the force that should come from Legnano to go by, and then to close their passage. They did not forget the charge given them, and right well they played their parts.

The spy of Montagnana returned to speak with Guyon de Cantiers, who gave him hearty welcome, asking what brought him; and he with all assurance answered: "Good news for you, if you will! For this evening Messer Andrea Gritti arrives in our town with two hundred horse only. If you will start an hour or two before day, I will conduct you, and you will not fail to catch him."

If any man was pleased, it was Cantiers, who went straightway to his comrades, and also to a gentleman who was called the young Malherbe, and who carried his ensign, and he related them the affair point by point. Never was anything more welcome, and as far as their will went, it was only a question of starting; but it was necessary to have leave.

The Captain La Crotte kept his bed a little during the day, because

he was not too well recovered from his sickness. So the said Lords of Cantiers and Malherbe went to him to beg him give them permission to make a foray whence they should gain great honour and great profit. And they related to him the enterprize from one end to the other.

When he had heard their reasons, he answered as a wise and prudent



Portrait of Andrea Gritti. From a Print of the Sixteenth Century.

knight, and said: "My lords, you know that I hold this place on my life and on mine honour, to keep it safe alone. If it happened that you had other than a successful encounter, I should be undone and ruined for ever. Moreover, for the remainder of my days, I should live only in melancholy. Wherefore I am not minded to give you permission."

They began to make him the most urgent remonstrances in the world, saying there was no danger, and their spy was sure. And so many reasons they gave him of one kind and another, that, half by consent, half by importunity, he gave them leave; but to tell the truth, it was almost on compulsion.

That troubled them not a whit, for the brain was boiling in their heads and at whatever risk corn was selling,<sup>1</sup> they were ready to try their ill-fortune. They gave notice to all their companions, whom they joined with their party,<sup>2</sup> and when they perceived the hour was at hand, they had as many as fifty mounted on horseback, all men-at-arms under the direction of Malherbe, and about three hundred foot-soldiers, whom Guyon de Cantiers led.

At two hours after midnight they set out from Legnano, accompanied by their double-faced spy, who was conducting them to the shambles. Nothing is so certain as that the party that started from Legnano was all of the flower of chivalry, so far as courage went; but youth was in company with them.

They set out together along the high road which led from the said Legnano to Montagnana, the footmen in front and the horsemen on their flank. They journeyed until they came close to the first ambush of the soldiers of the Seigneurie, who lay in a small village. But not suspecting anything, they passed beyond, and pushed on to within a short mile of Montagnana. Then the spy said to them: "My lords, let me go on, and do you hold yourselves in all order here. I will find out what is doing in the town, so as to give you notice thereof."

So they let him go, but far better would it have been for them to cut off his head; for he was no sooner arrived than he went to the Lord Messer Andrea Gritti, and said to him: "My lord, I have brought you, with cords round their necks, the greater part of the forces of Legnano. And it is not possible for a single man to escape, if you will; for they have already passed your ambush, and are now a mile hence."

Messer Andrea Gritti mounted forthwith, and his men likewise made ready, both horse and foot. Then hastening from the town, he sent forward about a hundred horsemen to skirmish; these soon found the French, who were mightily rejoiced, thinking that all their work was before them, and that the Proveditore was with this troop. The French

<sup>1</sup> That is, utterly reckless of peril.

<sup>2</sup> *Tirèrent à leur cordelle.* *Cordelle*, the tow-rope pulled by a gang of boat-trackers, whence *être de sa cordelle*, to belong to the same gang or party.

horsemen began to charge, and the others turned their backs, until they came close upon the main body. When the French perceived the latter, they were greatly astounded, and returned to their footmen, to whom they cried: "We are betrayed, for they are three thousand men or more; we must try to save ourselves."

They of the Seigniorie pursued them with great fury, shouting: "Marco! Marco! kill! kill!"

Then they fiercely charged the French, who placed their foot-soldiers in front and their horsemen in the rear to support them. And in effect they retreated without loss as far as the village, where was the first ambush of the Venetians, who at sound of the trumpet, according to their orders, began to issue forth, and threw themselves between Legnano and the French. Thus the latter were shut in and assailed on both sides.

Now you must know that, since God created heaven and earth, considering the number of men, never was there a better day's fighting. For this contest lasted more than four hours, and yet the French, who kept ever retreating, could not be defeated. One thing that was thought of by Messer Andrea Gritti was to hurl against their flanks some mounted crossbow-men, who fell upon the footmen in such sort that they broke one part of their array. Nevertheless the French ever retreated towards their own castle, within four miles of which they approached; but there they were obliged to halt, for they were charged from so many sides and in such manner that the greater part of the men-at-arms were brought to their feet because their horses were killed.

When Guyon de Cantiers saw that all was lost, like a lion enraged, he rushes upon the foot-soldiers of the Seigniorie, and there performed marvellous feats, for he slew with his own hand five or six of them, but he had too small a number in comparison with his foes. He was compelled to remain on the field defeated and slain, together with all his three hundred men, not one escaping alive. The Captain Malherbe, with the few horsemen he still had, withdrew into the open, where he fought for the space of a long hour; but at last he was taken prisoner, and twenty-five of his companions; the rest were killed. And, in conclusion, not a man escaped with life to carry the news to Legnano.

When Messer Andrea Gritti saw clearly the victory was his, he bethought him of a stratagem; this was to have all the French foot-soldiers who were dead stripped of their garments and accoutrements, and with them to clothe a like number of his own men. He takes the apparel of the men-at-arms, their horses and plumes, and distributed



them among his soldiers. Moreover he assigned them a hundred or a hundred and twenty of his men to lead along like prisoners, and he made them take with them three falconets, which the party from Legnano had brought; then he said to them: "Advance in this manner right up to Legnano, and when you get near, shout "France! France! victory! victory!" Those within will believe it is their men who have been successful. And to make them think so yet more, besides their ensigns, you shall carry also two or three of ours. I make no doubt that they will open the gate to you; then do you seize it. I will be an arrow's flight from you, and at sound of the trumpet, will immediately come up. Thus this very day, if you manage to conduct the affair well, we shall recapture Legnano, which is of such importance to the Seigniorie, as you know."

This order was right well executed, and with an appearance of festivity and joy, they approached within an arrow's flight of Legnano, sounding trumpets and clarions.

Now the Lord of La Crotte had a lieutenant in the fortress, who was called Bernard de Villars, an old and prudent knight, and of great experience. He mounted into the gateway tower to watch the coming of his men, who were showing so much joy, in order to open the gate for them. From a distance he scanned their mien, which caused him wonder, and he said to one who was near him: "There are the horses and accoutrements of our folk, but it is my opinion that those who are on them do not ride in our fashion and are not of our party, unless I am deceived. There might be some misfortune on our side, and my heart so judges. I pray you, go down and order the men to lower the foot-plank of the bridge, and then bid them withdraw. If these are our men, you will know them well enough; if they are enemies, look out to save yourself at the barrier. I have here two pieces loaded; if there is need, you shall have their succour."

At the bidding of the Captain Bernard, the companion descended and issued from the fort, as if to meet his friends, demanding of them: "Who goes there? Where is the Captain Malherbe?"

The others answered nothing; but thinking the bridge was lowered, began to advance at a gallop.

The said companion with difficulty found safety within the barrier. Then the two pieces of artillery were discharged, and that stopped them. Thus was the fortress of Legnano saved this time; but the French suffered grievous shame and loss, which many heard of.

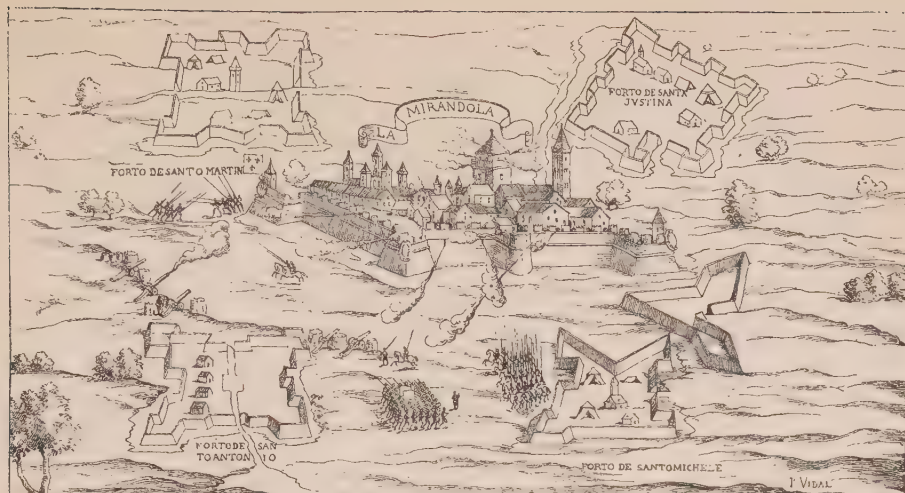
When the poor Lord of La Crotte had been told the sad affair, he

thought to die of grief. The King of France too was exceedingly displeased, and was minded to punish him for it. But he was appeased by means of the Lord Jean-Jacques, who was then come to France to stand godfather to the Lady Renée, daughter of King Louis XII. and Anne his wife, Duchess of Britany and who made many remonstrances to the King for the acquittal of the said Lord of La Crotte.

Now let us leave this matter and return to the Pope, Julius II., who was on the march towards Ferrara.



Venetian Soldier.



View of Mirandola.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

How Pope Julius came in person to the Duchy of Ferrara, and how he laid siege to Mirandola.



POPE Julius, who earnestly desired to recover the Duchy of Ferrara, which he claimed to be the property of the Church, raised a large army, which he collected in the territory of Bologna, to lead it into the said Duchy. Then advancing by daily marches, he came to lodge in a large village, called San Felice, between Concordia and Mirandola. The Duke of Ferrara and all the French who were with him had taken up a position twelve miles from Ferrara, between two arms of the Po, in a place called Ospitaletto, where he built a bridge of boats, which he kept very strongly guarded, for his enemies were often skirmishing in that direction. The Pope, arrived at San Felice, sent word to the Countess of Mirandola, who was a natural daughter of the Lord Jean-Jacques of Trivulce, and then a widow, that she should surrender her town of Mirandola into his hands, because it was necessary for him for his enterprise against Ferrara.

The Countess, who, following her father's spirit, was wholly French, and knew very well that the King of France was favouring and assisting the Duke of Ferrara, would not have done so for her life. Now she had with her a cousin-german of hers, called the Count Alexander of Trivulce, who joined with her in answering the envoy of the Holy Father. And the answer was, that, when it so pleased him, he might return, and say to his master, that not for anything would the Countess of Mirandola deliver over her town, which was her own, and with God's help she would know how to defend it well against all who sought to take it from her.

At this answer the Pope was exceeding wroth, and he swore by Saint Peter and Saint Paul that he would have the place by fair means or foul. So he commanded his nephew, the Duke of Urbino, Captain-general of his army, to march on the morrow and besiege it.

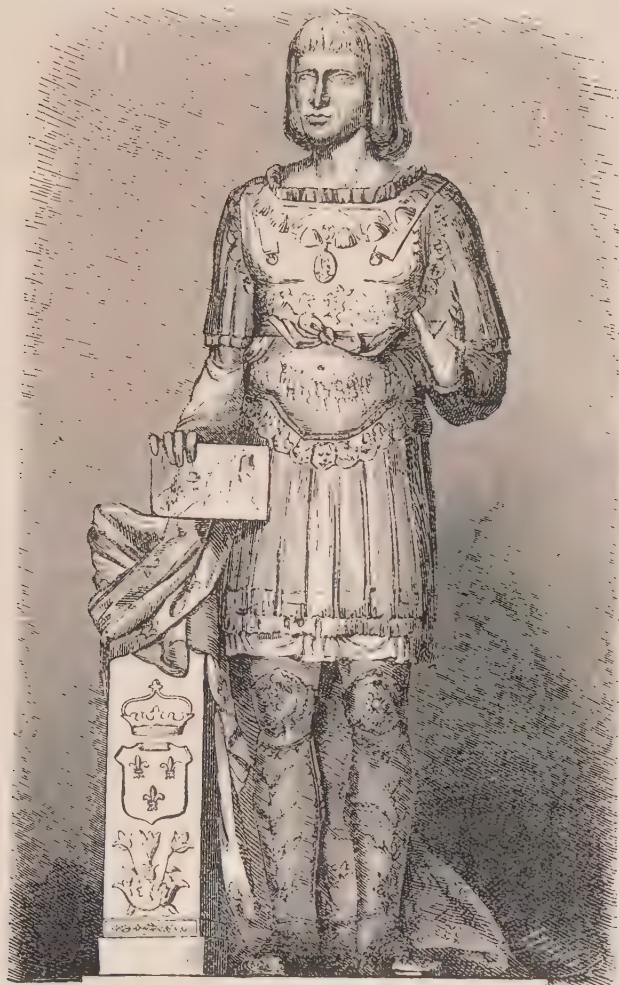
The Count Alexander of Trivulce, who had imagined no less result, sent to the Duke of Ferrara and the French captains, at Ospitaletto, which was only twelve miles away, to beg them, as he felt he was not well furnished with men for the occasion, and was from day to day expecting a siege, to send him as many as a hundred stout companions and two cannoneers. This request was readily granted, for the loss of Mirandola was of great importance to the Duke of Ferrara, who was a gentle prince, wise and vigilant in war, and who knew almost all the seven liberal arts, and many things besides in mechanics, such as the founding of artillery, with which he is as well furnished as any prince his peer in all the world. He knows very well too how to work it, and to make the carriages and the bullets.

But let us leave these virtues, of which he had and still has enough. By the advice of the French captains, he sent to Mirandola the two cannoneers and the hundred companions that were asked for; and with them went two young gentlemen, the one from Dauphiny, called Monchenu, nephew of the Lord of Montoisson, and the other nephew of the Lord du Lude, by name Chantemerle, from the Province of Beauce. To whom, on their departure, the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche said these words: "My children, you are going to the service of dames; show yourselves gentle companions to gain their favour and make them speak of you. The place where you are going is very well-built and strong; if the siege comes, you will gain honour in defending it."

Many other cheerful sayings the good Chevalier addressed to them in order to put them in good heart. Then he himself mounted to horse



with his own company, to escort them, and so well he conducted them that they entered into the town, where they were received by the Countess and the Count Alexander right courteously. They were not there three days before the siege was laid, and the artillery was planted

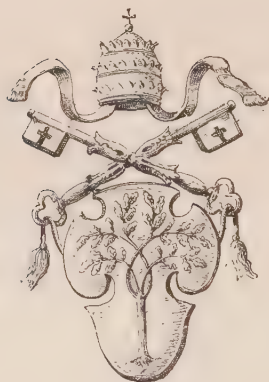


Statue of Louis XII.

on the edge of the moat and began to fire hard and quickly. The defenders of the town too showed no sign of dismay, but made a like return to the best of their power.

The good Chevalier, who never grudged giving money to know what the enemy was doing, had his spies who often brought him news, of the

camp and also of the Pope, who was still at San Felice, and in particular how the latter intended to depart in a day or two to visit the siege that he had caused to be laid to Mirandola. He sent one of the said spies back again to San Felice, from which they were distant but ten miles, to discover exactly when the Pope was to set forth. The spy made such good enquiry, that he found out for certain, that on the morrow the Pope would go to his army. He came and told his news to the good Chevalier, who was well pleased thereat, for he had in his mind a plan by which he hoped to capture the Pope and all his Cardinals. And that he would have done, had it not been for a mischance that happened, as you shall hear.



Arms of Pope Julius II.



Flight of the Pope's escort on the road from Mirandola.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

How the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche thought to capture the Pope between San Felice and Mirandola, and how it resulted.



THE good Chevalier came to the Duke of Ferrara and the Lord of Montoisson, and said to them: "My lords, I am informed that to-morrow morning the Pope intends to remove from San Felice in order to go to Mirandola. There are six long miles from the one place to the other. I have conceived a plot, if you think it good, of which the tale shall be told a hundred years hence.

"At two miles from San Felice there are two or three fine mansions, which are abandoned by reason of the war. My resolve is by marching all this night to lodge myself with a hundred men-at-arms, without page or varlet, within one of these houses. Then to-morrow, in the morning, when the Pope shall leave San Felice (I am informed that he

has only his cardinals, bishops, and protonotaries, together with a hundred horse of his guard), I will issue from my ambush, and it will be no fault of mine if I do not capture him. For the alarm cannot reach the camp so fast as to prevent my escape, seeing that it is but ten miles from here to the spot. And take the case that I am pursued, you, my lord," said he to the Duke of Ferrara, "and my Lord of Montoison will cross the bridge in the morning with all the rest of the gendarmery. And you will await me four or five miles hence, so as to receive me, if by chance any mishap befell me."

Nothing was better approved than the proposal of the good Chevalier. It remained only to execute it, in which there was little delay; for all the night, after having well fed their horses, he took a hundred men-at-arms, all picked soldiers. And then, when each man was equipped ready to receive attack, he sets forth with his spy, at a brisk pace, straight for this small village.

Such was his fortune that he found neither man nor woman to cause his discovery, and he occupied his post about an hour before day. The Pope, who was an early riser, was already afoot, and when he saw the dawn, he mounted his litter to be borne straight to his camp. And before him came the protonotaries, clerks, and officers of all sorts, who went to prepare the quarters, and who, without thought of anything, had started on the road.

When the good Chevalier heard them, he made no delay, but came out of his ambush and charged down upon the clowns, who, terribly frightened at the alarm, turned about, spurring at full speed to the place whence they had set out, and shouting, "To arms! To arms!"

But all that would have served nothing to prevent the Pope, the cardinals, and his bishops, from being taken, but for a mischance that was exceedingly lucky for the Holy Father, but very unfortunate for the good Chevalier; this was that, just as the Pope had mounted to his litter, and had left the street of San Felice, he was not a cannon-shot off, when there fell from the sky the sharpest and most violent snow-storm that had been seen for a hundred years. Indeed it was of such fury that men could not see one another.

The Cardinal of Pavia, who was at that time the whole government of the Pope, said unto him: "Holy Father, it is not possible to travel over this country while this continues. It is more than necessary, and it seems to me your duty, to return without proceeding further."



This was admitted by the Pope, who knew nothing of the ambushade. And by ill-luck, just as the fugitives were coming back, and the good Chevalier at full speed was chasing them without staying to capture any one (for his courage did not reach so high,<sup>1</sup>), at the very moment of his arrival at San Felice, the Pope was just entering the castle. The latter on hearing the shouting was so alarmed, that headlong and without assistance he leapt out of his litter, and with his own hands helped to raise the bridge. And therein he acted as a man of good sense, for if he had delayed only the time required to say a Pater-noster, he would have been captured.

If any one was sorely vexed, it was the good Chevalier; for, although he knew the castle to be of little strength, and that it could be taken in a quarter of an hour, still he had not a single piece of artillery. Moreover, on the other side, he knew well that his presence would be immediately made known to the army at Mirandola, who would be able to bring him to shame.<sup>2</sup> So he set himself to return, after he had taken as many prisoners as he desired, including among others two bishops-errant,<sup>3</sup> and a large number of waggon-mules, which his soldiers led off. But no man returned so melancholy as he, for having missed so fair a prize, although it was not by his fault, since never was enterprise better or more skilfully conducted.

When he had met the Duke of Ferrara, the Lord of Montoisson and the rest of their company (whom he found about six miles from their bridge ready to receive and assist him, if need were), and had related to them his ill-fortune, they were exceeding sorry. Nevertheless they consoled him the best they could, representing to him that the fault did not come from him, and that never had man done better. And thus they led him home, continually cheering him with their conversation and consoling him by pointing to their prisoners; of whom, once on the road, they sent back the greater number on foot. The two bishops paid some light ransom, and then they returned.

The Pope remained in the castle of San Felice, where, from the fine fright he had undergone, he shook with fever the whole day long. And that night he sent a message to his nephew, the Duke of Urbino, who came to him with four hundred men-at-arms and convoyed him

<sup>1</sup> Ironical, as ecclesiastics could not defend themselves.

<sup>2</sup> That is, inflict on him the shame of a defeat.

<sup>3</sup> *Evêques portatifs*, that is, bishops *in partibus*, in low Latin, *portatiles*; because their sees being situate in pagan lands were easy to carry. M. de Terrebasse quotes from the farce of "Pathelin" the phrase *avocat portatif*, a briefless barrister.

to the place of his siege, where he stayed until Mirandola was taken.<sup>1</sup> Full three weeks he remained before the town, and never would have had it but for a mischance that came about; this was that it snowed for full six days and six nights without ceasing, so much that the snow in the camp was the height of a man. After the snow, the frost was so severe that the ditches of Mirandola were frozen more than two full feet thick, and a cannon which fell with its carriage from the brink above did not break the ice.

The artillery of the Pope had made two fine large breaches. Those within the town had no hope of any one coming from any quarter of



Buckler of the Sixteenth Century.

the world to raise the siege; for the Lord of Chaumont, Grand-master of France and Governor of Milan, with the rest of the army of the King his master, remained at Reggio, which he was toiling every day to fortify, fearing that, after the capture of Mirandola, the Pope would march thither. For the latter had a mighty force, inasmuch as the greater part of the army of the King of Spain was with him, and also that of the Venetians, who had now made alliance with him. So the Count Alexander and the Countess decided to surrender the town, if

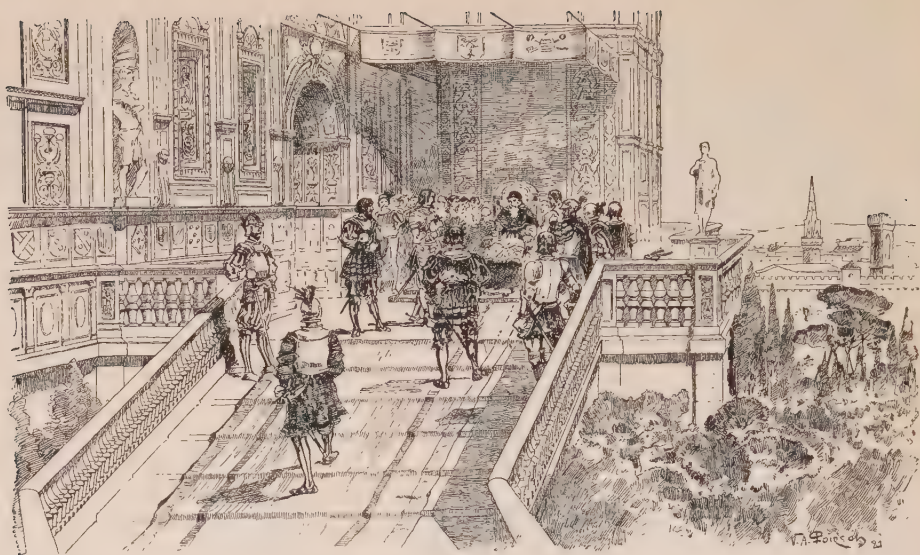
<sup>1</sup> M. de Terrebasse states on the authority of contemporaneous writings, that the Pontiff revenged himself for his scare by donning full armour and riding on horseback round his batteries, stirring up the ardour of his artillerymen.

all lives were spared: but the Pope was resolved to have them completely at his mercy.

Nevertheless terms were made by means of the Duke of Urbino, whose heart was always French, because the King of France, Louis XII., had brought him up in his youth; and without his intervention the Pope would not have been so merciful.

When the news of the capture of Mirandola became known to the camp of the Duke of Ferrara, all the company were exceedingly grieved thereat. The Duke expected that he would soon be besieged at Ferrara; so he took to pieces his bridge, and withdrew with his whole army into his town, resolving to defend it to the last day of his life.

The Pope did not condescend to make his entry into the town of Mirandola by the gate; he had a bridge built over the moat, by which he crossed and entered the place through one of the breaches. He remained there some days, taking counsel the while how by any means in the world he might injure the Duke of Ferrara.



Pope Julius II. holding his Council of War.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

How the Pope sent a body of seven or eight thousand men against a fortress of the Duke of Ferrara, named Bastida, and how they were defeated by the advice of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.



WHEN the Pope was in Mirandola, he called together one day his nephew and all the captains, both of horse and foot, and told them how he desired, without attempting anything further, to proceed to lay siege to Ferrara. He wished to have their advice therein, and as to the means by which the matter could be most surely carried through; for he knew the said town was exceedingly strong, and well-furnished with brave warriors and artillery, and that it would be very difficult, except by famine, for him to get the place without its costing him dearly. On this point (of provisions), however, he could bring them to reason, considering that he had the means to cut off their highway of the Po, so that from above Ferrara nothing could reach them, and they



should have no aid from below, as the Venetians also would carefully guard that part.

Each man gave his opinion in the matter, until the turn to speak came to a captain of the Seignorie of Venice, who was called Jean Fort; and he in his own tongue, addressing himself to the Pope, said: "Most Holy Father, I have heard the opinions of all the lords who are here in presence; and, to hear them, their conclusion is in accordance with your proposal, that by taking care that no provisions come into Ferrara by the Po, and that the place is besieged on the side of the island, in a few days it will be starved. Now I know the country; and the part belonging to the Duke of Ferrara is of great extent and rich. From Argenta will supplies be able to come to him, and in abundance; but against that we could easily provide. On the other side there lies a country called the Polesine of St. George, which is so full of resources that, although nought besides should come to Ferrara, it is enough to maintain the town for a year. And it is very difficult to prevent them from drawing any thence, unless you capture a fortress distant twenty-five miles from the said Ferrara, which is called Bastida. But if that were taken, I would have the town starved in two months, because of the great number of persons within it."

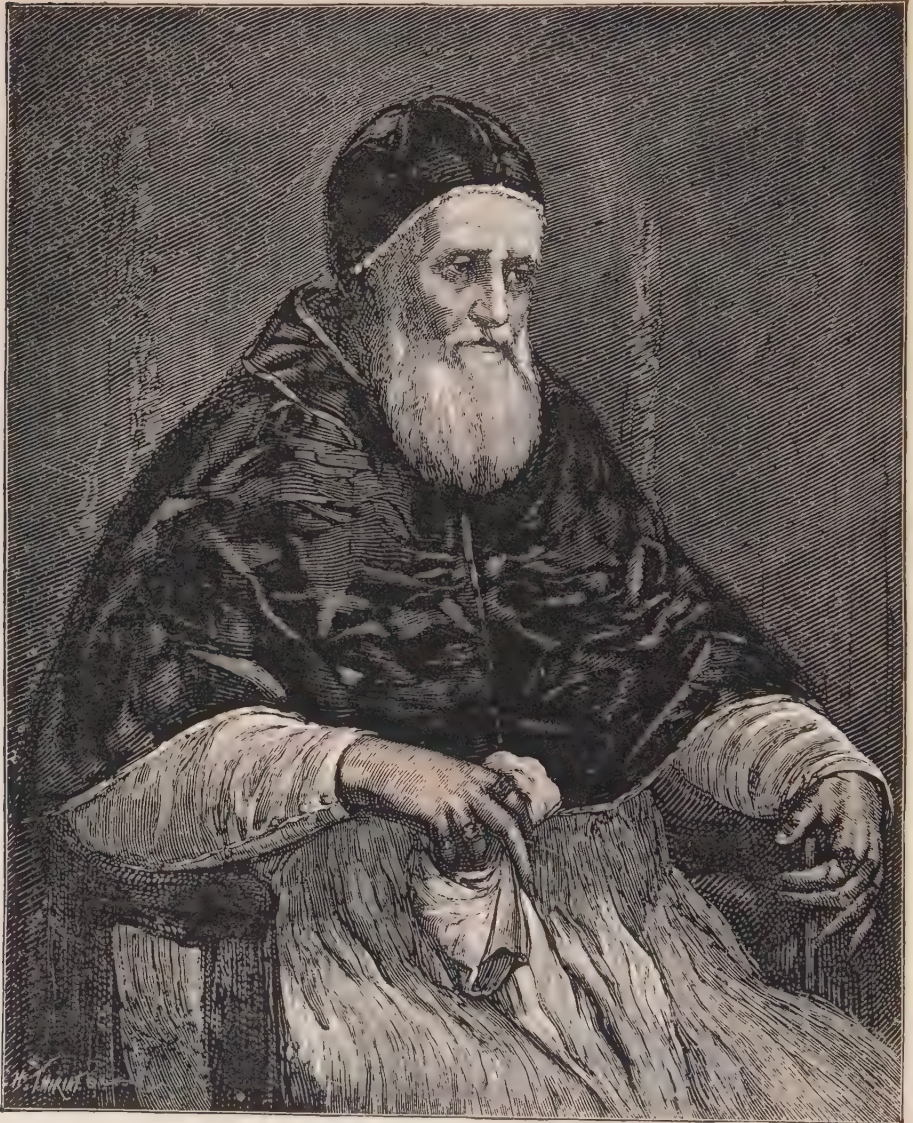
Hardly had the Captain Jean Fort finished his speech, when the Pope exclaimed, "Quick, then! we must have this place. I shall never be at my ease until it is taken."

Two Spanish captains with two hundred men-at-arms, this Captain Jean Fort with five hundred light-horse, and five or six thousand footmen, were appointed to carry out this enterprise, accompanied by six pieces of large artillery. When they were assembled they took the road, and marched without meeting opposition until they came before the fortress.

When the captain who had it in keeping saw so great a force, he was dismayed, and not without cause; for at the moment he was not very well supplied with soldiers. Still he resolved to do his duty, and to send word to the Duke, his master, of his distress. The Pope's men made no delay save, after pitching their camp, to plant the artillery, which then began to batter the place with vigour.

The captain had secretly dispatched a man, by whom he sent word to the Duke of his need, and that, if he were not succoured within four-and-twenty hours, he saw he would be in evil case, because he had not with him men enough to resist the power opposed to him.

The messenger shewed extreme diligence, and arrived at Ferrara about mid-day; thus he was not six hours on the way.



Portrait of Pope Julius II., after Raphael.

The good Chevalier had gone to the games at one of the gates; by this same gate the messenger entered; he was asked to whom he belonged, and then brought before the good Chevalier, who demanded

of him whence he came; the other answered boldly, "My lord, I come from Bastida, which is besieged by seven or eight thousand men; and the captain sends me to tell the Duke that if he is not succoured he will not be able to hold the place through the whole of to-morrow, at least if they deliver an assault."

"How, my friend! is the castle so weak?"

"No," said the messenger; "it is one of the strong places of Italy; but there are only five-and-twenty fighting-men in it, which is not enough to defend it against the power of the enemy."

"Come then, my friend; I will take you to the Duke."

The Duke and the Lord of Montoisson happened to be on their mules in the square of the town, discussing matters. They saw the good Chevalier approach leading this man, and imagined that it was a spy. So the Lord of Montoisson addressed the good Chevalier and said, "My comrade, you would rather be dead than pass a day without some blows with our enemies. How much is this prisoner to pay you for his ransom?"

"On my faith!" said the good Chevalier, "he is one of our men, and brings us strange news, as he will tell my lord."

Then the Duke questioned him, and afterwards looked at the letters, which the captain of Bastida had written to him. As he read them every one saw him turn pale and change colour; and, when he had finished reading, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "If I lose Bastida, I may indeed abandon Ferrara, and I see not well the means by which it can be relieved within the period that the captain mentions. For he demands succour within to-morrow by the close of day, and it is impossible."

"Why?" answered the Lord of Montoisson.

"Because," said the Duke, "it is twenty-five miles from here to there. Moreover in this weather you have to travel by a road, where, for the space of half-a-mile you must go in single file. And there is another thing, namely, that if our enemies were informed of a certain narrow passage there is, twenty men would prevent ten thousand from passing; but I believe they do not know of it."

When the good Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche* saw the Duke so perplexed, and not without cause, he said, "My lord, when it is question of a paltry matter, ill-fortune is easy to endure; but when it concerns a man's destruction, he ought to provide against it by all the means in his power. The enemy are before Bastida, and imagine themselves secure, because, relying on the presence here of the main



army of the Pope, they think we shall not dare to leave this town to march and raise the siege. I have conceived a plan which will be very easy to execute, and which, if ill-luck is not too much against us, will lead us to honour.

"You have in this town four or five thousand foot soldiers, brave companions, and men as inured to war as possible. Let us take two thousand of them, with the eight hundred Swiss of the Captain Jacob, and at nightfall make them embark in boats on the water. You are still master of the Po as far as Argenta. They will go and await us at that passage of which you speak. If they are the first there, they will occupy it, and the gendarmerie in this town will march by land all the night. We shall have good guides, and will travel so that we shall be on the spot at break of day, and thus we shall join the two forces. Our enemies will never suspect this enterprise. From the passage you mention it is but three miles, or still less, right up to Bastida. Before they are arranged in order of battle, we will deliver the attack vigorously, and my heart tells me we shall defeat them."

If anyone had given the Duke a hundred thousand crowns, he would not have been more pleased. He answered with a smile, "By my faith, my Lord of Bayard, to you there is nothing impossible. But I promise you, on my honour, that if my lords here think well of my opinion, I make no doubt that we shall treat our enemies as you say. And for my part, I pray their consent to the best of my power."

Then he raised his cap from his head. The Lord of Montoisson, a bold and virtuous captain, answered, "My lord, we have no need of prayer in your concerns;<sup>1</sup> we will do all that you command, for so are we bidden by the King our master."

To the same effect spoke the Lord du Lude, and the Captain Font-railles, well resolved to do their duty. They sent for the captains of foot, to whom they explained the matter, which seemed to their minds to lead to paradise.<sup>2</sup> The Duke caused a number of boats to be made ready in secret, without any noise, for there were some inhabitants of his town who were very strong Papalists. In the evening, when the boats were ready, the foot-soldiers embarked therein, together with skilled and trusty boatmen. The horsemen, with whom was the Duke in person, set forth at nightfall. They had good guides, and wretched though the weather was, they were safely conducted. Fortune so

<sup>1</sup> "Nous n'avons métier de prière en votre endroit."

<sup>2</sup> Qui (l'affaire) leur fut avis être en paradis; seemed to promise a happy termination.





ALPHONSO D'ESTE, DUKE OF FERRARA.  
From a Print of the Sixteenth Century.



favoured them, that half-an-hour before day the said horsemen arrived at the narrow passage, where they found no impediment, whereat they were right well pleased. And there was not a rest of half-an-hour before the barges which brought the foot-soldiers arrived.

They disembarked and then marched at a quick pace straight for this bad passage, which was a small bridge that only one man-at-arms could cross at a time, and which stretched over a very deep channel between the Po and Bastida. They took a full hour in passing it, so that clear daylight arrived, at which the Duke was annoyed. And as he heard no firing of artillery, he feared his fortress was taken. But just as he was speaking thereof to the French captains, he caught sound of three cannon-shots, all close together, whereat he and his fair and noble company rejoiced exceedingly.

It was not more than a mile to the enemy.

Then the good Chevalier began with these words: "My lords, I have always heard tell that he is a fool who does not value his adversary. We are nigh to ours; they are three against one. If they knew of our enterprise, without any mistake we should have some trouble, and no slight amount, for they possess artillery and we have none. Moreover, I have heard that the force before Bastida is all the flower of the Pope's army. We must catch them in such disorder as can be contrived.

"I am of opinion that the Bastard Du Fay, my standard-bearer, who is a man knowing in such matters, should go and raise the alarm on the side from which the enemy approached, taking with him fifteen or twenty horse. And the Captain Pierrepont shall be an arrow's flight off, with a hundred men-at-arms to afford him escort, if he is repulsed; we will give him, too, the Captain Jacob Zemberg, with his Swiss. You, my lord," said he to the Duke, "my Lord of Montoison, the lords my companions and myself, we will advance to the siege, whither I will go before to make an alarm. If the alarm of the Bastard Du Fay is the first raised, and if the enemy all march in that direction, we shall shut them in between him and us. While if ours is the first raised, the Captain Pierrepont and his band of Swiss will do the like on their side. That will surprise them so that they will not know what to do; for they will think us three times a greater number than we are. . . . And above all, let every trumpet sound for the attack."

No plan was deemed better; for all who read this history must know that the good Chevalier was a veritable register of battles,

wherefore, on account of his great experience, everyone assented to his proposal.

But let us come to the point. The two bands moved away; the one went by the road by which the enemy had come, as it had been commanded, while the others went straight to the castle, which they approached without being at all perceived, to within half a cannon-shot.<sup>1</sup>

The Bastard Du Fay raised a fierce and hot alarm, which wonderfully astonished the men in the camp. Nevertheless they began to arm themselves, and to get to horse, and ride straight in the direction of the said alarm. Meanwhile their foot soldiers were getting into battle order, and if they had once been drawn up all together, the contest would have been destructive and full of peril to the Ferrarese, because of the vast number of their foes. But two misfortunes befell the enemy all at once; this was, that when those troops who were driving back the Bastard Du Fay were two hundred paces distant, they encountered the Captain Pierrepont, who checked them right well, and set upon them fiercely. The Swiss then began to advance, and they found the enemy's foot already in battle array and in great number, as many as from five to six thousand. Wherefore the said Swiss were severely repulsed, and would have been routed, had not the gendarmerie come to their assistance by charging the enemy from the flanks.

In the meanwhile the Duke, the Lords of Montoisson, du Lude, of Fontrailles, and the good Chevalier, came up with their horsemen and their two thousand foot; and these proceeded to hurl themselves upon the said enemy from the rear in such sort that every man was thrown to the ground.

The Captain Fontrailles and the good Chevalier perceived a troop of horsemen, in number from three to four hundred, who were trying to rally together, so they called to their companies and turned in this direction, and shouting, "France! France! the Duke! the Duke!" charged them in such fashion that the greater part fell to earth.

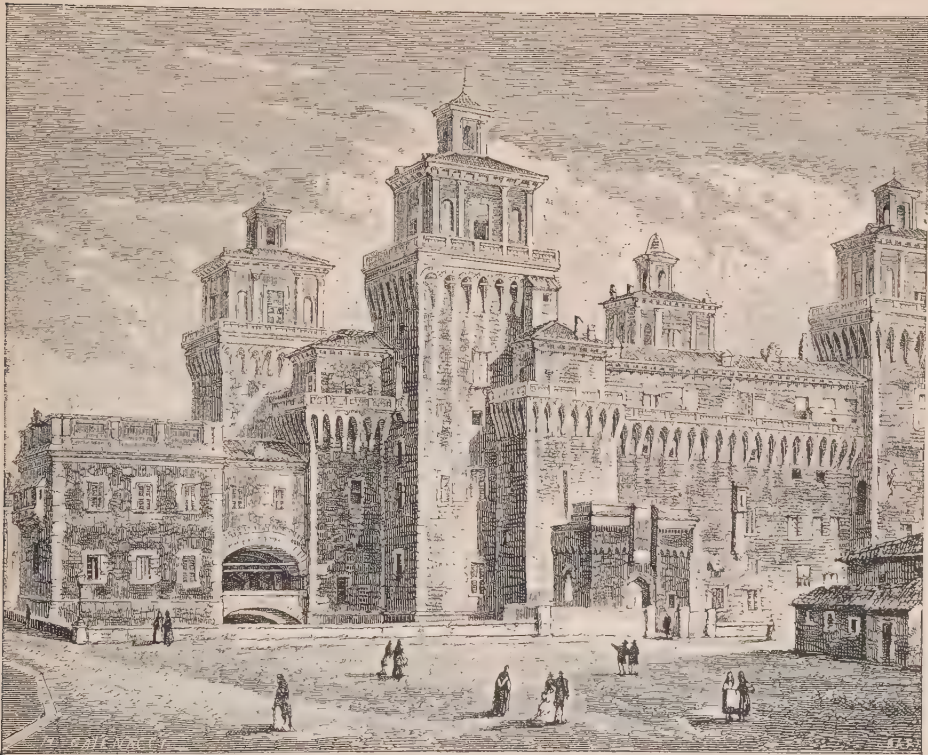
The said enemy fought for a good hour, but at last they lost their camp, and all who could flee did so, but these were not many. The Duke and the French made terrible slaughter on that day, for there died more than four or five thousand foot, and more than sixty men-at-arms, while more than three hundred horses were captured, together with all the baggage and artillery, so that there was not a soldier who had not great trouble to carry his booty.

<sup>1</sup> De la portée d'un canon en butte.



I know not how the chroniclers and historians have in other places spoken of this glorious battle of Bastida, but for a hundred years before there had not been one better fought or at greater risk. Nevertheless it was necessary to venture it, or the Duke and the French had been lost.

So the latter returned in pride and triumph to the town, where every man gave them praise beyond measure.

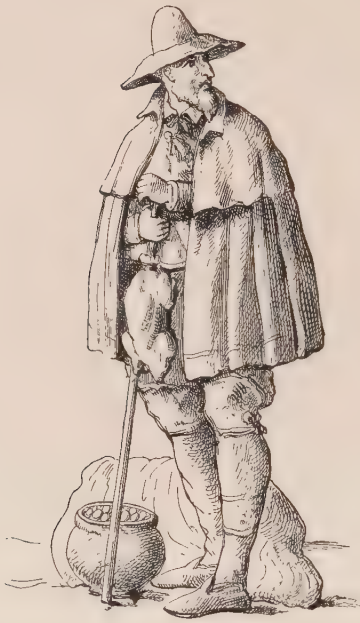


The Castle of Ferrara.

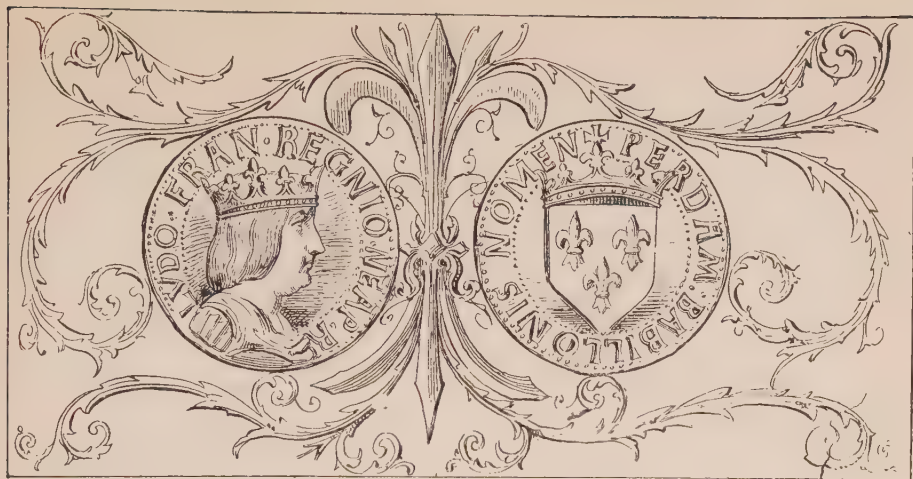
Above all persons, the good Duchess, who was a pearl in this world, gave them a particular reception, and every day held banquets and feasts in their honour, after the fashion of Italy, with marvellous splendour.

I make bold to say, that in her days and long before, there was not to be found a more glorious princess, for she was fair, good, sweet, and courteous to all men. She spoke Spanish, Greek, Italian, and French,

and a little very good Latin, and she composed in all these tongues. And nothing is so certain as that, although her husband was a wise and brave prince, the said lady by her sweet grace hath been the cause of his good and great services.



Lombard Peasant.



Medal struck by Louis XII. during the War against Julius II.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Of the death of the Lord of Montoisson, and of the many stratagems devised by Pope Julius and the Duke of Ferrara against each other, wherein the good Chevalier showed his virtue.



**A**FTER this gallant fight of Bastida, the noble Lord of Montoisson lived but a short time, for a continual fever laid hold of him and never left him until death. This was a great calamity, and France suffered grievous loss thereby. During his life he had been one of the most accomplished gentlemen to be met with, and had done some gallant deeds, as well in Picardy, Britany, and Naples, as in Lombardy. He was a perfect merlin, watching without ceasing, and, when he was at the wars, for ever in the saddle. Wherefore at the time of his decease he was much broken and worn; but so uprightly and gaily he held himself, that he seemed to be a man of thirty.

At his sad loss the Duke and Duchess of Ferrara, the good Chevalier, and all the other French captains grieved exceedingly; but it is a thing one cannot remedy.

The Pope was still at Mirandola when he heard the news con-

cerning Bastida and the defeat of his men. He felt heart-broken, and swore to God that he would take his revenge for it, and to that end would not wait a moment before laying siege to Ferrara, concerning which design he forthwith sought counsel. But the captains and warriors that he had with him, and likewise the Duke of Urbino, his nephew (who would willingly have had the King of France and himself at friends), dissuaded him all they could, representing to him that Ferrara, well provided as it was, and with such captains (including the good Chevalier, to whom none was comparable), would not be easily taken, and that if his army should occupy the island with the view to besiege the town, supplies would be brought into camp only with great difficulty.

This advice the Pope did not approve; for a hundred times a day he was saying, "Ferrara, Ferrara! *t'avro, al corpo di Dio!* By God's body, I will have thee!"

He bethought him of another plan, and set his mind to win over some gentlemen of the town, by whose means he might take the place, for, one night, they might betray a gate to him by which his men could enter. So he sent several spies to the town, who were commissioned to speak with certain gentlemen. But the Duke and the good Chevalier had such close watch kept, that not one came in who was not seized, and six or seven of them were hanged; nevertheless, the Duke was suspicious of some gentlemen in this town, and he had them made prisoners, perhaps without reason. Among these was the Count Borso Calcagnini, who had lodged in his house the good Chevalier. The latter was annoyed at his host's detention, but inasmuch as matters were exceedingly doubtful, he was not willing to interfere except in season.

When the Pope saw that he would not come to his end by this means, he conceived a dreadful scheme; for in order to avenge himself on the French, he applied his mind to seducing the Duke of Ferrara.

He had in his service a gentleman of Lodi, in the duchy of Milan, who was called Messer Agostino Gherlo, but he was wont to change his name. He was a great intriguer and treason-monger, whereby evil came upon him at last, for the Lord of Aubigny had him executed in Brescia, when he sought to betray him.

One day this Messer Agostino was summoned before the Pope, who said to him: "Come hither; you must do me a service. You shall go to Ferrara to the Duke; you will say to him that if he will dismiss the French and remain my ally, I will give him one of my nieces for his



eldest son; I will hold him quit of all our differences; and further, I will make him gonfalonier and captain-general of the Church. He need do nothing except to tell the French that he has no further need of them, and they may withdraw. I am confident that they will not be able to get to any spot in the world where I cannot have them at my mercy. And not one shall escape."

This envoy, who demanded no better commissions, said he would transact the business well, and he proceeded to Ferrara straightway, to address himself to the Duke, who was a wise and subtle prince, and who heard the worthy very patiently, pretending that he listened with pleasure to the Pope's message. But he would rather have died a hundred thousand deaths, for his heart was far too noble and honourable. Indeed, he showed these qualities in this, that, after having ordered Messer Agostino to be well entertained, and having him shut up in a chamber in his palace, of which he took the key, he went with one gentleman alone to the quarters of the good Chevalier, to whom he related the whole matter, point by point; whereupon the good Chevalier crossed himself several times, and refused to believe that the Pope had so base a desire to accomplish what he had proposed.

But the Duke told him there was nothing so true, and that if he wished, he would place him in a closet in his palace, where he could hear all the statements the worthy had made to him. Still, he, the Duke, knew that this was no lie, by the very tokens the messenger had given him; but he would rather be torn to pieces alive by four horses than have even thought of consenting to so dastardly a crime; and he pointed out how much he was beholden to the house of France, and how in his great need the King had so nobly aided him.

The good Chevalier said: "My lord, there is no need to excuse yourself of that; I know you well enough. On my soul! I hold myself and my companions to be as safe in this your town, as if we were in Paris; and I have no fear, with God's help, that any misfortune can befall us, at least with your consent."

"My Lord of Bayard," said the Duke, "suppose we attempt something. The Pope seeks to practise malice in this matter; we must repay him the like. I am about to speak further with his man, and I will see if I cannot gain him over and seduce him to my side, so that he may do us some good turn."

"That is well said," answered the good Chevalier.

So, their talk ended, the Duke returned to his palace, straight to the chamber where he had left Messer Agostino Gherlo; and he began a

long way from his object, talking to him of many matters, and in many fashions, in order to come to his point (which he knew right well how to bring into play, when the time came, as you will hear), saying to him : "Messer Agostino, I have thought all this morning of the design the Pope suggests to me, wherein I can find no foundation nor safe method, for two reasons : the one, that I ought never to trust him, for ever so many times he has said that, if he held me in his power, he would have me put to death, and that I was the living man he most hated. Further, I know well there is nothing in this world he doth so much desire as the possession of this town and my other estates. Wherefore I see no arrangement by which I can have warranty of him. The other reason is, that, if I told the Lord of Bayard now, that I have no further need of him or of his companions, what could he think ? He is as strong again in the town as I am. Perchance he will answer me, that he will readily forward my request to the King of France, his master, or to my lord the Grand-Master, his Lieutenant-General on this side the mountains, who sent him here, and according to their answer he will see what he shall have to do."

"In the meanwhile it will be extremely difficult to prevent them from knowing what I am about. In which case, as would be reasonable, they would abandon me as a villain, and I should remain between two stools ; for which I have no desire. But, Messer Agostino, the Pope is of a terrible disposition, as you know well enough, passionate and vindictive in the extreme. And whatever matters he may impart to you of his secret affairs, one of these mornings, he will have you played some ill turn, believe me. Besides, if he dies, what will happen to his servants ? Another Pope will arise who will not keep one of them. It is indeed an evil service for a person who hath no desire to join the Church. You know that I have possessions and in plenty, thank our Lord. If you are willing to do me some good service and assist me to rid myself of my enemy, I will give you so fine a present, and allot you such a property that all your life you will be in easy circumstances. And of that you may be confidently assured."

When the cowardly, base, and greedy scamp had heard the Duke speak, his heart changed immediately ; and almost gained over, he answered : "Upon my soul, my lord, you speak truth ; moreover, for more than six years have I had the desire to be in your service. I am prepared to assure you truly that there is not a man about the person of the Pope who can do that which you ask better than myself ; for night and day I am close to him. And very often he will take his

collation<sup>1</sup> from my hand, so that we two are alone when he talks with me of his dealings. If you will treat me well, before eight days are passed, he shall not be living. And I ask for nothing, until I have done what I promise you. So too, my lord, I have no wish to be scouted afterwards."

"No, no! upon my honour!" said the Duke.

Before departing thence they agreed upon terms, which were that the Duke should give him two thousand ducats in money, and five hundred ducats in property. That done, Messer Agostino was henceforth well treated, in that the Duke left him in his chamber, while he himself returned to the good Chevalier, who had gone to divert himself on the ramparts of the town, and was amusing himself by having an embrasure cleaned out.

He saw the Duke coming, and went to meet him, and they grasped hands. And as they strolled upon the ramparts apart from every one, the Duke began to say: "My Lord of Bayard, never was it otherwise than that deceivers are in the end deceived. You remember the iniquity which the Pope has desired me to undertake against you and the French who are here. And for this purpose he has sent a man to me, as you know. Now I have so fully gained over the latter and changed his design that he will do unto the Pope that which he was ready to do unto you; for within eight days at the latest, he has assured me the Pope shall not be alive."

The good Chevalier, who would never have thought of the truth, answered: "How so, my lord? Has he then spoken with God?"

"Do not trouble yourself," said the Duke, "but it will be so."

Thus they proceeded from point to point of the story, until the Duke told him that Messer Agostino had promised him to poison the Pope.

At which words the good Chevalier crossed himself more than ten times, and with his eyes on the Duke, said to him: "Ah! my lord, I would never believe that so noble a prince as you hath consented to so gross a treason, and if I should know it to be true, I swear to you by my soul that, before nightfall, I would inform the Pope thereof, for I believe that God would never pardon so horrible a crime."

"How so!" replied the Duke, "he has been quite ready to do as much by you or by me; and do you know that already we have had seven or eight spies hanged?"

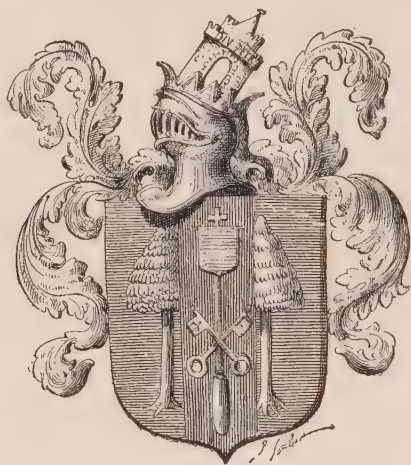
"It matters not to me," said the good Chevalier; "he is the

<sup>1</sup> That is, the light meal between dinner and supper.

lieutenant of God on earth, and to make him die in such a way, never would I consent to it."

The Duke shrugged his shoulders, and, spitting on the ground, said these words: "God's body! my Lord of Bayard, I could wish to have killed all my enemies by this means. But since you do not think well of it, the matter shall rest, although, if God give no relief, you and I will repent it."

"We will so do, if it please God," quoth the good Chevalier; "but I pray you, my lord, give me the worthy who would contrive this fine master-piece, and if I do not have him hanged within an hour, may I be so in his place!"



Arms of the Duke of Urbino.

"No, my Lord of Bayard," the Duke answered; "I have assured him of his person, but I intend to send him back again."

And so he did, as soon as he had returned to his palace.

I know not what the man did nor what he said, when he came before the Pope; but he succeeded in none of his undertakings. Thus he remained always about the person of the Pope, who was sore vexed that he could find no means to get the better of his affairs.

He stayed for some time longer at Mirandola and in the neighbourhood; then he retired to Bologna, and quartered his army in garrisons around Modena. About this season, the Duke of Urbino, his nephew, who had always been a good Frenchman, and who was mightily displeased at the war, which the Pope had declared against the King of France, killed the Cardinal of Pavia, Legate at Bologna, who governed



the Pope entirely ; the latter was very greatly angered at his death, but he was forced to abate his resentment.

The occasion of this crime was that it was reported to the said Duke of Urbino that the Cardinal of Pavia had said to the Pope that the Duke was more a servant of the French than of him, and that every day he gave them information concerning his government. That may well have helped thereto, but the chief cause was that this Cardinal of Pavia had been the first who had advised the Pope to begin the war. He was paid for it in ill coin.

I will leave this tale and will tell of all that took place during two years in Italy.



Passage of the Piave by the French Army.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Concerning many events which took place in Italy during two years.



**U**NASMUCH as this history is chiefly founded on the virtues and deeds of prowess of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, I will leave many events to unravel themselves, because they are not required to be set forth herein. Nevertheless I will relate generally that which took place in Italy during two years, even up to the death of the good Lord of Chaumont, Governor of Milan, to which government succeeded the noble Duke of Nemours, Gaston de Foix.

The Emperor again demanded assistance of the King of France for the conquest of Friuli, which the Venetians held. This is a very fair and excellent country, and thereby entrance is made into Germany in two or three places and also from one end into Slavonia. His request was granted, and the said lord wrote to his lieutenant-general, the said Lord of Chaumont, to send the Lord of La Palisse to the said country

of Friuli, accompanied by two hundred men-at-arms and eight thousand footmen; and this was done. So he went there with a great number of noble captains, both of horse and foot. You may believe he did not leave behind the good Chevalier, his perfect friend.

They found the army of the Emperor at Verona, and marched with it. At that time, and in this same army, there was a lieutenant of the Emperor, a German gentleman, who was named Messer George of Lichtenstein. They marched forward boldly, and went to besiege Treviso; but they did nothing there; moreover, in the approaches was killed a gallant gentleman, the Lord of Lorges, who was then lieutenant of Captain Bonnet, who commanded a thousand foot-soldiers. In his place his young brother was chosen, who has since done some gallant deeds. From that town they journeyed as far as the bank of a river called the Piave, which divideth Friuli from the district of Treviso, and a bridge was made over it on boats. The good Chevalier and the Captain Fontrailles passed to the further side with their troops.

Now for a short time past, the good Chevalier had held under his charge a hundred men-at-arms, whom the King of France had presented to the noble Duke of Lorraine, on condition that the good Chevalier should lead them as his lieutenant. And indeed the good prince asked nothing more, for in all the world he could not have found a better leader.

Thus these two valiant captains, with some Germans, came before Grandisca and also before Gorizzia, which lie on the confines of Slavonia; the Venetians, however, possessed them. These places were taken, and put into the hands of the Emperor. Then they returned to the camp, where they found the Lord of La Palisse who had remained for a long time without doing anything important, by reason of the evil behaviour of the Emperor's men.

Never did poor soldiers suffer so much misfortune, for they were six days together without eating bread or drinking wine. And other wants enough they had on this unlucky campaign, so that the King of France lost therein more than four thousand foot-soldiers by sickness and mischance, and more than a hundred men-at-arms. Among others there were about two thousand five hundred Grisons there, who, when bread failed them, ate a quantity of grapes, for this was the month of September. Dysentery seized them, so that they died a hundred a day. And it was a very strange thing that, out of two thousand five hundred men, when they came back to their own country, there were but two. The one made the captain, and the other bore the ensign carried

by serjeants of companies to order their men ; they remained at Friuli.

In short, of all the men that the Lord of La Palisse had brought with him, he could not have sent into the field in good health, three hundred mounted men-at-arms, nor three thousand foot. When he saw this misfortune, he desired to withdraw ; but the Emperor's people did not approve thereof, and there were high words between them. Nevertheless, he went as far as a place called St. Boniface. This is the village where in the preceding year the Venetians had held their camp so long.

There they sojourned some short time, during which the Lord du Ru, a Burgundian, while he was on his way to visit a castle which the



Lansquenet Marauding.

Emperor had given him, was captured by some Albanians belonging to the Seigniorie of Venice. It was said that the Lord Mercurio, who was likewise in the service of the said Emperor, had given him this fall, because he was striving for the place like the other. I do but relate that thus it happened therein.

The Lord Jean-Jacques, during these two years, with the army of the King of France, reconquered Mirandola, and drove back the army of the Pope as far as Bologna, before which town it was defeated without taking sword in hand. The Pope even thought to be captured therein. Never was seen so great a disaster for the army, for all their baggage was left there, artillery, tents, and pavilions. And there was many a Frenchman who alone brought in as prisoners five or six of the Pope's men-at-arms. Among others a man with a wooden leg, named La



Baume, had three tied together. It was a terrible defeat and gallantly executed. The good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche gained surpassing honour that day, for he led the first skirmishers. And the Lord Jean-Jacques paid him this tribute on the evening of the defeat, during supper, to say that, after God, the Lord of Bayard ought to have the honour of the victory. Now there were many valiant captains present when he uttered these words, who were men of such wisdom and virtue that he would not have spoken them if there had not been great reason for it.

On the return of the French, the noble Duke of Nemours visited the Duke and Duchess of Ferrara, who received him with great joy. Many banquets were given in his honour according to the custom of the country, for the noble Duchess was passing well acquainted with the fashion thereof. While he was there, a combat took place between two Spaniards, which I will now relate.



"Yield, Santa-Cruz, or you die."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

How two Spaniards fought to the death in the town of Ferrara. How, the good Lord of Chaumont having died, the noble Duke of Nemours took the command of the army. How a famous astrologer was consulted, and concerning an adventure of the Captain Jacquin.



ON the very day that this noble Duke of Nemours arrived at Ferrara, the Baron of Béarn said to him that, if he pleased, he could have the diversion to witness a mortal combat between two Spaniards, of whom the one called himself the Captain Santa-Cruz, and had been Colonel of the footmen of the Pope, while the other was named the Captain Avezedo, who had also held some command of the said footmen. The cause of their combat was that the said Avezedo declared that the Captain Santa-Cruz had sought to kill him basely and by treachery, and that therefore he would fight him. The other answered that it was a lie, and he was ready to defend himself. Wherefore the said Avezedo had come to Ferrara to present himself to the Duke of Nemours, in

order to beg the latter to grant him the lists,<sup>1</sup> which he did, after the Baron of Béarn had informed him of the matter.

So Avezedo, well pleased to be assured of a meeting, incontinently sent word thereof to his enemy Santa-Cruz, who made no long delay. While his coming was awaited, the lists were raised before the palace; and after the arrival of Santa-Cruz, who came well attended (for he had a company of full a hundred horse, among whom the most important man, and he who had been chosen to be his second, was Don Pedro d'Acunha, a Knight of Rhodes and Prior of Messina, and beside him, Don Francis of Beaumont, who shortly before had left the service of the King of France, and others), for two days Santa-Cruz was busy making ready his arms. Then upon a Tuesday, about an hour after noon, they entered the lists.

First came in the challenger, that is Avezedo, with the Lord Federigo de Bozzolo, of the house of Gonzagues, whom he had chosen for his second. As yet he knew not how his adversary was prepared, nor with what weapons he desired to fight. Nevertheless, as a well-advised knight, he was furnished with all he needed as a man-at-arms, as a light horseman, and on foot,<sup>2</sup> in all ways in which he could imagine a man would fight.

Shortly after his entry, the Prior of Messina comes towards him, bearing two steel caps,<sup>3</sup> two fine-edged rapiers, and two poniards, and these he presented to the Lord Avezedo for him to choose therefrom. He took that which he needed; and this done, Santa-Cruz entered the lists. Then they both fell on their knees to make their prayers to God.

After this, they were felt over by the seconds, to make sure they had no armour under their clothes.

That done, every man left the lists, so that there remained no one save the two combatants, their two seconds, and the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, who, at the instance of the Duke of Ferrara, and to do him the greater honour (and also because there was no man in the world of better understanding in such matters), was appointed master and warden of the lists.

Then the herald began to raise his cry, such as it is the custom to do in such cases: that no man should make any sign, or spit, or

<sup>1</sup> Afin de lui faire donner le camp.

<sup>2</sup> En homme d'armes, à la genette et à pied. That is, prepared to fight in any way the defender, who had the choice of arms, might prefer.

<sup>3</sup> Secrètes.

cough, or do aught else by which either of the said combatants might receive warning.

That done, the adversaries advanced against each other. Avezedo took his rapier in his right hand, and in the other his poniard. But Santa-Cruz kept his dagger in its sheath and only grasped his rapier. Now you can imagine that the fight was indeed deadly, for they had no armour on them to protect them.

Right warily they dealt a number of blows, and each man possessed firm foot and a quick eye; and good need he had of them. Now, after many passes, Santa-Cruz made a dangerous thrust, straight at the face, which Avezedo skilfully warded with his rapier. Then, as the latter came down again, with his sword he slashed Santa-Cruz all the length of his thigh right down to the bone, and straightway the blood spouted forth in great quantity.

Nevertheless, Santa-Cruz endeavoured to step forward to avenge himself, but he fell. Then Avezedo, seeing him on the ground, full of joy approached his enemy, and said to him in his own language: "Yield thee, Santa-Cruz, or I will slay thee!"

The other, however, answered nothing; but sat up, grasping his sword in his hand, and proclaiming his resolution to die rather than surrender.

Then Avezedo said to him, "Stand up then, Santa-Cruz; I will never strike you in this position."

Thereupon he became reckless as a man in despair. With the high courage he possessed, he raised himself and made two steps forward, hoping to pierce his man, who recoiled a little, beating down his blow. Santa-Cruz fell for the second time, almost with face to earth; and Avezedo had his sword raised to cut off his head, as he could easily have done had he wished, but he held his blow.

For all that, Santa-Cruz refused to yield.

The Duchess of Ferrara, with whom was the noble Duke of Nemours, with clasped hands prayed the latter to cause them to be parted.<sup>1</sup> He answered: "Madam, I would willingly do so for my love of you; but honestly I cannot nor ought to make prayer to the victor against reason."

Santa-Cruz was losing all his blood, and if he had remained there

<sup>1</sup> This prayer, like many other passages of this history, falsifies the reputation for cruelty which romantic literature has created for Lucretia Borgia, for this Duchess of Ferrara was she. The Duke of Nemours used to wear a scarf of her colours, as a mark of his admiration.





LUCRETIA BORGIA, DUCHESS OF FERRARA

After Guercino.



a little longer he would have been dead, past all cure. Wherefore the Prior of Messina, who was his second, came to the Captain Avezedo, and said to him: "Lord Avezedo, I know well the courage of the Captain Santa-Cruz, that he would die rather than give in. But, seeing that he has no power in the matter, I surrender on his behalf."

Thus Avezedo remained victorious; so he threw himself upon his knees and very humbly thanked our Lord.

Forthwith a surgeon came, who staunched the wound of Santa-Cruz, and his men took him in their arms and carried him out of the lists, together with his weapons; Avezedo sent to demand these, but they would not give them up. So he came and complained to the Duke of Ferrara, who told the matter to the good Chevalier, and the latter had the commission to go and say to Santa-Cruz, that if he would not surrender his arms as a defeated man, the Duke would cause him to be carried back to the lists, where his wound should be unsewn, and he should be placed in the state in which his enemy had left him when his second had surrendered on his behalf. When he saw that compulsion was put upon him, he delivered his arms to the good Chevalier, who, as the law allowed it, gave them to the Lord Avezedo; and the latter, with trumpets and clarions, was conducted to the abode of the Lord Duke of Nemours. There he was treated with great honour, but afterwards he made the French an evil return, which was gross baseness on his part.

A short time before this there had been another combat at Parma, between two Spaniards; the one named the Lord Peralte, who had formerly been in the service of the King of France, and who was killed by a falcon-shot at the camp of La Fosse during the time when the Lord Jean-Jacques was driving back the army of the Pope. The other was the Captain Aldano.

Their combat was on horseback, after the fashion of light cavalry, the arms being rapier, poniard, and three javelins apiece in the hand, and a buckler. The second of Peralte was a Spaniard, and the noble Captain Molart was the second of Aldano. It had snowed so much that their meeting took place in the square of Parma, where they had the snow banked up, and there were no other barriers save the snow.

Each of the combatants right well performed his devoir; and in the end the Lord of Chaumont, who had appointed the lists, made them depart with equal honour to both.

The Venetians at this time came and laid siege to Verona, where was the Lord du Plessis on behalf of the King of France, who held the



place in pledge for certain moneys he had lent to the Emperor. However, they achieved nothing, and the Lord of Chaumont, governor of Milan, marched and raised the siege. The army of the Pope and the Spanish also came and besieged Bologna, but that siege was raised in like manner, and the enemy retired into the Romagna.

Some time afterwards, at a place called Correggio, the good Lord of Chaumont passed from life to death, that noble knight, who, for the space of ten or twelve years, had so safely guarded Lombardy for his master the King of France.

He was in his lifetime a wise, virtuous, and prudent lord, of great vigilance, and fully understanding his duties. Death seized him somewhat early, for, at the time of his decease, he was but thirty-eight years of age, and he was not twenty-five when he was given the government of the Duchy of Milan. May God of His grace grant him pardon, for he was an honest man all his life!<sup>1</sup>

Shortly afterwards, the King of France sent into Italy the Lord of Longueville, his Lieutenant-General, who took a new oath of fealty from all those who held the towns and strong places of the Duchy of Milan, to the King his master and his eldest daughter the Lady Claude of France. He stayed there some days and then returned; and after that there was but brief delay before the noble Duke of Nemours was made Lieutenant-General in like manner as the said late Lord of Chaumont had been. He remained not long in this dignity, for death seized him, which was a great loss to all nobility.

Near the end of the year 1511, towards Christmas, a large body of Swiss made an incursion, and were opposed by the said Duke of Nemours and a certain number of men. But he was not in sufficient power to meet them in the field, because the greater part of his soldiers were in threatened garrisons, such as Verona, Bologna, and others.

Every day skirmishes took place. Nevertheless the French were driven back within Milan, and the same day the Lord of Conti, captain of a hundred men-at-arms, made a foray, in which he did not get the better, for he lost eight or ten men-at-arms, and was himself severely wounded, so much so that when carried into the town of Milan he died.

The next day the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, who

<sup>1</sup> The praises so complacently bestowed by the Loyal Serviteur upon De Chaumont cannot be assented to. His relationship with the Cardinal d'Amboise had raised him to the highest rank; his prodigality, his bad administration, and his incapacity in war showed that this favouritism was little deserved.



had been his great comrade and friend, avenged him well, for he took the field and defeated five hundred Swiss at the very place where the said Lord of Conti had received his death-wound.

The Swiss remained before Milan for a few days, but supplies failed them, wherefore they were constrained to come to some truce and to withdraw from the place.

The said truce was made by their Captain-General who had led them down, and who was named the Bar<sup>on</sup> de Saxe, with the Duke of Nemours at a place near Milan called Sant Angelo. So the said Swiss returned home, but this incursion did great damage in the Duchy, for they burned fifteen or twenty large villages.

Shortly afterwards the said Duke of Nemours, having heard that the army of Spain was approaching Bologna to besiege it, marched to a village near to Ferrara, named Finale, where he assembled the whole army, and took up his position in the neighbourhood.

While the said army was marching straight for this Finale, the noble Duke of Nemours passed by a small town, called Carpi, in company with the greater number of his captains, including those in whom he had most trust and whom he loved best. He sojourned there two days, and, together with his companions, was exceeding well received by the lord of the said town, who was esteemed to be a man of great knowledge as well both in Greek as in Latin literature. He was cousin-german to Pic of Mirandola, and called himself Albert of Mirandola, Count of Carpi.

On the evening of the arrival of the said Duke of Nemours, the Count supped with him and the French captains; and at the supper there was much discourse, and, among other things, concerning a certain astrologer, whom some persons called a seer, and who lived in this town of Carpi. In truth it was marvellous what he said concerning things past without ever having had knowledge thereof; and moreover, what was more difficult, he spake of things to come.

There is naught so certain as that all true Christians ought to hold that God only can know things future. But this astrologer of Carpi hath uttered so many sayings, and to divers sorts of men, which have since happened, that he hath set many persons a-thinking.

When the noble Duke of Nemours had heard speak of him, just as all young men long to see novelties, he begged the Count to send for him; which he did. The astrologer came forthwith; he might be of the age of sixty or thereabouts, a spare man of moderate stature.

The Duke of Nemours offered him his hand, and asked him in

Italian how he fared, and the other answered very civilly. Divers matters were touched upon, and among others he was asked by the Lord of Nemours if the Viceroy of Naples and the Spanish would await battle. He said yes, and that, on his life, it would take place on Good Friday or Easter-Day, and would be very bloody.

The question was asked him, who would gain it?

He answered these very words: "The field will remain in possession of the French, and the Spanish will sustain the heaviest and most grievous loss that they have suffered for a hundred years past. The French, however, will gain but little, for they will lose many men of worth and honour, wherein will be great disadvantage."

He spake marvels. Then the Lord of La Palisse asked him whether he should fall in this battle. The other answered no, that he would live twelve years more at least, but would be killed in another battle. He gave the like answer to the Lord of Imbercourt, while he told the Captain Richebourg that he would stand in peril of death by lightning. In short, there were but few men in the company who did not enquire concerning their destiny.

The good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche was standing by and laughing at the affair, when the noble Duke of Nemours said to him: "My dear Lord of Bayard, I pray you ask our master here a little concerning your future."

"By no means ought I to ask it," he answered, "for I am assured it will never be anything great; but since you are so pleased, I am ready to do so."

So he began to say to the astrologer: "Our good master, tell me, I pray you, if I shall some day be a very rich man?"

He answered: "Thou wilt be rich in honour and in virtue as much as captain ever was in France, but of the gifts of fortune thou shalt have but little; therefore seek them not. Moreover, I would apprise thee that thou shalt serve another King of France, after him who now reigneth and whom thou servest, and he shall love thee and esteem thee highly. But the envious will stand in thy way so that he will never give thee great benefits, or raise thee to the honours thou wilt have deserved. Nevertheless, be assured that the fault will not proceed from him."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This was the second attempt to read Bayard's future, for Champier has preserved his horoscope, which is here given in all its obscurity. "The nativity of the noble Bayard, according as the learned astrologer Julius Firmicus has described it, and according to his complexion as I have known it, can be thus described. In the ascendant Aquarius,

"And concerning this battle which you say will be so bloody, shall I escape therefrom?"

"Yes," said he; "but thou wilt die in war, within twelve years at the latest, and thou shalt be slain by artillery; for in no other way shalt thou end thy days, because thou art too well beloved of those who are under thy charge, who for their life would not leave thee in peril."

In short, it was a veritable farcement of questions that each man put to him. He observed, that among all the captains the Duke of Nemours showed great friendship to the Lord of La Palisse and the good Chevalier. So he drew these two aside, and said to them in his own language, "My Lords, I see that you have a great love for this noble prince here, who is your leader; and well doth he deserve it, for his face marvellously showeth his noble nature. Take good care of him on the day of the battle, for he is in peril of falling there. If he escape then, he will be one of the greatest and most eminent persons who ever came out of France; but I find great difficulty for him to escape. Wherefore give good heed thereto, for I am willing that you should cut off my head if ever man was in so great hazard of death as he will be."

Ah! cursed be the hour which he foretold so truly!

The good Prince of Nemours asked with laughter, "What doth he tell you, my lords?"

The good Chevalier made answer as he changed the discourse: "My lord, it is my Lord of La Palisse who hath put him a question, seeking to know if he is as much beloved of Refuge<sup>1</sup> as Viverols is. The seer sayeth no; wherewith he is not well pleased."

At this merry speech my Lord of Nemours began to laugh, and thought no more of the matter

In the meanwhile an adventurer among the company came up, one

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Mars, Mercury, Venus. In the second house, Sol in Pisces. In the fifth, Luna in Gemini. In the seventh, Jupiter in Leo. In the ninth, Saturn in Libra. This nativity Julius Firmicus declareth to mean: A man of fair and pleasant speech, of an exceeding fine talent, one who is capable to do all things. And to him nothing is impossible which is within human power." At the head of this horoscope are found some details concerning Bayard's parents. "The father, Nayme Terrail, of very large stature and well-formed in his limbs; the mother, Hélène des Allemans, small, simple of heart, and of noble courage. The grandfather, Pierre Terrail, had under Charles VI. and Charles VII. done such feats of arms, that he had been called the Terrail sword (*l'épée Terrail*)."

<sup>1</sup> Unknown. Perhaps a woman, but probably a man, as one of that name will be found among the slain at Ravenna. [Not so; but the family du Refuge is mentioned on page 398.]

who was said to be a brave soldier, but somewhat dissolute, and who was called Jacquin Caumont; he carried some ensign in the bands of the Captain Molart. He sought to have entertainment like the others, and coming to the astrologer, he drew him aside and began with these words: "Come here, you villain! tell me my good fortune."

The other felt insulted, and answered in anger: "Avaunt! I will tell thee nothing, and thou hast lied in that which thou didst call me."

There were many gentlemen in his presence, and they said to Jacquin, "Captain, you are wrong; you would fain draw some diversion from him, and you insult him."

Then, little by little, the captain came back, and spoke much more softly, saying to him, "My good master, if I have spoken some foolish word, I pray thee pardon me." And he said so much that he appeased him again, and then showed him his hand, for the said astrologer judged by the face and the hands. When he had seen Jacquin's hand, he said to him in his own tongue, "I pray thee ask me nothing, for I will not tell thee aught of value."

All the company that was there set themselves a-laughing, and Jacquin, sorely vexed at the laughter of the others, said again to the astrologer, "It is all one; tell me what it is."

When the latter found himself so pressed, he asked, "Dost thou desire to know concerning thy fate?"

"Yes," said Jacquin.

"Then take thought for thy soul in good time," said the astrologer, "for ere three months be past, thou shalt be hanged by the neck."

Whereupon his listeners laughed most merrily, and would never have imagined that the case would happen; for there was no appearance thereof, because the captain was in good credit among the foot-soldiers, and also they thought the master had spoken thus because Jacquin had insulted him at the beginning. But there was nothing so true, and, as it is said in a common proverb, "He who is to hang cannot be drowned," I will tell you of an adventure that befell him.

Two or three days after this, the Duke of Nemours arrived at Finale, which is a large village, through the middle whereof passeth a good deep canal, which falleth into the Po; and there was a wooden bridge for crossing from the one side to the other. Every day more than a hundred barges arrived in this canal, having come from Ferrara, and bringing all manner of provisions for the French.

It happened one day, when Jacquin had supped exceeding well, that about nine o'clock at night, he came, accompanied by a number of



torches and Swiss drums, to the quarters of my Lord of Molart, his captain. He was clad in full armour, and mounted upon a very fine courser, in fashion like a Saint George. For by means of his pay and pillage he was right well clothed, and possessed three or four excellent horses, as he hoped, after the war was over, to be enrolled among the Free Companies. When my Lord of Molart saw him in this state, and perceived what hour it was, he began to laugh, knowing well that the malmesey had somewhat confused his brain. So he said, "How now, Captain Jacquin! do you intend to abandon the pike?"<sup>1</sup>

"Not so, my lord," quoth he; "but, I pray you, lead me to the lodging of my Lord of Nemours, and let him see me in his presence break this lance I carry, so that he may know whether a bush-leaper will not ride a course as well as a jade-straddler."<sup>2</sup>

The Captain Molart saw well that the matter was worth carrying through to the end, and that the Lord Duke of Nemours and all the company could get some diversion therefrom. So he conducted Jacquin, who passed proudly on horseback over the wooden bridge that crossed the canal, for the foot-men were lodged on one side and the horsemen on the other.

Now, when he had come in front of the quarters of the Prince, the Duke of Nemours, being already apprised of the affair, had descended from his apartment, together with the company that was with him, in order to take their diversion therein. When they reached the street, Jacquin, who was better furnished with wine than with aught else (there were plenty of torches, so that one saw as at full midday), set his lance in rest.

Then the Duke of Nemours called out to him, "Captain Jacquin<sup>\*</sup>, is it for love of your lady, or for love of me, that you would break this lance?"

He answered, using the name of God after the fashion of the adventurers, that it was for love of him, and that he (Jacquin) was a man to serve the King both on foot and horseback. Then he lowered his visor, and made his charge indifferently well, but he had not skill enough to break his lance; again he ran a course, but with a like success, and then a third and fourth time. When it was seen that he did nothing, he wearied the company and they left him there.

Well or ill as he had acquitted himself, he set off to return to his

<sup>1</sup> That is, leave the infantry for the cavalry.

<sup>2</sup> Si un *saute-buisson* ne courra pas un bois aussi bien qu'une *haridelle*; saute-buisson and haridelle (a jade) being mutual nicknames for a foot and horse-soldier.

quarters at a good pace. He had chafed his horse exceedingly, and so that the animal was continually curvetting as he went; added to which he did not ride him well, using the spur without cause, in such way that when he was on this wooden bridge, he kept ever tickling him. There had been a light shower, so that, the horse making a little leap, his four feet slipped from under him. Thereupon man and horse fell into the canal, where there was at the least half a spear's length of water. Those who were in his company shouted "Help! help!"

From above no one could give him aid, for this canal was built like a ditch with a vat-shaped bottom, and, save for the great number of barges that were there, one could not have seen hand or foot. The horse freed himself from his rider, and swam for more than a half-quarter of an hour before he could find means to escape. At last he found himself at a place which had been made low for the purpose of watering horses, and he saved himself. The Captain Jacquin, the valiant man-at-arms, floundered about in the water for a long time, but at last, as if by a miracle, he was rescued and fished out by the men on the barges, but more dead than alive.

He was straightway stripped of his armour and hanged up by the feet, in which position he in a short time vomited from the mouth two or three bucketsful of water, and he remained more than six hours without speaking. However, the physicians of my Lord of Nemours came to see him, and he was so well treated that, within two days, he was as full of health and gay as ever.

There is no need to ask if he was laughed at in double peals by his fellow-adventurers, for one said to him, "Ho, Captain Jacquin! will you remember some other time to ride a tilt at nine o'clock at night in winter?"

Another said, "It is still far better to be a bush-leaper than a jade-straddler; 'tis not so far to fall."

In short, he was twitted as he deserved; but that causeth me not so much wonder as that he was rescued from the canal, although he was fully armed. And it is this that hath made me set down the incident in this history in connection with the astrologer of Carpi, who had told him he would be hanged by the neck, as he was on the Tuesday after Easter following, which had been the fierce day of Ravenna, as you will hear.

While the noble Duke of Nemours was at Finale, ever awaiting some news of the enemy, one day among others he set forth and made a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Ferrara in their town, who, if they

had shown him good cheer in the past, showed him still better now. He abode there five or six days, with joyous and virtuous diversion, and on his return he wore the colours of the Duchess, which were grey and black. Then he came back to his camp, where he received certain news that, unless relieved, the town of Bologna and those within it were lost. Wherefore he assembled all his captains to consult. It was determined to march and raise the siege. It was far from good riding, as it is wont to be at the end of January; nevertheless he set out from Finale, and took his route straight for Bologna.

During his expedition a great misfortune happened, for the town of Brescia was retaken by the Venetians, as you shall hear.



The Captain Jacquin fallen into the Water.



View of Brescia.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

How Messer Andrea Gritti, Provveditore of the Seigniorie of Venice, with the aid of the Count Louis Avogador, retook the town of Brescia.



THE Venetians were striving day by day, among other things, to find means to place once more into the hands of the Seigniorie the town of Brescia, which is one of the fairest cities of Europe, and one of the strongest, being supplied with all provisions one could desire to sustain nature. Within it so many fair fountains spring, that it is a true terrestrial paradise. There are three valleys which, running between the mountains, join at the said town; of these one cometh from Germany, and the two others from between the country of Friuli and Venice. They are called the Camonica valley, the Tropi valley, and the Zobi valley; and by any one of these three can relief be thrown into the town, which was then held by the soldiers of the King of France. At that time the Lord du Lude was the governor thereof, and the captain of the castle was a gentleman of the Basque country, named Herigay.



The great desire the Venetians had to retake Br̄scia was not without a foundation of reason, for by that means they cut off the supplies of the force in Verona, and laughed at the attempts of those who sought to come from Milan and revictual the place. They were unable, however, to find means to regain the town, or even to surprise its defenders, without having communication with some person of importance within the walls. But although the inhabitants were attached to Saint Mark no man dared venture his person, because the late Lord of Conti and the good Chevalier, in punishment for a surprise that had been plotted against them a short time before, had beheaded a man who was one of the most notable men of the town, and of the highest family, named the Count Jean-Marie de Martinengo, who was the head of the conspiracy, while many other persons were imprisoned in France. Nevertheless, the devil, foe to all human repose, determined to make use of his science, and proceeded to sow a dissension in the said town between two great houses, the one the house of Gambro, the other Avogador; the former, however, was in much higher favour with the French.

One day a quarrel arose between two of the sons of the Count Gambro and the Count Louis Avogador, in such sort that the son of Gambro, who had many retainers with him, outrageously wounded the other. The said Count Louis Avogador could not have found means of revenge, for might was not on his side in the town. So he had betaken himself to Milan, and for some time had audience of the Duke of Nemours, in order to get justice and reparation in the matter. The good Prince acceded to his request, and ordered commissions to take information of the affair, with a view to give each side its deserts. I know not how the matter went, but in the end nothing further was done; whereupon, like a man unjustly outraged without power to right the affair, he grew desperate, and resolved to return to his natural lord. So, under pretence of making a visit of eight or ten days to an estate of his, he comes right to Venice, into the presence of the Doge and the Seigniorie, to incite them to recapture and get into their hands again the good town of Brescia. For which purpose he set forth the means that they should use, and which for the time came to a successful issue.

No need to ask if he was welcomed, for the said town of Brescia was the darling daughter of Saint Mark.<sup>1</sup> For three or four days he was feasted like a king, during which time they came to a conclusion in

<sup>1</sup> La figliuola de San-Marco.

their business. Then a promise was made him that, upon a day chosen and appointed by them, without fail Messer Andrea Gritti would present himself before the town with seven or eight thousand soldiers, without reckoning the villeins of the hills,<sup>1</sup> who would come down, and that in the meanwhile he should gain over persons in the town and make his preparations. So he went and secretly gained over and won to his party the greater part of the inhabitants.

The Lord du Lude had not too much confidence in them, and kept good watch every day; but he was very ill provided with men to defend himself against the people, if they had been ill-disposed, as in fact all or the greater number were.

For, five or six days afterwards, one morning at dawn, the Venetians came to one of the gates, which they found lined with men ready to defend it; and these sounded the alarm. The Lord du Lude forthwith drew up his men for an attack in that direction (as he believed). But, while they amused the French at the gate, a part of the enemy broke through a certain iron grating, by which the filth of the town escaped, and began to enter in, shouting "Marco! Marco!" At the same time the Count Louis Avogador showed himself, with all those of his faction, so that the whole town might have been seen in arms.

When the poor Lord du Lude perceived he was betrayed, he sounded the retreat for his men, and, in the best way he could, withdrew with them to the castle; but all the horses, harness, and apparel were left behind. The Countess Gambro, who was French, and all those who belonged to the party of the King of France, also sought refuge there.

Meanwhile the gates were opened, and the Lord Messer Andrea Gritti admitted. Then a great calamity happened, for all the French who were found in the place were cut to pieces, without a single one being granted quarter; however, they made amends for it afterwards, as you will see.

The first thing the Count Louis Avogador caused to be done, when he saw his power, was to go to the houses of the Gambro family, which he caused to be all wrecked and destroyed. The Proveditore, Messer Andrea Gritti, knew well that it was not the strongest position to have possession of the town, if he had not the castle; for from the latter the other could be easily retaken. He sent by a trumpeter to demand surrender forthwith, but he lost his trouble, for it was too well furnished with gallant chivalry. Nevertheless, the provisions could not have lasted

<sup>1</sup> Les vilains des montagnes; the labourers on the estates on the hills.

long for the numbers that had gone in. Besides, the Proveditore had battered the place soundly, and a great breach would have been made therein. Moreover, he promptly had two machines built, like a crane, so as to draw near to the stronghold, and these carried each a hundred men abreast. In short, they did all it was possible to do to take the castle.

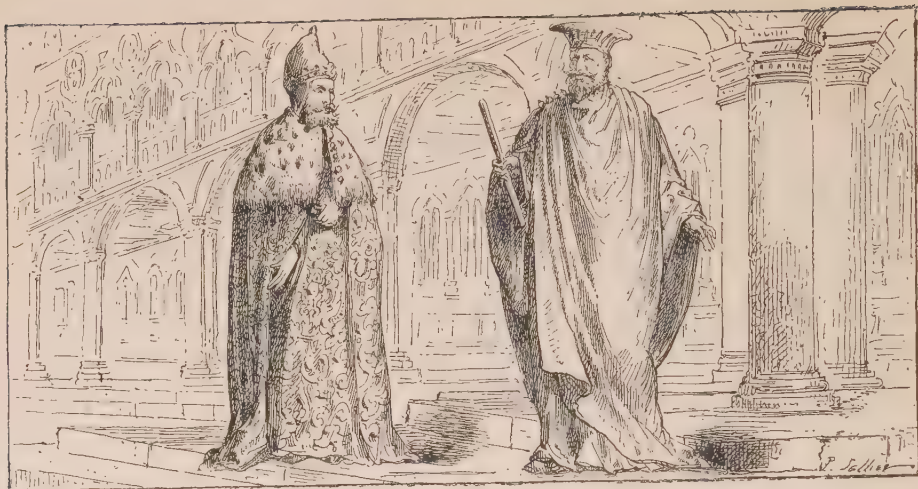
The Lord du Lude and the Captain Herigay, sore dismayed at this treason, despatched a man to the Duke of Nemours, who was gone with all his power to Bologna, to inform him of their unhappy condition, and also that, if they received no aid within eight days, they were lost.

Although all the ways were guarded, the messenger slipped through, and made so good speed that he arrived before Bologna the very day that the noble Duke had raised the siege and relieved the town with men and provisions. The letters were presented to him, and the good Prince opened and read them. He was astounded indeed when he learned the peril of Brescia, for, after the castle of Milan, it was the most important stronghold that the French had in Italy.

So the captains were assembled, and they resolved with one accord, that they ought to return with all speed and recapture the town, if possible; nor was that difficult to execute, provided the castle had not fallen. This decision taken, there was no more ado, but every man girded up his armour and set forth upon the road.



Man-at-Arms.



Doge and Captain-General of Venice.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Of the great diligence shown by the noble Duke of Nemours in order to recapture Brescia, and how he defeated the Captain-General of the Venetians and five or six thousand men on the road.

**W**HEN Messer Andrea Gritti was lord and master of the town of Brescia and had laid siege to the castle, as you have heard, he did not rest satisfied with that much. But inasmuch as he knew well that, as soon as the Duke of Nemours, who had gone to raise the siege of Bologna, was informed of the state of affairs, he would promptly return (whereby, unless the Proveditore found himself in strength in the town and also powerful enough to fight in the open, he would be in danger of defeat), he wrote a letter to the Seignorie and despatched it at the utmost speed. Therein he gave them to understand that, in order to retain the town of Brescia, which he had taken, it was more than necessary that they should send support of such strength as to be able to defend itself, and, in case of need, to give battle to the French army, and that by means of Brescia they might recover all their territories.



His demand was thought reasonable and of great importance. Orders were forthwith sent to Messer Jean-Paul Baglione, then the Captain-General of this Seigneurie of Venice, bidding him march day and night with four hundred men-at-arms and four thousand foot, and to throw himself into Brescia.

As soon as he had heard the desire of the Seigneurie, he set about his duty and his journey with what speed he could. On the other side, the Duke of Nemours marched so rapidly that a rider upon a hundred-crown curtail hack could not cover more country in a day than he did with all his army.

He used such speed that he arrived at a castle called Vallegio, which held out for the King of France, and which the Captain Jean-Paul Baglione thought to capture in passing. But that which he promised himself as an amusement brought him great loss; for the Duke of Nemours was informed of his design, and upon that day, in the extreme depth of winter, as it is in mid-February, he made his army traverse thirty miles of country, so that he found himself nearer to Brescia than the said Captain Baglione, who was encountered by the French in a pass. The Captain Baglione had five or six pieces of artillery, which he discharged, and one of them killed the standard-bearer of the Lord of Théligny, a captain of great merit, who, with the good Chevalier, was leading the first skirmishers.

All the night the good Chevalier had suffered from fever, and he was not armed at all, but was clad in a riding robe of black velvet. However, when he saw they had to fight, he borrowed a light cuirass<sup>1</sup> from an adventurer, and put it on over his said robe, and leaped upon a gallant courser. Then, with his companions, the Lord of Théligny, he marched straight against the enemy.

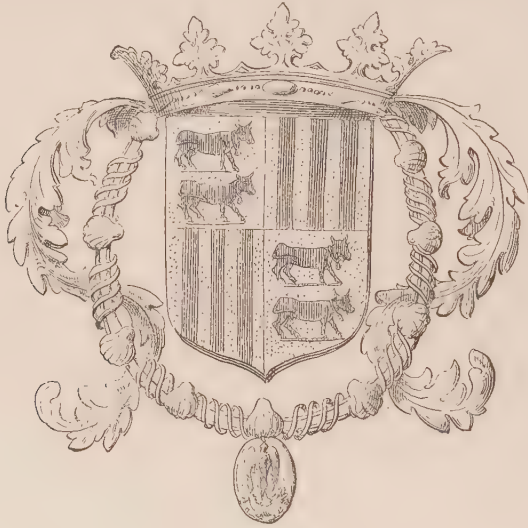
The main body of the French vanguard was still at some distance; however, they did not delay their charge. Whereupon there arose a hard and sharp encounter, which lasted, with continual fighting, for a quarter of an hour.

In the meantime news of the affair reached the main army; and the French received supports; but when the captain of the Seigneurie saw them approach, he turned his back and retreated in the direction whence he had come. He was pursued a long way, but could never be taken prisoner. His foot-men remained on the field, together with his artillery and the greater part of his horsemen.

<sup>1</sup> *Halecret*, a cuirass used by infantry.

This was a glorious defeat and advantageous to the French; for if this force had entered Brescia, the town would never have been retaken. The Duke of Nemours was both vexed and glad at this successful encounter, glad in that he was victorious, and vexed because he had not been present himself.

These news were incontinently known in the castle of Brescia, where they made bonfires in five or six places, because they thereby felt confident of being relieved within two days. But if they were filled with joy in the castle, they were quite as full of melancholy in the town, as they knew that it meant their destruction. The inhabitants



Arms of Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours.

would willingly have returned, and they came to Messer Andrea Gritti with prayers that he would retreat; but he refused to do anything of the kind, wherefore disaster came upon him.

After the defeat of Jean-Paul Baglione, the noble Duke of Nemours came and encamped twenty miles from Brescia, and on the following day at the foot of the castle. On his march he found a certain number of villeins gathered together in a small village, which they boldly tried to hold, but in the end they were all cut to pieces.

When the French army had arrived, some captains immediately ascended into the castle, in order to encourage the Lords du Lude and Captain Herigay and all those who were within it. A large supply of

provisions also was carried up, and for joy thereat they fired eighteen or twenty cannon-shot into the town. Such rejoicing the inhabitants would gladly have spared.

On the next day the Duke of Nemours ascended to the castle, as also did the captains and all the army; and there it was determined to deliver the assault on the town, and so it was done, with fierceness and pertinacity, and great slaughter.



Matron of Brescia.



Bayard, wounded, being carried by his Archers.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

How the Duke of Nemours recaptured the town of Brescia from the Venetians, wherein the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche gained great honour, and how he was wounded almost to death.



THE Duke of Nemours, who did not dream over his affairs, as soon as he had ascended to the castle called together all his captains to determine what was to be done. For inside the town there was a huge number of men, to wit, eight thousand soldiers and twelve or fourteen thousand villeins of the district who had joined themselves with them; the town, too, was exceeding strong. One advantage was that the path descended from the castle into the citadel without meeting any ditch to cause impediment; the besieged, however, had built a strong rampart.

Now in the whole army of the King of France there was not at that time more than twelve thousand fighting-men, for a large portion had



remained at Bologna. However, with the small number that was present there was no fault to be found, because it was all the flower of chivalry. Indeed, I believe that for a hundred years past there had not been seen, for their number, a more gallant company, considering also the ready will each man had to serve his good master, the King of France. This noble Duke of Nemours had so gained the heart of these gentlemen and adventurers that they would have died for him. When they were assembled in council, all the captains were asked by the said lord for their opinion, which each man gave to the best of his knowledge; and in the end it was ordained that they should deliver the assault about eight or nine o'clock on the morning following.

The order was this: that the Lord of Molart, with his footmen, should lead the first attack. But before him the Captain Herigay and his men should go as skirmishers. After him, in one body, should march that Captain Jacob whom the Emperor Maximilian had in his service before Padua in the regiment of the Prince of Anhalt (but by some means he had been won over to the service of the King of France, and at this time commanded two thousand lansquenets), and with him the Captains Bonnet, Maugiron, the Bastard of Clèves, and others to the number of seven thousand men. Then, at their flanks, the Duke of Nemours, the gentlemen whom the Grand Seneschal of Normandy led, together with the principal strength of the gendarmerie should march on foot, helmet on head and harness on back. Meanwhile my Lord of Alègre should mount and wait at the gate of St. John, which was the only gate kept open by the enemy, as they had walled up the others, taking with him three hundred men-at-arms to prevent any one getting out. The virtuous Lord of La Palisse was not present at the assault, for, the evening before he had been wounded in the head by a splinter, caused by a cannon-shot that had been fired from the town against the castle.

This order being appointed, every man approved thereof save the good Chevalier, who, after the Duke of Nemours, according to his rank, had called upon him, said: "My lord, save your reverence and that of all my lords, it seemeth to me we ought to do one thing which we have not mentioned."

He was asked by the said Lord of Nemours what that was.

"It is," said he, "that you send my Lord of Molart to make the first attack. As to him, I am more than confident that he will not give way, nor will many of the men he hath with him. But if the enemy have any men of mettle and skilled in war among them, as I

believe they have, be assured that they will place them at the point of attack, and with them their arquebusiers. Now in such affairs one must never give way a step, if possible. So if by chance they repulsed our said foot-soldiers, and the latter were not supported by men-at-arms, there might be great confusion. Wherefore I am of opinion that along with my said Lord of Molart we should send a hundred or a hundred and fifty men-at-arms, who will be able to sustain the burden of the attack far better than the foot-men, who are not so fully armed."

Then said the Duke of Nemours: "You speak truly, my Lord of Bayard; but who is the captain who will put himself at the mercy of their arquebuses?"

"That will I, if it please you, my lord," answered the good Chevalier; "and trust me that the company under my charge will to-day do honour to the King and to you, and will accomplish such service as you shall take note of."

When he had spoken, there was not a captain but looked in his neighbour's face, for without any doubt the undertaking was exceeding dangerous. Nevertheless he asked for the duty, and it was left to him.

When everything was determined, the Duke of Nemours again spoke and said: "My lords, to please God we ought to think of one matter; you see clearly that, if this town be taken by assault, it will be destroyed and pillaged, and all therein killed, which will be a sad calamity. We ought once more to ask them before they tempt their fortune, if they will not surrender."

That was approved, and in the morning one of the trumpeters was sent, who sounded as soon as he left the castle, and marched as far as the first rampart of the enemy, where was the Proveditore Messer Andrea Gritti and all the captains.

When the trumpeter arrived, he demanded to enter the town; but he was told he could not come in, but he might say what he would, and they had power to make him an answer. Then he gave his message such as you have heard above, and that, if they would surrender the town, they should be let go with their lives spared; and if not, that when it was taken by assault, they might be all assured of death.

It was answered him that he might certainly return, and that the town was the property of the Seigniorie, that it should so remain, and that moreover they would take good care that never a Frenchman should set foot therein. Alas! the poor inhabitants would willingly have surrendered themselves, but they were not the masters.

The trumpeter returned and gave his answer; which heard, there was

no further delay; but the noble Duke of Nemours, who already had his men arrayed, began to say: "Well, my lords, naught remains but to do good deeds and show ourselves brave companions. March, in the name of God and of our Lord Saint-Denis!"

The words were no sooner uttered than drums, trumpets, and clarions sounded the assault and to arms so impetuously, that the hair of all cowards stood upright on their heads, and the courage of the bold swelled in their breast.<sup>1</sup>

The enemy, hearing this noise, discharged several cannon-shot, whereof one, among others, fell right into the very middle of the troop of the Duke of Nemours, without killing or wounding any one, which was an almost miraculous thing, considering in what close order they marched. Then the Lord of Molart and the Captain Herigay began to go forward with their men. And on their flank, at the same time, came the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, on foot, with all his company, who were picked men; for the greater part of his men-at-arms had been captains in their time, but they loved better to be of his company at a half less recompense, than in any other company, so greatly had he made himself beloved by his virtues.

They drew near to the first rampart, behind which were the enemy, who began to discharge artillery and their arquebuses as thick as flies.

It had rained a little; the castle was upon a hill, and the descent to the town was somewhat slippery. But the Duke of Nemours, to show that he would not remain among the hindmost, took off his shoes and marched in socks.<sup>2</sup> Many others followed his example; for, to tell the truth, they maintained their footing better.

The good Chevalier and the Lord of Molart attacked this rampart furiously; so also was it marvellously well defended. The French shouted, "France, France!" They of the company of the good Chevalier cried, "Bayard, Bayard!" The enemy shouted, "Marco, Marco!" In short, they made so great a noise that the hackbuts could not be heard.

Messer Andrea Gritti gave wonderful courage to his men, and in their own Italian tongue said to them, "Hold fast, my friends! the French will soon be weary, they have only the first point. And if this Bayard be defeated, the others would never come near us."

He was indeed deluded; for if he had a great resolve to defend the

<sup>1</sup> Aux hardis le cœur leur croissait au ventre.

<sup>2</sup> En escarpin de chausses. Socks worn over the long hose to prevent the shoes fraying them. Escarpin = Italian scappino.

place, the French had one a hundred times greater to enter it. So they delivered a terrible assault, by which they drove back the Venetians a little way. Seeing which, the good Chevalier began to cry, "In, in, comrades! they are ours. Forward, all is won!" He himself entered the first and passed the rampart, and after him more than a thousand men; in such sort that they gained the first fort, which was not done without severe fighting. Men fell there on all sides, though but few of the French.

The good Chevalier received a blow from a pike in the upper part of the thigh, and the point entered so far that the end broke off. Thus the iron and one end of the shaft remained in the wound.<sup>1</sup> From the pain that he felt he verily believed he was stricken unto death; he began to say to the Lord of Molart, "Comrade, make your men advance, the town is won. As for me, I can go no farther, for I am slain."

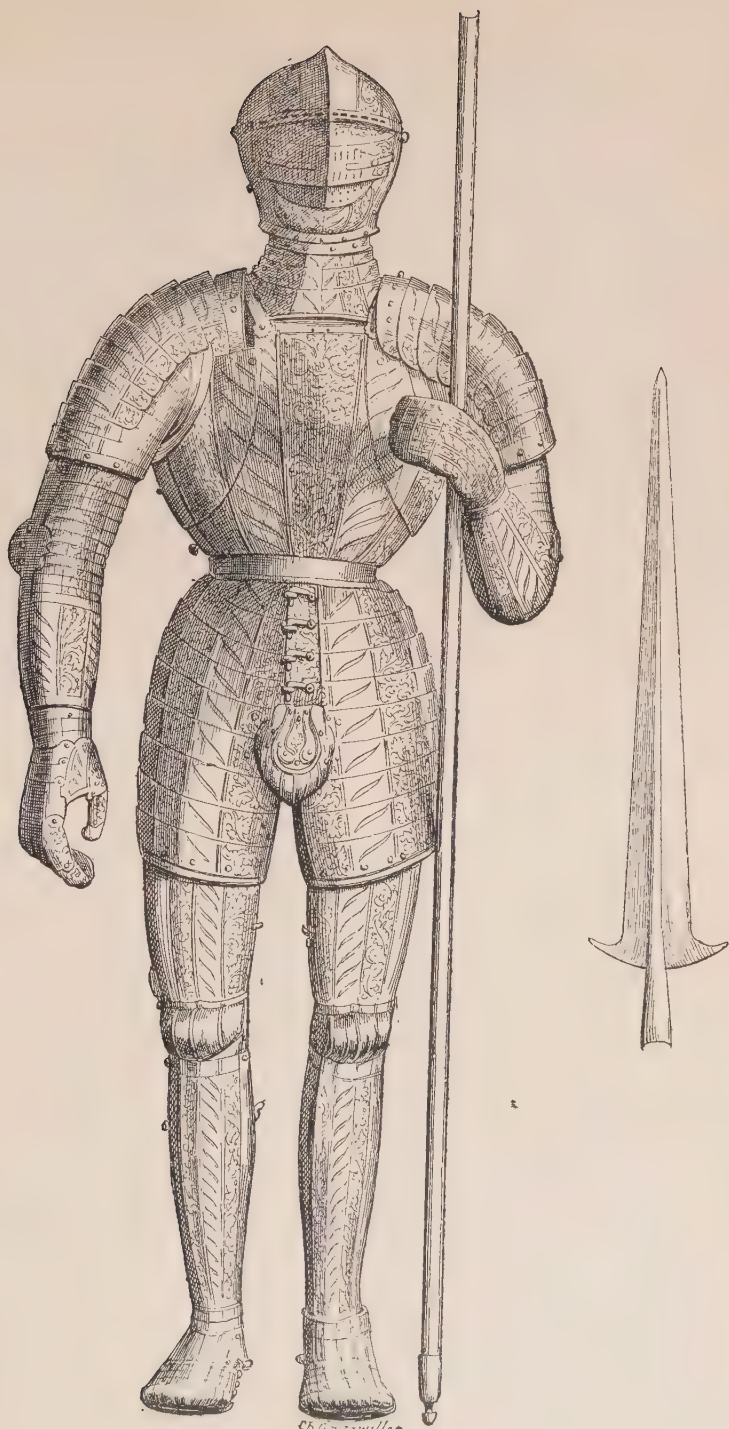
His blood poured forth in abundance. He was compelled either to die without confession, or to withdraw outside of the crowd with two of his archers, who staunched his wound to the best of their power with their shirts, which they destroyed and tore to pieces for this purpose.

The poor Lord of Molart, who bitterly lamented the loss of his friend and neighbour (for they were both of *l'écarlate des gentilshommes*), like an enraged lion intent upon avenging him, began to press the assault furiously. The good Duke of Nemours, too, with his troop following him, who heard in passing that the first fort had been captured by the good Chevalier, but that he had been wounded unto death, could not have felt more grief if he himself had received the thrust. He began to say, "Ha! my dear lords, shall we not take vengeance on these churls for the death of the most accomplished Chevalier there was in the world? I pray you, let each man take heed to do great feats."

Upon his arrival the Venetians were hardly treated, and hastened from the citadel, making pretence of seeking to withdraw towards the town and to raise the bridge, for by this means the French would have had too much to do. But they were pursued so eagerly, that they passed the palace and entered pell-mell into the great square. In that

<sup>1</sup> According to Champier, Bayard struck the pike with his sword and cut through the shaft. The same authority says that Gritti, as soon as he heard Bayard's name pronounced, kept pointing him out for his men to attack him, shouting: "In God's name! shall this Bayard always reign? I believe they grow Bayards in France like mushrooms. In all the battles no one but Bayard is mentioned. Now, my friends, strive all of you against this Bayard. If you can overthrow him, all is overthrown."





HAYARD'S ARMOUR



place was their whole force assembled, the gendarmerie and light-horsemen all mounted, with the foot-men drawn up in array of battle according to their rank.

The lansquenets and French adventurers there proved themselves brave soldiers. The Captain Bonnet performed great feats of arms, and coming out a pike's length in front of his troop, he marched straight upon the foe; and he was also right well followed.

The contest lasted half an hour or more. The citizens and townswomen cast from the windows huge stones and flints, with boiling-water, which caused more harm to the French than did the men of war. Notwithstanding this, in the end the Venetians were defeated, and there remained of them in this great square seven or eight thousand so sound asleep that they will not awake for a hundred years.

The others, seeing that matters were not too safe, sought their escape from street to street, but everywhere, to their misfortune, found men of war, who slew them like swine. Messer Andrea Gritti, the Count Louis Avogador, and other captains, were on horseback, and when they saw the rout entirely overwhelming them, determined to attempt a means of escape, and betook themselves straight to the said gate of Saint John, thinking to get out. They had the bridge lowered, and shouted "Marco, Marco! Italy, Italy!" But it was with the voice of men sorely affrighted.

The bridge was never so quickly lowered, but that the Lord of Alègre, brave and watchful captain, rushed into the town along with the gendarmerie he had with him. Shouting "France, France!" he charged upon the Venetians, of whom he bore all or the greater part to the ground, among others the Count Louis Avogador, who was mounted upon a swift mare, able to go fifty miles without baiting.

The Proveditore, Messer Andrea Gritti, saw well that he was lost without remedy, if he waited longer. Wherefore, after having run from street to street to escape their rage, he dismounted from his horse, and, with one of his men only, threw himself into a house, where he stood on his defence for some short time. But fearing a greater disaster, he in the end threw open the abode and was therein taken prisoner.

In short, there escaped not a man who was not killed or captured and it was one of the most bloody assaults that has ever been seen. For the number of dead, as well of the soldiers of the Seigneurie as of townspeople, was more than twenty thousand; while the French never lost fifty, which was great good fortune.

Now, when there were none left to fight against, every man took to pillage throughout the houses, and some sad enormities took place. For, as you can understand, in such affairs there are always found some wicked men, and these broke into monasteries and committed many profligacies; for they pillaged and stole in many ways, so that the plunder of the town was valued at three million crowns.

There is nothing so certain as that the capture of Brescia was the ruin of the French in Italy; for they had taken so much in this town of Brescia, that the greater number returned home and abandoned the war. And these would have done good service on the day of Ravenna, which you will hear of hereinafter.

You must be told what became of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, after that he had won the first fort, and had been so grievously wounded that he was constrained, to his great regret, to remain behind with two of his archers. When they saw the citadel was taken, at the first house they came to they unhinged a door, upon which they laid him. Then, as gently as they could, with whatever help they found, they bore him into a house, the most notable they saw in that quarter. It was the dwelling of a very wealthy gentleman; but he had fled to a monastery, while his wife remained in the house under the safeguard of Our Lord, together with two fair daughters that she had, who were concealed in a loft under some hay.

When the men knocked at the door, as one confidently awaiting the mercy of God she cometh to open it. She saw the good Chevalier, whom his men were carrying, so grievously wounded, and who straightway ordered the bolts to be closed and set two archers at the door, to whom he said, "On your life keep ward that no man enter herein, save of my own people. I am confident that when it is known that this is my abode, no one will attempt to enter. And although, in order to help me, I cause you to lose some gain, do not be troubled; you shall lose nothing thereby."

The archers did his bidding, and he was carried into a very fine chamber, to which the lady of the house herself conducted him, and then throwing herself on her knees, she spake in this manner, interpreting her language in French, "Noble lord, I present to you this house and all that is therein, for I know well that it is yours, by the right of war. But may it be your pleasure to save my honour and my life, and also that of two young daughters that my husband and I have, and who are of age to marry."

The good Chevalier, who never had a thought of wickedness, said to



her, "Madam, I know not if I shall be able to escape from the wound that I have; but, so long as I shall live, neither to you nor to your daughters shall any offence be done, any more than to my own person. Only keep them safe in your chambers, so that they be not seen, and I assure you there is not a man in my house who would thrust himself into a place where you would not have him; and, moreover, I assure you that you have here a gentleman who will not plunder you in the least, but I will do you all the courtesy that I can."

When the good lady heard him speak so virtuously, she was altogether assured. Afterwards he prayed her to send word to some good surgeon, one who could come speedily and dress him; which she did, and went herself to seek him with one of the archers, for it was only two houses distant from her own. On his arrival he inspected the wound of the good Chevalier, which was large and deep; nevertheless he assured him there was no danger of death. On the second dressing, the surgeon of the Duke of Nemours, called Master Claude, came to see him, and thenceforth he dressed it, and therein did his duty right well, in such sort that in less than a month he was ready to mount his horse.<sup>1</sup> \*

The good Chevalier, when bound up, asked his hostess where her husband was. The poor lady, all in tears, said to him, "On my faith, my lord, I know not if he be dead or alive. I surmise indeed that, if he is living, he will be in a monastery where he has much acquaintance."

"Have him sought for, lady," said the good Chevalier, "and I will send to fetch him, in order that he may have no harm."

She made inquiry where he was, and found him; then he was fetched by the steward of the good Chevalier and two archers, who brought him in safety. On his arrival, the good Chevalier had merry cheer of his host, for he told him that he was in no way to give himself up to melancholy, and that he was but lodging some of his friends.

<sup>1</sup> Champier, as a physician, gives more circumstantial details of the treatment. Bayard, who already had at hand his barber "to dress his bandages," and his surgeon "of great skill," in addition asked for the best in the town. "Then came a surgeon, old and very learned. The hose was torn and laid open. The iron and the end of the pike were still inside. The noble Bayard said to the surgeons, 'Draw out this iron.' The Brescian, who shook with fear, made answer: 'Lord, I have great fear lest in drawing out the iron you swoon.' 'I will not do so,' said Bayard; 'ere this I have known what it is to draw an iron point from human flesh. Pull boldly!' Then the two masters drew out the iron, which was very deep in the thigh, whereby the noble knight suffered an exceeding pain. But when he was told that there was not an artery or a large vein hurt, he was full of joy."

After the fair and glorious capture of the town of Brescia by the French, and after the fury was past, the victorious Duke of Nemours, who was not the effigy of the god Mars, but the god himself, went to his quarters. Before drinking or eating, he assembled his council, at which all the captains were present, in order to direct what was necessary to be done. In the first place he sent and hunted out all sorts of soldiers who were in the convents and churches. Then he caused the ladies to return to their houses, with their husbands if these were not prisoners, and little by little he reassured them. It was expedient speedily to empty the dead bodies out of the town, for fear of infection, and they found upwards of twenty-two thousand thereof. He gave the offices that were vacant to men whom he thought able to perform them well. He brought to trial the Count Louis Avogador, who had been the cause of the treason for the recapture of Brescia. He was beheaded, and was afterwards quartered, along with two others of his faction, of whom the one was called Tomaso del Duque, and the other Geronimo di Ripa.

For seven or eight days was the noble Duke of Nemours at Brescia, and once a day at the least he visited the good Chevalier, whom he comforted to the best of his power. And often he said to him: "Ah! my dear Lord of Bayard, give heed to your cure, for I know well that we must give battle to the Spanish between now and a month hence. And if it should be so, I would wish rather to have lost all my good worth, than that you should not have been there, so great trust have I in you."

The good Chevalier answered, "Believe me, my lord, that if it be so that a battle shall take place, as well for the service of the King my master as for love of you, and for my honour, which goes before all, I would rather have myself borne there in a litter than not be present."

The Duke of Nemours gave him many presents, according to his power, and one day he sent him five hundred crowns, which the good Chevalier gave to the two archers who had remained with him when he was wounded.

When the King of France, Louis the Twelfth, was informed of the taking of Brescia, and of the noble victory of his nephew, you may believe he was exceeding glad. Nevertheless, he knew well enough that while these Spanish should be prowling round about Lombardy, his state of Milan would never be safe. On this matter he wrote every day to his said nephew, the noble Duke of Nemours, praying him as affectionately as was possible to abandon the war in Lombardy

to him, and to devote his toil to driving away the Spanish. For it burdened him to sustain the expense it was necessary to incur for the foot-men that he had; and he could endure it no longer without pressing too hard upon his people, which was the thing in the world that he did with most regret. Moreover, he wrote, he knew well that the King of England was brewing a mess<sup>1</sup> for him with a view to make a descent upon France, and the Swiss were doing likewise; and if that happened, he should need to summon to his own aid some of his men of war that he had in Italy. In fine, of all his letters the burden was to give battle to the Spanish, or to drive them so far from his bounds that they would return no more.

The said Duke of Nemours had so great love for the King his uncle, that his desire in all things was to forbear to anger him. Moreover, he knew for certain that these letters did not come to him without great reason. He fully determined of his own accord to accomplish the command that had been laid upon him, touching the putting end to the war. He assembled all his captains, both of horse and foot, and by easy stages marched straight to Bologna, near to which place the Duke of Ferrara arrived in his camp, and to him he gave the vanguard to



A Spanish Sword-hilt.

lead, along with the Lord of La Palisse. Thus he advanced until he found the army of the King of Spain and the Pope at fifteen miles from Bologna, at a place called Castel San Pietro. It was one of the finest armies, and the best equipped, considering the number they were,

<sup>1</sup> Lui brassait un brouet; was concocting some plot.

that has ever been seen. Don Ramon de Cardone, Viceroy of Naples, was the chief captain thereof, and he had in his company twelve or fourteen hundred men-at-arms, of whom eight hundred had their horses barded. This was in or and azure alone, and they were the best mounted men of war in respect of coursers and Spanish steeds that could be seen. Moreover, for two years had they done nothing but



Italian Light-horseman.  
From a Print of the Sixteenth Century.

range over this Romagna, which is a fine and flat country, and where they found their provisions at will. There were twelve thousand foot-men alone; two thousand Italians under the command of a Captain Ramasso, and ten thousand Spanish, Biscayans and Navarrese, whom the Count Pedro Navarro led; and he was captain-general of the whole body of foot-men.<sup>1</sup> He had formerly led his men into Barbary, against

<sup>1</sup> He was among the prisoners taken on the day of battle. Disgusted that the King of Spain would not pay his ransom, he straightway passed into the service of France. He



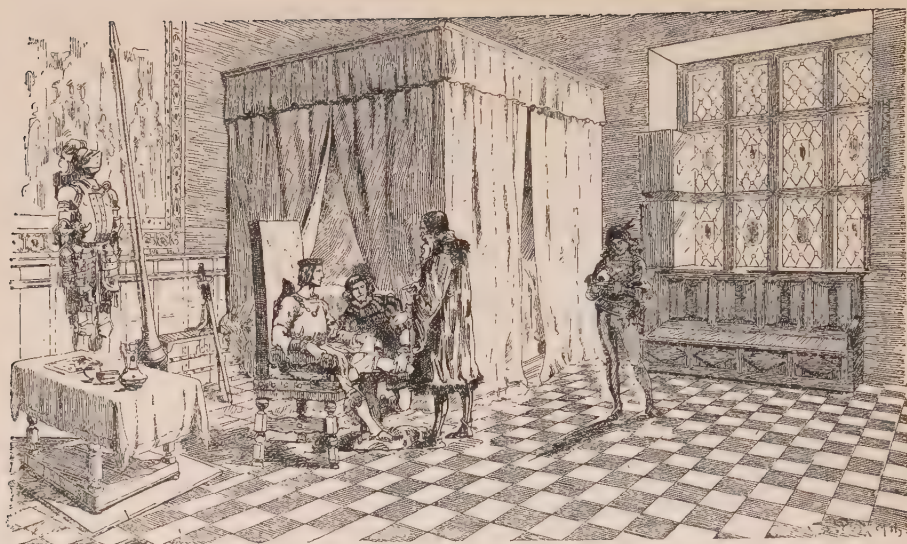
the Moors, and with them had gained two or three battles. In short, they were all men hardened to war, and of marvellous experience in arms.

When the noble Duke of Nemours had drawn near to them, the Spanish began continually to retreat along the side of the mountain, while the French held the plain. They were for full three weeks or a month at a distance of six or seven miles from each other, but the Spanish ever wisely encamped in a strong place. They often skirmished together, in such sort that prisoners were taken on one side or the other almost every day. Thus it was that all the French prisoners reported that it was a splendid sight to see the army of the Spanish. Nevertheless, the noble Duke of Nemours and all his captains and men of war desired nothing else than to fight them, if they could only catch them in a place whither one could advance. But such cunning had they that they always kept themselves in a strong position, and even on the day of the battle of Ravenna it was necessary to seek them out, as you will hear.

But in the first place I will tell how the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche departed from Brescia to go after the Duke of Nemours, and of the great courtesy he showed to his hostess.

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is celebrated in military history as the first to discover how to ensure firing the chambers of a mine. His two campaigns of 1509 and 1510 in Italy were very honourable. Later he was captured by the Spanish and put to death in the Chateau de l'Œuf, which he had conquered for them in 1503. He had been a sailor before he became an engineer, and his glorious services had earned him the title of Count of Alvetto.



Bayard being dressed by a Surgeon.

## CHAPTER XL.

How the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche departed from Brescia to go after the Duke of Nemours and the army of the King of France. Of the great courtesy he did to his hostess on his departure, and how he arrived before the town of Ravenna.



OR about a month or five weeks was the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche sick of his wound, in the town of Brescia, without leaving his bed, whereof he was exceeding weary. For every day he had news from the camp of the French, how they were approaching the Spanish, and were from day to day hoping for the battle, which, to his great regret, would have been given without him.

One day he resolved to rise, and he walked about the chamber to discover if he could hold himself up. He found himself a little weak, but the high courage he had did not give him the leisure to dream there long. He sent for the surgeon who then attended him, and said to him, "My friend, I pray you tell me if there is any danger in my

taking the road. It seems to me that I am cured, or but little from it, and I give you my word that, in my judgment, further rest might do me more harm than profit, for I fret myself terribly." The serving-men of the good Chevalier had already mentioned to the surgeon the great desire he had to be present at the battle, and that every day he regretted nothing else. Wherefore, knowing this, and also knowing his temperament, he said to him in his own tongue, "My lord, your wound is not yet closed; nevertheless, inside it is entirely healed. Your barber shall see you dressed this time, so that every day, at morning and at evening, he can put on the place a small bandage<sup>1</sup> and a salve for which I will give him the ointment. It will not fret you, and there is no danger, for the main evil of the wound is above, and will not touch the saddle of your horse."

If any one had given ten thousand crowns to the good Chevalier, he would not have been so pleased. His surgeon was made more than content. And he resolved to set out within two days, giving orders to his men that within that time they should get in order all their accoutrements.

The lady of his house, who always held herself to be his prisoner together with her husband and children, and that the household goods she had were his (for so had the French treated the other houses, as she knew well), had many imaginings. Considering within herself that if her host desired to treat her and her husband with rigour, he would take from them ten or twelve thousand crowns, for they had an income of two thousand, she resolved to make him some handsome present. She had known him as a man so honest and of so noble a heart, that, in her opinion, he would graciously be satisfied.

The morning of the day on which, after dinner, the good Chevalier was to depart, his hostess, with one of her serving-men carrying a small box of steel, came into his chamber, where she found that he was reposing in a chair, after having walked about for some time, in order little by little continually to try his leg.

She threw herself on her knees, but straightway he raised her up, and would never suffer her to speak a word until in the first place she was seated near to him. Then she began her discourse in this manner: "My lord, the grace which God shewed me, on the taking of this town, in directing you to this your house, was not less to me than that of having saved the life of my husband, myself, and my two daughters,

<sup>1</sup> Tente, a lint bandage. Ambroise Paré, however, speaks of "*tentes d'or et d'argent à mettre en certaines plaies*;" so it may mean a kind of plate as a protection.

as well as their honour, which they should hold still more dear. Moreover, since you arrived here, there hath not been done to me, nor to the least of my people, a single injury, but all courtesy. And of the goods which your men have found here, they have not taken the value of a quattrino without payment. My lord, I am well aware that my husband, myself, and my children, and all the people of the house, are your prisoners, to treat them and dispose of them at your good pleasure, together with the goods that are herein. But knowing the nobleness of your heart, to which none other can attain, I am come to pray you very humbly that you may be pleased to have pity upon us, in enlarging your accustomed generosity. Here is a small present which we offer you; will you please to accept it with good will?"

Then she took the box which the serving-man held, and opened it before the good Chevalier, who saw it was full of fair ducats.

The noble Lord, who never in his life valued money, began to laugh, and then said, "Madam, how many ducats are there in this box?"

The poor woman was afraid that he was angered to have so few thereof, and said to him, "My lord, there are but two thousand five hundred ducats; but if you be not content, we will provide more abundantly."

Then said he, "By my faith, madam, though you should give me a hundred thousand crowns, you would not have done me so much good as by the good cheer that I have had here, and by the kind visitation you have made me, and I assure you that in whatever place I find myself, so long as God shall give me life, you will have a gentleman at your command. As for your ducats, I will not have them, though I thank you; take them back. All my life have I loved men far more than crowns; and do not in the least think that I do not depart as content with you as if this town had been at your disposition and you had given it to me."

The good lady was astonished indeed to find herself denied. She fell again to her knees, but the good Chevalier did not leave her there a moment. Then when she was raised up again, she said, "My lord, I shall ever feel the most unhappy woman in the world, if you do not carry away the so small present that I offer you, and which is nothing beside the courtesy which you have done me heretofore, and which you again do now by your great goodness."

When the good Chevalier saw her so firm, and that she made the present with so fearless a spirit, he said to her, "Well, then, madam, I



accept it for love of you; but fetch me your two daughters, for I would bid them adieu."

The poor woman, who thought herself in paradise because her present had at last been accepted, went to seek her daughters, who were exceedingly handsome, and good and well instructed, and had given much diversion to the good Chevalier during his sickness, because they knew how to sing very well, and to play upon the lute and the spinet, and to work with great skill at the needle.

They were brought before the good Chevalier, who, while they were dressing themselves, caused the ducats to be divided into three portions, in two a thousand ducats each, and in the other five hundred. When they arrived, they threw themselves upon their knees; but they were straightway raised again; then the elder of the two began with these words: "My lord, these two poor maids, to whom you have done so great honour as to defend them from all harm, come to take leave of you with very humble thanks to your lordship for the favour they have received, for which, because they have no other power, they will be holden ever to pray to God for you."

The good Chevalier, almost in tears at seeing so great sweetness and humility in these two fair damsels, answered, "Ladies, you are doing that which I ought to do, that is, to thank you for the good company you have made me, for which I am greatly beholden and obliged. You know that men of war are not wont to be laden with fair works to present to ladies. For my part, it vexes me exceedingly that I am not better furnished therewith to make you a present according to my obligation. But the lady your mother has given me two thousand five hundred ducats, which you see upon this table; thereof I give you each a thousand to help you to marry. And for my recompense, you shall, if you please, pray to God for me; I ask of you nothing further."

He placed the ducats in their aprons, whether they would or not; then he addressed himself to his hostess, to whom he said, "Madam, I will take these five hundred ducats for my own profit, to distribute them among the poor convents of ladies who have been plundered, and thereof I give you the charge; for you will understand better than any other person where the need is. And with that, I take leave of you."

He touched them all in the hand, after the fashion of Italy, while they fell upon their knees, weeping so plenteously that it seemed as if they were about to be led forth to death.

The lady cried, "O flower of chivalry, with whom no man can com-

pare, may the blessed Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, who suffered death and passion for all sinners, reward you for your bounty in this world and in the other."

After this, they withdrew to their apartments.

It was now time to dine. The good Chevalier summoned his steward, whom he bade have all ready to mount to horse at noon. The gentleman of the house, who had already heard from his wife of the great courtesy of his guest, came to his chamber, and, knee to earth, thanked him a hundred thousand times, while he offered him his person and all his goods, of which he told him he could dispose as his own, at his will and pleasure, for which the good Chevalier thanked him and made



Filagree Necklace.

him dine with him. Then after dinner he rested but little before he called for the horses, for now it irked him much that he was not with the company so longed for by him, as he had great fear that the battle would take place before he could be there.

As he left his apartment to mount to horse, the two fair daughters of the house came down and made him each a present that they had worked during his sickness. The one was a pair of pretty and elegant bracelets, made of fine hairs of gold and silver thread, with wonderful neatness; the other was a purse upon crimson satin, very cunningly embroidered. He thanked them nobly, and said that the gift came from so good a hand that he valued it at ten thousand crowns. Then,





"FOR MY RECOMPENSE, YOU SHALL PRAY TO GOD FOR ME."





to honour them the more, he placed the bracelets on his arms, and put the purse in his sleeve, assuring them that, so long as the presents should last, he would wear them for love of the damsels.

With these words the good Chevalier mounted to horse, and he was accompanied by his great comrade and perfect friend, the Lord of Aubigny, whom the Duke of Nemours had left to guard the town, and by many other gentlemen, for a distance of two or three miles. Then they said adieu; one party returned to Brescia, and the others went to the camp of the French; where the good Chevalier arrived on the Wednesday before Easter, the seventh of April, in the evening. There is no need to ask if he was welcomed by the Lord of Nemours, and by all the captains as well. Both men-at-arms and adventurers shewed such joy thereat, that it seemed as if by his arrival the army were strengthened by ten thousand men.

Upon this evening the army had arrived before Ravenna, and the enemy were six miles away; but on the following day, which was Holy Thursday, they approached within two miles of each other.



The Duke of Nemours assembling his Captains before Ravenna.

## CHAPTER XLI.

How the siege was laid before Ravenna by the noble Duke of Nemours, and how several assaults were made upon the place on Good Friday, wherein the French were repulsed.



WHEN the noble Duke of Nemours had arrived before Ravenna, he called together all the captains, in order to determine what he was to do, for the camp of the French was beginning to suffer exceedingly for want of provisions, which came in with great difficulty. Indeed, there was already a failure of bread and wine, because the Venetians had cut off the supplies on one side, while the army of the Spanish held all the border of the Romagna, in such sort that the adventurers were forced of necessity to eat flesh and cheese. Besides this, there was also a great difficulty, of which neither the Duke of Nemours nor any of his captains was aware, which was that the Emperor had sent word to the captains of lansquenets that upon their lives they were to withdraw

forthwith upon sight of his letter, and that they were not to fight against the Spanish. Now among other German captains there were two of mark. The one was called Philip of Fribourg, and the other Jacob, he who was so gallant a soldier; and indeed both of them were valiant men and skilled in arms.

This letter of the Emperor had fallen into the hands of the Captain Jacob. He had visited the King of France in his kingdom, since he had been in his service, and there some present had been given him, so that his heart was wholly French. In like manner this Duke of Nemours had so won over all men, that those whom he had with him would have died at his bidding.

Among all the French captains there was not one whom the Captain Jacob loved so much as he did the good Chevalier. And this love began from the first expedition of the Emperor before Padua, in the year 1509, when the King of France sent him a support of five or six hundred men-at-arms. When he had seen the letter, and had heard of the arrival of the good Chevalier, he came to visit him at his quarters, bringing his interpreter, for all that he knew of French was, "Bonjour, monseigneur."

They gave each other a hearty greeting, as reason willed, and because every man seeketh his like, and they talked of many matters, without any one being present to hear them. At last the Captain Jacob made known to the good Chevalier the message the Emperor had sent them, and how he still had the letters, which no one had seen save himself. Moreover, he did not desire to show them to any of his companions, for he knew well that, if their lansquenets were informed thereof, the greater part would refuse to fight and would withdraw; but for himself, he had taken the oath to the King of France, and received his pay, and, to die a hundred thousand deaths, he would not do this baseness, to wit, refuse to fight; but they must needs be diligent.

For it was impossible but that the Emperor would soon send other letters, which might come to the knowledge of his fellow-soldiers, and by that means the French might suffer fatal injury, for the said lansquenets were the third part of their force, considering they were about five thousand.

The good Chevalier, who knew well the noble heart of the Captain Jacob, praised him exceedingly, and said to him by the mouth of his interpreter, "My dear comrade, never has your heart conceived a base deed. You have told me ere now that in Germany you have no great possessions. Our master is rich and puissant, as well you know, and in

one day he can advance you, so that you will be rich and opulent all your life; for he loveth you greatly, and I know it well. His love, moreover, will increase, when he shall be informed of the honourable service you now do him, and he shall know it, by God's help, even though I should myself tell it him. Look you, now! my Lord of Nemours, our leader, hath summoned to his quarters all the captains for a council; let us go there, you and I, and we will reveal to him aside all that you have told me." "'Tis well advised," said the Captain Jacob; "let us go there."

When they reached the quarters of the Duke of Nemours, they joined in the council, which lasted a long time. There were, moreover, divers opinions; for some did not at all advise fighting, and they had some good reasons, for they said that if they lost this battle, all Italy was lost to the King their master, while of themselves not one would escape, because they had three or four rivers to pass; that all the world was against them, Pope, King of Spain, Venetians, and Swiss, and that of the Emperor they did not feel too well assured. Wherefore it would be better to temporise than to venture in this manner.

Others said it was necessary to fight or to die of hunger like knaves and cowards, and that they were now too far advanced to retreat, save in disgrace and disorder. In short, every man spake his opinion therein.

The good Duke of Nemours, who had already spoken with the good Chevalier and the Captain Jacob, had heard at full length the message sent by the Emperor, and knew well that he was forced to fight, and also that there came not a post by which the King of France his uncle did not urge him to give battle, and that he (the King) was expecting hourly to be assailed in his kingdom from two or three quarters. Nevertheless, he asked again for the opinion of the good Chevalier, who said, "My Lord, you know that I came but at this hour yesterday. I know nothing of the state of the enemy; the lords my companions have seen them and skirmished with them daily; so they have better knowledge than I. I have heard some of them commend a battle, and the others disapprove it; and since it pleaseth you to ask my opinion in the matter, save your reverence and that of my lords who are here present, I will tell it you. That it may be true that all battles are perilous, that is so, and that one ought to look well at matters before coming to this point, that is without doubt. But to take cognisance at present of the state of the enemy and ourselves, it seems, so to speak, difficult for us to depart without battle. The reason is, that you have



now made your approaches before this town of Ravenna, which to-morrow morning you intend to batter, and, when the breach is made, to give the assàult. Already are you informed that the Lord Marc Antonio Colonna, who has been inside for eight or ten days past, entered the town under the promise and sworn faith of Don Ramon de Cardone, the Viceroy of Naples, and head of the army of our enemy, of his uncle the Lord Fabricio Colonna, and also of the Count Pedro Navarro and all the captains, that, if he can hold out until to-morrow, or at the latest until Easter-day, they will come to his relief. Now the said enemy prove that clearly, for they are already on the outskirts of our army.

“On the other side, the longer you wait, in the worse condition shall we become; for our men have no provisions, and our horses have to live on the buds that the willows are now shooting forth. Moreover, you see the King our master every day doth write unto you to give battle, and saith that not only in your hands reposeth the safety of his duchy of Milan, but also of his whole state of France, in view of the enemies he hath this day. Wherefore, as for me, I am of opinion that we ought to give battle, and to proceed prudently, for we have to do with men of craft and good fighters. That it is full of danger is true; but one thing tendeth to comfort me. The Spanish have been in this Romagna for a year past, always fed like a fish in the water, and they are fat and corpulent. Our men have had and still have great want of victuals, wherefore they have the longer breath, and we need nought else. For he who shall fight the longest, with him will the field remain.”

Every one began to laugh at his words; for it came to him so happily to say what he desired, that all men took pleasure therein. The Lords of Lautrec, of La Palisse, the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, the Lord of Crussol, and all or the greater part of the captains, held to the opinion of the good Chevalier, that was, to give battle. And forth-with all the captains of horsemen and of foot were apprised thereof.

On the morning of the morrow, which was Good Friday, the town of Ravenna was cannonaded very fiercely, in such sort that the enemy, from their camp, clearly heard the sound of the cannon. They resolved, according to the promise they had made, to succour the Lord Marc Antonio Colonna before the close of Easter-day.

During the cannonade, two gallant French captains, the one the Lord of Espy, master of the artillery, and the other the Lord of Châtillon, Provost of Paris, were wounded by shots of a hackbut, one in the arm,

the other in the thigh, of which wounds they afterwards died at Ferrara, and that was an exceeding great loss.

When the breach was made in the town, the men who had been appointed for the assault, and who were two hundred men-at-arms and three thousand foot-men, approached. The rest of the army set itself in fair and splendid order for battle; which indeed they awaited with longing. For a thousand years there had not been men more resolute than they were, and from their behaviour it seemed as if they were going to a marriage-feast. They kept escort, for three or four long hours, for their men appointed for the attack, who delivered against the town sundry severe assaults. Therein the Viscount of Etoges, then lieutenant of Messer Robert de La Marck, and the Lord Frederick of Bozzolo, did their duty exceedingly well; for many times they were thrown from the top of the ditch to the bottom.

If the assailants did their duty well, they of the town did not hold back; and there in person was the Lord Marc Antonio Colonna, who said to his men, "My lords, hold fast! We shall be relieved within to-morrow or Sunday, I assure you thereof upon my honour. The breach is very small; if we are taken, it will turn to our great dishonour, and, moreover, it is all over with us."

So well did this Lord Marc Antonio cheer them, that their courage waxed more and more, and, to tell the truth too, the breach was not very practicable.

When the French had delivered five or six assaults, and saw that they would not carry the town in that way, they sounded the retreat. And therein did God aid them well, for, if they had taken the town, never would the adventurers have withdrawn from it, by reason of the pillage, which would perchance have been the cause of their losing the battle.

When the Duke of Nemours knew that his men were retreating from the assault, he made his army retreat likewise for the evening, in order to rest them; for from hour to hour was the fight expected, their enemy being two miles or thereabouts from them.

In the evening, after supper, many captains were at the quarters of the Duke of Nemours, discoursing of sundry matters, and among others the battle. The said Duke of Nemours addressed his speech to the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, and said to him, "My Lord of Bayard, before your coming, the Spanish continually inquired from our men whom they had taken prisoners, if you were not in this camp, and from what I have understood therein, they set great value upon

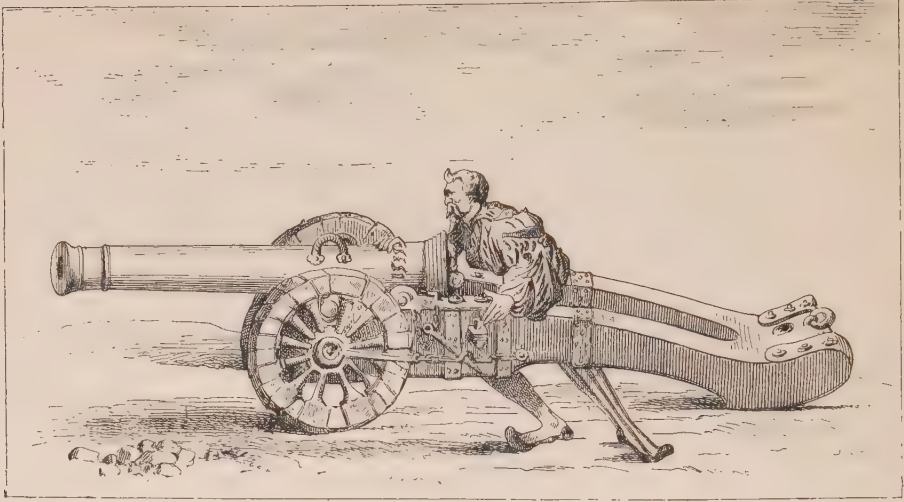
your person. Now I venture the opinion, if it seem good to you (for now from long past you know their manner of action), that to-morrow at morning they should be skirmished somewhat by you, in such sort that you force them to form their array and you may see their mien."

The good Chevalier, who demanded nothing better, answered, "My lord, I promise you my faith that, with the help of God, before it be noon to-morrow I will view them so closely that I will bring you back some news of them."

There was present there the Baron of Béarn, lieutenant of the Duke of Nemours, who was an adventurous knight, and always ready for the skirmish. He thought to himself that the good Chevalier would be risen early indeed, if he raised the skirmish sooner than he himself; and he called together some of his most privy friends, to whom he revealed his desire, in order that they might hold themselves ready at point of day. You shall hear what came of it.



Captain of Lansquenets.



Cannoneer laying a Piece. From an unpublished Drawing of the Sixteenth Century.

## CHAPTER XLII.

Of a marvellous skirmish which took place between the French and the Spanish the day before the battle of Ravenna, wherein the good Chevalier did wondrous feats.



ACCORDING to the promise which the good Chevalier had made to the Duke of Nemours, on his arrival at his quarters, he summoned his lieutenant, the Captain Pierre-point, his ensign, his guidon, and several others of the company, to whom he said, "My lords, I have promised my lord to go to-morrow and view the enemy, and to bring him news of them according to the truth. We must advise how we shall act in order that we may have honour therein. I am resolved to take all the company to-morrow, to display the ensigns of my Lord of Lorraine, which have not yet been seen; I hope that they will bring us good fortune; for they will make more cheer than the cornets.<sup>1</sup> You, Bastard Du Fay," said he to his

<sup>1</sup> That is, being larger they will make a better show. The cornet was, as the name implies, a small flag cut to the shape of a horn, that is, pointed; while the ensign was a square flag, more decorated and much larger; indeed the name for a long time remained in use in the cloth trade as the equivalent of three ells.



guidon, "will take fifty archers and cross the canal below the artillery of the Spanish, and will advance to raise the alarm in their camp, as far forward as you can. And when you see it is time for you to retire without risking anything, you will do so until you find the Captain Pierrepont, who will be at your heels with thirty men-at-arms and the rest of the archers. And if you are both pressed hard, I shall be behind you with all the remainder of the company to succour you. And if the affair is conducted as I intend it, I assure you, on my faith, that we shall have honour therein."

Every man well understood what he had to do, for not only the captains of the company [were worthy to command], but there was not a man-at-arms therein who did not well deserve to have a charge [of men-at-arms] under him. They all betook themselves to rest, until they heard the trumpet which roused them at break of day, when each man armed himself and got into order, as if to carry out such enterprise as they had conceived. The ensigns of the noble Duke of Lorraine were displayed and shaken to the wind, a sight right fair to see, and which rejoiced the hearts of the gentlemen of the company, who began to march, as had been appointed the evening preceding, in three bands, at three bow-casts from one another.

The good Chevalier knew nothing of the enterprise of the Baron of Béarn, who had already taken the field, and had raised a hot alarm in the camp of the enemy, so much that he had almost brought them all to arms. And therein the said Baron performed his devoir right well; but at last on the side of the enemy they discharged two or three cannon-shot into his troop, by one of which the right arm of an exceeding gallant gentleman, called Bazillac, was carried away, and by another was slain the horse of the Lord of Bersac, a gallant man-at-arms, both of them being of the company of the Duke of Nemours, who was sorely vexed at the mishap of Bazillac, for he greatly loved him.

After these artillery-shots, a hundred or a hundred and twenty men-at-arms, Spanish and Neapolitan, all in one mass, came charging upon the Baron, who was constrained to recoil a pace, proceeding from a walk to a trot and from the trot to the gallop, so that the first-comers came and cast themselves upon the Bastard Du Fay, who thereupon stopped his march, and sent word thereof to the good Chevalier, and the latter bade him forthwith join the troop of the Captain Pierrepont, while he himself advanced until he had brought all his company together. He saw the Baron of Béarn and his men retreat all but dis-

comfited, while the Spanish and Neapolitans pursued them boldly and fiercely, and re-passed the canal after the Baron.

When the good Chevalier beheld them upon his side, he would not have taken a hundred thousand crowns for it. He began to shout, "Forward, companions! Let us help our men!" And to those who were flying he said, "Stay, stay, men-at-arms! You have good support."

He gallantly threw himself the first upon a troop of the enemy, of a hundred or a hundred and twenty men-at-arms; he was greatly loved and was well followed. At the first charge five or six were borne to earth: nevertheless the others set themselves upon their defence right gallantly; but in the end they turned their backs and set off at full gallop straight for the canal, which they re-passed at great speed.

The alarm had already reached their camp, so that all were in battle-array, both footmen and horsemen. Notwithstanding this, the good Chevalier drove them on, thrashing and pursuing them far into their said camp, where he and the men of his company did marvels of arms; for they threw down tents and pavilions, and beat to earth whatever they met.

The good Chevalier, who always had an eye upon the wood,<sup>1</sup> became aware of two or three hundred men-at-arms, who were coming at full trot in the close order of men-of-war. He said to the Captain Pierrepont, "Let us retreat, for hither cometh too great a force."

The trumpet sounded the retreat, which was made without losing a man, and they re-passed the canal, marching straight for their camp. When the Spanish saw that they had re-passed and that it was labour lost to pursue, they returned. However, five or six came over and demanded to break a lance; but the good Chevalier would never allow a man to turn back, although many of his companions asked often enough to do so. But he feared that thereby a fresh skirmish would arise, and his men had toiled enough for that day.

The good Duke of Nemours was already informed how all the affair had gone, before the good Chevalier arrived. When he perceived him, although he was exceeding grieved at the misadventure of Bazillac, he came and embraced him, and said to him, "It is you and those like you, my dear Lord of Bayard, who ought to go to skirmishes, for right wisely you know how to go and how to retreat."

All those who were in this stubborn skirmish said that never had

<sup>1</sup> Qui avait toujours l'œil au bois. Proverbial.

they seen a man do such feats, or who better understood war, than the good Chevalier. On the morrow there was one far more fierce and bloody, and of which both French and Spanish cursed the day all their life.



The Trumpet sounded the Retreat.



Meeting of the Duke of Nemours and Don Pedro de Paz.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

Of the bloody and fierce battle of Ravenna, wherein the Spanish and Neapolitans were discomfited; and of the death of the noble Duke of Nemours.



ON the return from this hot skirmish made by the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, and after dinner, all the captains, as well of horse as of foot, were assembled at the quarters of the virtuous Duke of Nemours, the prince of chivalry above all<sup>1</sup> who had been for two thousand years; for you will nowhere read in chronicle or history of any emperor, king, prince, or other lord, who in so short a time hath done so many glorious deeds as he. But cruel death seized him at the age of twenty-four years, which was a humiliation and damage irreparable to all nobility.

Now, when the captains were assembled, the noble Duke of Nemours began his speech, and said unto them: "My lords, you see the country

<sup>1</sup> Le passe-preux de tous ceux qui, etc.



wherein we lie, and how provisions fail us. And the longer we remain in this state, the more shall we pine. This great town of Ravenna doth beard us on one side; the enemy are at a cannon-shot from us; the Venetians and Swiss, according as the Lord Jean-Jacques doth write unto me, make a show to descend upon the duchy of Milan, where you know we have left no men, save very few. Moreover, the King, my uncle, presseth me daily to give battle; and I believe he would urge me still more, if he knew how we are pressed for provisions. Wherefore, having regard to all these things, it seemeth to me that, for the advantage of our master and our own, we ought no longer to make delay. But, with the aid of God, who can do all, let us seek out our enemy. If fortune favour us, we will therefore praise and thank Him; if she be against us, His will be done. For my part and in my desire, you can well believe that I desire the gain to be ours, but I would rather die on the field than that it should be lost. And if God will so far to forget me that I lose the battle, the enemy will be dastards indeed if they leave me alive, for I will give them no occasion so to do. I have assembled you all here in order to take a decision thereon."

The Lord of La Palisse said that there was nought more certain than that they must give battle, and they would be the sooner freed from peril. Of the same opinion were the Lord of Lautrec, the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, the Master of the Horse of France, the Lord of Crussol, the Captain Louis d'Ars, and many others, and they determined that on the morrow, which was Easter-day, they would go and seek out their foes.

A bridge of boats was built over a small canal that lay between the two armies to pass over the artillery and the infantry; for as for the horsemen, they passed the canal at their ease, because ways had been made on the two banks.

The good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche said, in the presence of all the company, that it would be well to appoint the order of battle forthwith, so that each man might know where he ought to be; and that he had heard from many of the prisoners who had been in the camp of the Spanish, that they made but one troop of all their footmen and two of their horsemen, and upon that fashion must they themselves be ranged.

The most eminent of the company said that it was right well spoken, and they ought to give the word forthwith. And so it was done in this sort, namely, that the lansquenets and footmen of the Captains Molart, Bonnet, Maugiron, Baron of Grandmont, Bardassan, and other

captains, to the number of ten thousand men, should march all in one body, with the two thousand Gascons of the Captain Odet and the younger Duras upon their flank. These were to go all together and lodge themselves at a cannon-shot from the enemy, and in front of them should the artillery be placed. Then they should fire with the cannon one against the other, upon whomsoever should first issue from his fort; for the Spanish always lodged themselves in a place of vantage, as you will see well.

Adjoining the footmen should come the Duke of Ferrara, and the Lord of La Palisse, leaders of the van-guard, with their companions, and along with them the gentlemen, under the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, the Master of the Horse, the Lord of Imbercourt, La Crotte the Lord Theodore of Trivulce, and other captains, to the number of eight hundred men-at-arms. Then a little above, and face to face with them, there would be the Duke of Nemours, with his company, the Lord of Lautrec, his cousin, who did wondrous feats that day, the Lord of Alègre, the Captain Louis d'Ars, the good Chevalier and others, to the number of from four to five hundred men-at-arms. Meanwhile the Italian foot-soldiers, of whom there were four thousand or thereabouts, under the charge of two brothers, gentlemen of Plaisance, the Counts Nicholas and Francis Scot, of the Marquis Malaspina and other Italian captains, were to remain on this side of the canal, in order to give protection to the baggage, for fear lest the garrison of Ravenna should sally forth. And they appointed chief of all the guidons,<sup>1</sup> the Bastard Du Fay, who was to pass the bridge and give good heed to the charge appointed him.

Matters being thus ordered, and the following morning having arrived, the lansquenets began first to pass over. Seeing which, the noble Lord of Molart said to his clowns: "How now, comrades! Shall we suffer the reproach that the lansquenets are passed to the bank of the enemy sooner than we? For my part, I would rather have lost an eye."

As the lansquenets occupied the bridge, he began, all booted and clothed, to wade through the water, and his men after him. And you must know that the water was not so very shallow; however they made such good speed that they were on the other side sooner than the said lansquenets. This done, all the artillery was passed over and placed in front of the said foot-soldiers, who soon set themselves in order. After

<sup>1</sup> The guidon was a subaltern officer who carried a lance with a banderol, which he used to mark the line for his company. Du Fay, therefore, had to post all the guidons so as to mark out the line of battle.

this, the van-guard of the men-at-arms crossed, and then the main array. Meanwhile I must relate you an incident.

The noble Duke of Nemours left his quarters in good time, armed at all points, except the helmet. He had a very rich embroidered coat, with the arms of Navarre and Foix, but it was exceeding heavy. As he issued from his said quarters, he looked upon the sun, which was now risen and was very red. He began to say to the company around him, "Look, my lords, how red the sun is !"

There was present a gentleman whom he loved exceedingly, a very brave soldier, who was called Haubourdin, and he answered him : "Know you, my lord, what that doth mean? There will die to-day some prince or great captain ; it must be you or the Viceroy."

The Duke of Nemours began to laugh at these words, for he took in jest all the sayings of the said Haubourdin. He went as far as the bridge to see the passage accomplished by his army, which showed marvellous diligence. Meanwhile the good Chevalier sought him out and said to him, "My lord, let us go along this canal and divert ourselves awhile until they have all passed."

To which the Duke of Nemours agreed, and he took in his company the Lord of Lautrec, the Lord of Alègre, and several others, to the number of twenty horse. In the camp of the Spanish the tumult was great, as of men who expected to have the battle that day ; and they were setting themselves in order as if to receive their mortal enemies. The Duke of Nemours, while he thus took his pleasure, began to say to the good Chevalier : "My Lord of Bayard, we make a right good butt here. If there were any hackbutters concealed on the farther side, they could harry us at their ease."

Even as he spake, they became aware of a troop of twenty or thirty Spanish gentlemen, among whom was the Captain Pedro de Paz, head of all their light-horse. The said gentlemen were all mounted.

The good Chevalier advanced twenty or thirty paces, and saluted them as he said, "My lords, you take your pleasure as we do ours, awaiting the beginning of the noble game. I pray you let no hackbuts be discharged from your side, and no one shall shoot at you from ours."

The Captain Pedro de Paz asked him who he was, and he named himself by his name. When he heard that it was the Captain Bayard, who had gained so great renown in the kingdom of Naples, he was exceeding glad, and said to him in his own tongue, "On my faith, my Lord of Bayard, although I am fully assured that we have gained nothing by your arrival, but on the contrary I hold your camp to be

thereby strengthened by two thousand men, I am well pleased to see you. And would to God there were good peace between your master and mine, in order that we could converse a while together; for all the days of my life have I loved you for your great prowess."

The good Chevalier, who was so courteous that no man surpassed him, gave him back double change. Pedro de Paz saw that every one paid honour to the Duke of Nemours; so he asked, "Lord of Bayard, who is this lord so high in rank, to whom your folk give so much honour?"

The good Chevalier answered him, "It is our leader, the Duke of Nemours, nephew of our Prince and brother to your Queen."

Hardly had he ended his sentence when the Captain Pedro de Paz and all those who were with him leapt to earth, and addressing their words to the noble prince, began to say, "Lord, save the honour and service of the King our master, we declare to you that we are and will be and remain for ever your servants."

The Duke of Nemours, in manner full of courtesy, thanked them, and then said to them, "My lords, I see well that within this day we shall know with whom the field will remain, with you or with us. But hardly will this affair unravel without great effusion of blood. If your Viceroy were willing to decide this difference by his person against mine, I would make sure that all my friends and companions who are with me will consent. And if I be vanquished, they will return into the duchy of Milan, and leave you at peace on this side. In like manner, if he be vanquished, do all of you return to the kingdom of Naples."

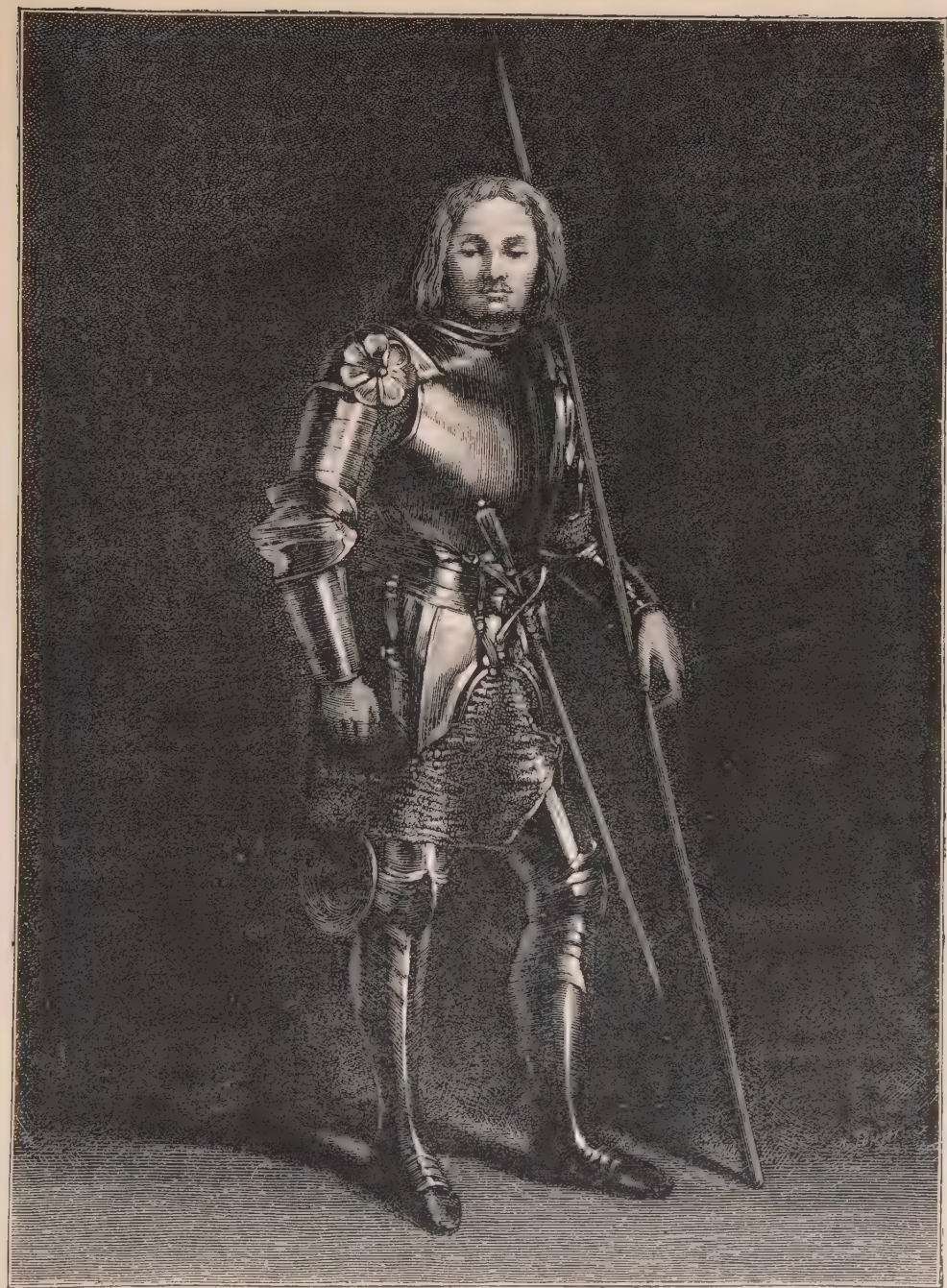
When he had ended his speech, answer was straightway made him by one called the Marquis of La Padula: "Lord, I believe that your noble heart would make you willingly do that which you say; but in my opinion our Viceroy will not have such confidence in his person that he would accept your proposition."

"Well, then, adieu, my lords," said the noble prince; "I am about to pass over the water, and I promise God not to repass it alive until the field be yours or ours."

Thus the Duke of Nemours separated from the Spanish.

The enemy were clearly seen, as they went to and fro and set themselves in array; in like manner their van-guard of horsemen, of whom the Lord Fabricio Colonna was leader, shewed themselves in full view and in no wise concealed. The Lord of Alègre and the good Chevalier spake thereon to the Duke of Nemours, and said to him, "My lord, see you well this troop of horsemen?"





GASTON DE FOIX, DUKE OF NEMOURS.

After Giorgione.



"Yes," said he, "they are in clear view."

"By my faith," said the Lord of Alègre, "if a man were to bring here but two pieces of artillery, he would do them a wondrous hurt."

That was right well approved; so he himself went, and caused a cannon and a long culverin to be brought. The Spanish had already begun to draw from their camp, which was exceeding strong, for they had a good ditch in front of them. Behind them were all their foot-men, lying upon their bellies for fear of the artillery of the French. In front of them was all their artillery, in number twenty pieces, as well cannon as long culverins, and about two hundred hackbuts on rests. Moreover between every two hackbuts they had, set upon small wheeled carts, huge pieces of iron pointed and edged like a reaping-hook to roll among the foot-men when they sought to come among them. Upon their wing was their van-guard, which the Lord Fabricio Colonna led, and wherein there were about eight hundred men-at-arms. Then a little higher was the main array, wherein were more than four hundred men-at-arms, whom the Viceroy, Don Ramon de Cardone, led; while adjoining him there were but two thousand Italians, led by Ramasso. But as for the gendarmerie, one has never heard speak of any better ordered or better mounted.

The Duke of Nemours, when he had passed the river, commanded every one to advance. The Spanish shot into the body of French foot as at a butt, and, before they came to fighting, slew more than two thousand of them. They killed also two famous men-at-arms, one called Jasses and the other Lhérisson. There fell also at the same time, by the same cannon-shot, those two valiant captains, the Lord of Molart and Philip of Fribourg, which was a terrible loss and great disadvantage to the French, for they were two eminent and beloved captains; above all the Lord of Molart, for all his men would have died for him.

It must be understood that, notwithstanding all the artillery discharged by the Spanish, the French were continually advancing.

The two pieces which the Lord of Alègre and the good Chevalier had made return to this side of the canal, were discharged incessantly upon the troop of the Lord Fabricio, and wrought him damage beyond belief; for he had three hundred men-at-arms killed. And he said afterwards, when he was a prisoner at Ferrara, that by one cannon-shot he had had thirty-three men-at-arms carried off.

This vexed the Spanish greatly, for they saw themselves slain, and knew not by whom. But the Captain Pedro Navarro in their council had so certainly thus determined, that it was ordered that they should



not issue at all from the fort, until the French had come to assail them therein, and that they (the French) would fall back of their own accord. There was nothing so true; but it was no longer possible for the Lord Fabricio to hold his men, who said in their own tongue: "By God's body! we are slain from heaven; let us go and fight the men."<sup>1</sup> Then to avoid the artillery-shots, they began to issue from their fort and to enter upon a fair plain in order to fight. They did not take their way straight for the van-guard, but they marked the main array where that virtuous prince, the Duke of Nemours, was with a small troop of gendarmerie, and they went in that direction.

The French of the main body, rejoiced to have the first conflict, lowered visors, and with fearless courage marched straight upon their foes, who divided into two troops, in order by this means to surround this small array. The good Chevalier clearly perceived this artifice, and said to the Duke of Nemours: "My lord, let us divide into two parties, until we have passed the ditch, for they seek to surround us."

That was straightway done and they separated. The Spanish, as they charged, raised an uproar and terrible shout of "Spain, Spain! Sant Iago! Slay the horses, slay the horses!"

Furiously they came on, but more furiously were they received by the French, who also shouted "France, France! The horses, the horses!" For the Spanish tried nought else, save, upon the first attack, to kill the horses, inasmuch as they have a proverb which saith, "If the steed be slain, the knight is lost."<sup>2</sup>

Since God created heaven and earth, there has not been seen a more bloody or stubborn onset than that which the French and Spanish delivered against each other. More than a full half hour this conflict lasted. Face to face with each other they rested to regain their breath; then they lowered their visors, and began again most nobly, shouting "France" and "Spain," with the utmost vehemence in the world.

The Spanish were a half more in number than the French. So the Lord of Alègre ran straight to his van-guard, and from a distance called to the band of Messer Robert de La Marck, who carried a device of white and black. To them he shouted, "Advance, white and black, advance! And you also, archers of the guard!"

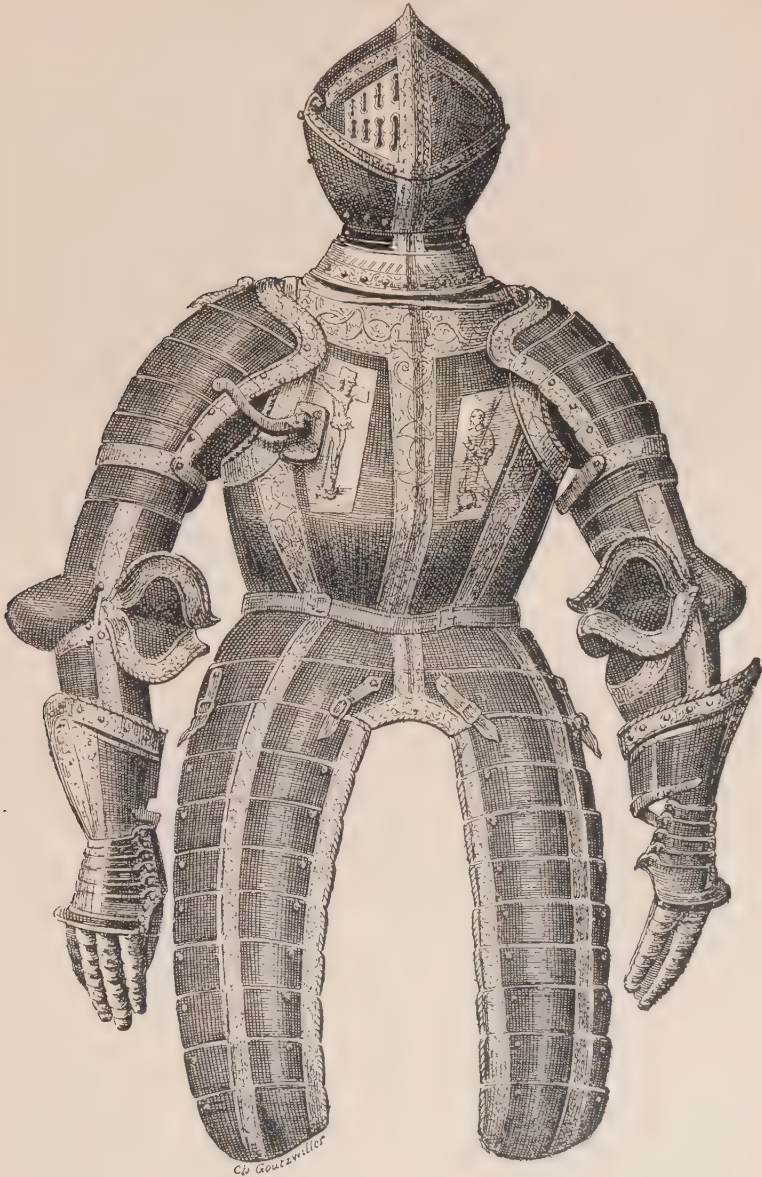
The Duke of Ferrara and the Lord of La Palisse thought indeed that without great need the Lord of Alègre had not come to fetch them. They forthwith left their position, and, at full speed, came to the

<sup>1</sup> "Cuerpo de Dios! Somos matados del cielo; vamos combater los hombres."

<sup>2</sup> Muerto el caballo, perdido l'el hombre d'armes.



succour of the Duke of Nemours and his band, who, although they were few in number, were ever little by little driving back the Spanish.



Armour of a Captain of Lansquenets.

On the arrival of this fresh band, there arose a terrible tumult, for the Spanish were eagerly assailed.

The archers of the guard carried small axes, which they used to build their huts, and which were hung at their horses' saddle-bow. They set these to work and dealt hard and fierce blows upon the head-pieces of these Spanish, which wondrously dismayed them.

Never was so furious a combat seen; but at last the Spanish were forced to abandon the field, on which, and between the two ditches, three or four hundred men-at-arms were slain. Some princes of the kingdom of Naples, whose lives were spared, were taken prisoners. Every one desired to begin the pursuit; but the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche said to the valiant Duke of Nemours, who was all covered with blood and brains from one of his men-at-arms who had been slain by a shot from a piece of artillery, "My lord, are you wounded?"

"No, thank God!" said he; "but I have well wounded others."

"Then God be praised," said the good Chevalier; "you have gained the battle, and remain to-day the most honoured prince in the world. But go no farther forward, and call your gendarmerie together to this place. Let no man yet take to pillage, for it is not time. The Captain Louis d'Ars and I will go after these fugitives, in order that they may not retreat behind their foot-men. And for the sake of a living man, do not depart hence until the said Captain d'Ars and I come and summon you."

He promised so to do; but he held not thereto, wherefore evil befell him.

You have heard how the foot-men of the Spanish were lying on their bellies in a fort right well built and dangerous to assault, because they could not be seen. Order was given that the two thousand Gascons should go the flank and discharge their bolts, which would cause the enemy to get up. Now the French foot-soldiers were not two pikes' lengths off; but the fort was too difficult, for not seeing their enemy, they knew not where they should try to enter. The Captain Odet and the younger Duras said that they were all ready to go and make the Spanish show themselves, but that they ought to have some pikemen lent them, in order that, after their men had shot, they might have support in case any ensigns<sup>1</sup> should make a sally upon them. That was reasonable; so there went with them the Lord of Moncavre, who had a thousand Picards. The Gascons shot their bolts with skill, and wounded many Spanish, who were little pleased thereat, as they showed, for all on a sudden they rose to their feet in excellent order of battle,

<sup>1</sup> That is here the troop belonging to an ensign, the name being applied to the flag, to the officer who bore it, and to the men who followed him.

while from the rear sallied forth two ensigns of a thousand or twelve hundred men, who rushed upon these Gascons.

I know not whose was the fault, whether theirs or that of the Picards, but they were routed by the Spanish, and the Lord of Moncavre, the knight des Bories, lieutenant of the Captain Odet, the lieutenant of the younger Duras, and many others were killed. If any were ill-pleased therewith, it was their friends; but the Spanish made a great outcry thereat, as if they had wholly gained the battle. Nevertheless, they knew well that it was lost to them. So those two ensigns, who had routed the Gascons, did not try to return to the rear, but resolved to attempt to gain Ravenna, and they started upon the causeway along the canal, where they marched three or four abreast.

I will leave their story for awhile, and will return to the main mass of the French and Spanish foot-men. It happened that when the said Spanish were made to rise, they showed themselves upon the edge of their ditch, upon which the French delivered a fierce, hard, and keen assault; but the others were right well served by hackbuts, so that many were killed. In like manner the noble Captain Jacob received a shot through his body, whereby he was thrown to earth; but forthwith he raised himself, and called to his men in German: "My lords, let us serve the King of France this day as well as he hath treated us."

The good gentleman spake not again, for straightway he fell dead. He had a captain under him named Fabian, one of the finest and tallest men that was ever seen, and he, when he perceived the death of his good master, desired to live no longer, but performed in truth one of the boldest deeds that ever man could do. For, inasmuch as the Spanish kept a huge impediment of crossed pikes upon the border of their ditch, which prevented the French from making an entry, this Captain Fabian, wishing to die rather than not to avenge the death of his noble captain, seized his pike cross-wise (he was exceedingly tall) and holding it thus, placed it over those of the Spanish which were lowered, and, by his great strength, pressed their points to the earth.

Seeing which, the French pushed on eagerly, and came within the ditch; but to pass it there was exceeding great slaughter, for never did men make better defence than the Spanish, who, even when they no longer had arm or leg left whole, bit at their foes.

During this entry many French captains were slain, such as the Baron of Grandmont, the Captain Maugiron, who did all that was possible in arms, and the Lord of Bardassan. The Captain Bonnet received a thrust of a pike in his forehead, whereof the iron remained in his head.

In short, the French received great damage therein, but the Spanish greater; for the gendarmerie of the French van-guard fell upon them on the flank and broke them entirely. And they were all slain and cut to pieces, except the Count Pedro Navarro, who was a prisoner, and some other captains.

I must return to those two ensigns who fled, thinking to gain Ravenna, but on the road they met the Bastard Du Fay, and the guidons and archers, who made them turn back their faces along the causeway. The Bastard Du Fay pursued them not far, but returned to the main affair, where he served marvellously well.

You should understand that when these two ensigns sallied forth from the troop, and had routed the Gascons, many (of the latter) fled, and some came even to the place where was the victorious Duke of Nemours, who, coming in front of them, demanded what it was. A clown answered, "It is the Spanish who have routed us."

The poor prince, thinking that this was the troop of his foot-men, was in despair, and without looking who followed him, threw himself upon this causeway, by which those two ensigns were retreating, who thus meet him in their way, him and about fourteen or fifteen men-at-arms. They had again reloaded some hackbuts, which they discharged, and then advanced with pikes pointed upon that noble Duke of Nemours and those who were with him, who could not well avoid them, for the causeway was narrow. On one side was the canal whither they could not descend, on the other a great ditch which could not be passed.

In short, all those who were with the Duke of Nemours were thrown into the water or fell into the ditch. The good Duke had his horse houghed. Sword in hand, he leapt to his feet, and never did Roland at Roncesvalles achieve such feats as he did there, and, no less, his cousin the Lord of Lautrec. The latter saw well the great danger wherein he was, and cried as loud as he could to the Spanish, "Kill him not, it is our Viceroy, the brother of your Queen."

However this might be, the poor lord fell there, after having received many wounds, for from the chin up to his forehead he had fourteen or fifteen, and thereby the noble prince proved truly that he had not turned his back.

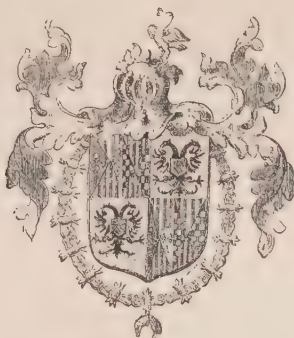
The son of the Lord of Alègre, named Viverols, was drowned in the canal, and his father was slain in the defeat of the foot-men. The Lord of Lautrec was there left for dead, as well as many others.

The said two ensigns fled along the causeway, which ran for more than ten miles, and when they were five or six miles from the field,



they met the good Chevalier, who was coming from the pursuit with about thirty or forty men-at-arms, exceeding tired and weary. Nevertheless he resolved to charge the foes; but a captain came out from the troop, and began to say in his own language, "Lord, what would you do? You know well you are not in force to defeat us. You have won the battle and killed all our men. Let the honour you have gained suffice you, and grant us to depart with our lives, for by the will of God have we escaped."

The good Chevalier knew well that the Spaniard spake truly; moreover he had not a horse that could stand up. However he demanded their ensigns, which were given him; and then they opened, and he passed through them, and let them go. Alas! he knew not that the good Duke of Nemours was dead, or that these were the men who had



Blazon of Cardone.

killed him, for he would have died ten thousand deaths before he would not have avenged him, if he had known it.

During the battle, and before the total defeat, Don Ramon de Cardone, the Viceroy of Naples, took to flight with about three hundred men-at-arms, and the Captain Ramasso with his foot-men did likewise. The remainder were slain or captured. The good Chevalier and all the French returned from the pursuit about four hours after noon, and the battle had begun about eight o'clock in the morning.

Every one was apprised of the death of that virtuous and noble prince, the gentle Duke of Nemours, for whom a mourning began in the camp of the French, so exceeding great, that I believe that if there had arrived two thousand fresh foot-men and two hundred men-at-arms, the French would have been wholly defeated, as well from the toil and fatigue which all the day long the French had endured, for no man was

exempt from fighting if he wished, as also from the great and extreme grief which they bore in their heart for the death of their leader. He was carried to his quarters by his gentlemen amid deep weeping and lamentations.

There have been many battles, since God created heaven and earth, but never was one seen, for the number of men there, so bloody, so furious, or better fought on both sides, than the battle of Ravenna.



Soldiers destroying their shirts to bind up Bayard's Wound.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Concerning the noble men who died in the bloody battle of Ravenna, as well on the side of the French as on that of the Spanish, and concerning the prisoners. The capture of the town of Ravenna. How two months afterwards, in the year fifteen hundred and twelve, the French were driven out of Italy. Concerning the grievous sickness of the good Chevalier. Of the expedition to the kingdom of Navarre, and of all that happened in the year aforesaid.



**I**N this cruel battle the kingdom of France suffered grievous loss, for there died the man who, for his age, had not his equal in prowess on earth.<sup>1</sup> This was the noble Duke of Nemours, whose memory will remain as long as the world shall last. There was some secret understanding to make him King of Naples, if he had lived, and Pope Julius would have found therein an ill bargain. But it pleased God to keep him alive no longer. I believe that the Nine Worthies asked this boon; for had he lived an equal number of years, he would have surpassed them all.

<sup>1</sup> His adversary, Ramon de Cardonc, fled, as we have seen in the preceding chapter. According to Champier: "He wished to descend from his horse and get upon another

The noble Lord of Alègre, and his son, the Lord of Viverols, there ended their days. And so did the Captain La Crotte, the lieutenant of the Lord of Imbercourt, the Captains Molart, Jacob, Philip of Fribourg, Maugiron, Baron of Grandmont, Bardassan, and many other captains; of foot-soldiers, there died about three thousand men, and eighty men-at-arms of the companies of the King of France, with seven of his gentlemen, and nine archers of his guard; while of the remainder the greater number were wounded.

The Spanish suffered there such damage as they will not recover in a hundred years; for they lost twenty captains of foot, two thousand men, or but little less, and their Captain-general, the Count Pedro Navarro,<sup>1</sup> was made prisoner. Of knights, there were killed Don Menaldo de Cardone, Don Pedro d'Acunha, Prior of Messina, Don Diego de Quinonez, the Captain Alvarado, the Captain Alonzo d'Estella, and more than thirty captains or chiefs of ensigns, and as many as eight hundred men-at-arms, without the prisoners. These were Don Juan de Cardone, who died in prison, the Marquis of Bitonto, the Marquis of Liceta, the Marquis of La Padula, the Marquis of Pescara, the Duke of Trajetto, the Count of Concho, the Count of Populo, and a hundred other great lords and captains, along with the Cardinal de Médicis, the papal legate in their camp. They lost all their artillery, hackbuts, and waggons. In short, of full twenty thousand men of horse and foot, there escaped not four thousand that were not slain or captive. The following day the French adventurers and lansquenets pillaged the town of Ravenna, while the Lord Marc Antonio Colonna retreated into the citadel, which was safe and strong. The Captain Jacquin, he who had the merry discourse with the astrologer of Carpi, was the first, in spite of the prohibition that had been made;<sup>2</sup> whereupon the Lord of La Palisse had him hanged by the neck.

very handsome one. But the noble Bayard pursued him so closely, that he had not time to mount, and took to flight. And Bayard captured the horse he sought to mount, the which he afterwards gave to my Lord of Lorraine. I have many times seen the horse at Nancy, and it was the finest and most spirited horse and the best caparisoned I have ever beheld, and was afterwards placed by my lord in his stud." Apart from this matter, Champier's account of this campaign is full of stupid inaccuracies. In the Appendix is a letter written by Bayard to his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble. It only confirms in other terms the story of the Loyal Serviteur, who no doubt on this occasion held the pen for his master.

<sup>1</sup> For an account of his future career see note to p. 298.

<sup>2</sup> That is, began the pillage, in spite of the general prohibition, which, however, has not been mentioned by our author. This is the notorious Jacquin, whose hanging the astrologer of Carpi had predicted.



It was fully intended to advance farther, if the good Duke of Nemours had remained alive, but by his death everything was stayed, although Pietro Morgante and the Lord Roberto Orsini would right well have fulfilled their promise.<sup>1</sup> Moreover the Lord Jean-Jacques kept writing every day that the Venetians and Swiss were assembling to make a descent on the duchy of Milan, and the Emperor Maximilian was even now beginning secretly to fall away. Wherefore the army of the French set forth to return towards the said duchy of Milan, where all the captains met in the town, and they interred the noble Duke of Nemours in the Cathedral with greater pomp than ever prince had been buried with. For there were more than two thousand mourners, for the most part on horseback; forty ensigns taken from the enemy were borne before his corpse, trailing on the ground, while his own ensigns and guidon came after, and near to his person, to shew that it was these that had brought low the pride of the others. At these mournful obsequies there was great weeping and lamentation.

After his death all the captains had chosen for their leader the Lord of La Palisse, as being a very virtuous knight; and also because the Lord of Lautrec had received a deadly wound and had been taken to Ferrara to be cured; where he met with such kind and courteous treatment from the Duke and Duchess, that he returned in good health.

Pope Julius, seeking always to continue in his charitable design, made the Emperor declare war against the French; and he commanded the small number of lansquenets, who, after the day of Ravenna, still remained with the French, to withdraw. Their principal captain was the brother of the Captain Jacob, and he at his bidding returned and took them all with him, except seven or eight hundred, who were retained by a young adventurer-captain who had nothing to gain in Germany.

During this season, just as the French were minded to bring the Cardinal de Médicis into France, he was rescued at Pietra di Qua, which was a stroke of fortune for him; and he owed it to Messer Matteo di Beccaria, of Pavia, who performed the exploit; for later he became Pope.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The author nowhere mentions this promise. It appears that Orsini and Morgante, (called Mazarini in the Italian records), being secretly won over to France, had tried to raise Rome against Pope Julius II. Morgante afterwards made his peace with the Pope, for we find him a prisoner of Bayard at the end of the first campaign of Francis I.

<sup>2</sup> Under the name of Leo X.

A little afterwards the army of the Venetians, the Swiss, and the partisans of the Pope, came down in great force, and found the French army discomfited and broken. And although they stood against them at several passages, nevertheless at last they were constrained to retreat to Pavia, which they resolved to hold. So the captains at the gates were ordered each to fortify his quarter, which they began right well to do; but little rest had they, for the enemy were there two days later.

The French had made a bridge of boats, although there was one of stone at the said Pavia; but this was, that in case any trouble should come upon them, they might have a better retreat. And so it soon happened; for one day, I know not by what means, the Swiss entered the town by the castle, and came as far as the square, where already, at sound of the alarm, the foot-soldiers and several horsemen had assembled together, with the Captain Louis d'Ars, who was then governor, and who there did wondrous deeds. So did the Lord of La Palisse, and the noble Lord of Imbercourt; but, above all, the good Chevalier achieved feats incredible; for with twenty or thirty of his men-at-arms he kept back the Swiss more than two hours, fighting all the while; and during that time he had two horses killed between his legs.

In the meantime the artillery withdrew in order to pass over the bridge; and while this was doing, the captain Pierrepont, who had been watching the enemy on both sides, came and said to the company that was fighting in the square, "Retreat, my lords, for above our wooden bridge the Swiss are passing by tens in a number of small boats, and if once they pass over in sufficient force, they will gain the end of our bridge, and we shall be shut up in this town, and all cut to pieces."

He was a wise and valiant captain; wherefore at his word, but always fighting, the French retreated straight to their bridge, where as they were eagerly pursued, there was a severe and stubborn skirmish. However the horsemen passed over, and there remained behind about three hundred lansquenets to guard the foot of the said bridge. But a great misfortune then happened, for just as they had accomplished the passage of the last piece of artillery, which was a long culverin called *Madame de Forli* (and had been retaken from the Spanish at Ravenna), it sank the first boat. Wherefore the poor lansquenets, seeing that they were lost, sought safety as best they could; nevertheless there were a number killed, and others were drowned in the Ticino.

When the French had passed the bridge, they broke it, so that they were pursued no farther. But a great misfortune befell the good



Those who saw the blow believed for certain that he was slain; but he, who was never affrighted at anything that he saw, although he felt himself grievously wounded, and because he knew well that it was not then a time to betray alarm, said to his companions, "My lords, it is nothing."

Haste was made to staunch the wound as well as one could, with moss taken from the trees, and linen which some of his soldiers tore from their shirts; for there was no surgeon there on the occasion of the misfortune.

Thus the army of the French retreated as far as Alessandria, whither the Lord Jean-Jacques had gone before to cause a bridge to be made for them. Nor did they rest there long; but they resolved to abandon Lombardy altogether, except the castles of Milan and of Cremona, Lugano, Locarno, the town and castle of Brescia, where the Lord of Aubigny remained, and a few other places in the Valteline.

So the French recrossed the mountains,<sup>1</sup> and were lodged for some time in the garrisons that had been appointed them. The good Chevalier returned straight to Grenoble, to visit the bishop, his good uncle, whom he had not seen for a long time. He was a prelate of as virtuous and goodly a life as any then on earth. He received his nephew with rare kindness, and made him lodge in his own palace, where every day he was cared for like a stone set in gold.<sup>2</sup> There came also to see him the ladies of the neighbourhood of Grenoble, and likewise those of the town, who altogether could never tire of praising him, which caused him much shame.

Now during this period, I know not whether because of the great toil which the good Chevalier had undergone for many years, or whether it was from the falcon-shot which he received on the retreat from Pavia, but a severe continual fever laid hold of him, and lasted for seventeen days, so that they despaired of his life.

The poor gentleman, seeing himself so cast down by sickness, made the most piteous complaints ever heard; and in listening to his voice, hard indeed must be his heart from whose eyes no tears had fallen.

"Alas! my God," said he, "since it was thy good pleasure to take me from this world so soon, why didst thou not grant this favour to let me die in the company of that gentle prince, the Duke of Nemours, and with my other comrades, on the day of Ravenna; or why did it

<sup>1</sup> That is, the Alps.

<sup>2</sup> That is, as a precious gem. The author has already spoken of the heart of Bayard as "fair as a pearl."



not please thee to allow me to end my life at the assault of Brescia, where I was so grievously wounded? Alas! with far more joy should I then have died; for at least I should have followed in the steps of my good ancestors, who have ever remained on the field of battle. My God! to think that I have passed through so many great perils of artillery in battles, in assaults, and in encounters, from which thou hast vouchsafed me to escape, and now must I die in my bed like a maid. Nevertheless, however much I would have it otherwise, thy holy will be done! I am a great sinner, but I have hope of thy infinite mercy. Alas! my Creator, in the past have I grievously offended thee; but if I had lived longer, I had good hope, with thy grace, soon to amend my wicked life."

Thus did the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche make his regrets; and then, because he burned with heat from the great fever that possessed him, he addressed our Lord St. Anthony with these words: "Ah! Saint Anthony, glorious confessor and true friend of God, all my life I have so loved thee and had such trust in thee; yet thou leavest me here to burn in such extreme heat, that I desire nothing further than that speedy death may take me. Alas! hast thou even forgotten, how, during the war against the Pope in Italy, when I was lodged at Rovera in one of thy houses,<sup>1</sup> I saved it from burning, and how, without me, fire would have been laid thereto! But in remembrance of thy holy name, I made my abode therein, although it was beyond the fortress and in peril from the enemy, who night and day could come upon me, without finding anything able to keep them off. And yet I loved better to dwell a month in this fashion than that thy house should be destroyed. At least I pray thee to relieve me from this terrible heat, and to make request to God for me, either that He may soon take me from this miserable world, or that He may give me health."

So piteously did the good Chevalier bewail himself, that there was no person about him not dissolved in tears, and among them his good uncle the bishop, who was without ceasing in prayer for him. And not only he, but all the nobles, citizens, merchants, and religious orders, both men and women, day and night kept making prayers and orisons for him; and it is not possible that among so many there should not be some

<sup>1</sup> The head house of the Antonists, or order of St. Anthony, was in Dauphiny, near Vienne, which explains the particular devotion of Bayard. His appeal is further justified by a legend of Dauphiny, which attributes to the prayers of the saint the cure of a gentleman attacked by a very painful eruption, to which the name of St. Anthony's fire was given in the middle ages. Hospitals dedicated to the treatment of like affections were placed under the patronage of this saint.

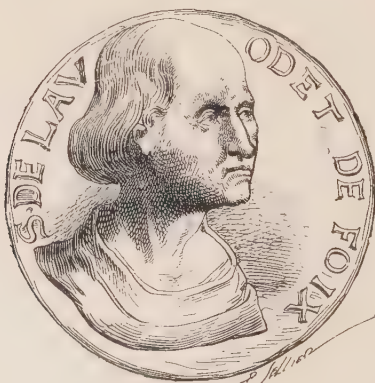
good person whom Our Lord would be willing to hear ; as, indeed, was clear enough. For his fever left him little by little, and he began to rest and to have a taste for food ; so that in fifteen days or three weeks, with good treatment, he was entirely cured, and as blithe as ever. So he gave himself to pastimes in the neighbourhood, visiting his friends and the ladies from house to house, and giving them many banquets for diversion.

The good Chevalier remained for some while afterwards in Dauphiny, making great cheer, until the time when the King of France, his master, sent an army into Guyenne, under the charge of the Duke of Longueville, with intent to recover the kingdom of Navarre, which shortly before the King of Arragon had usurped by violence from him who held it by just title ; neither did he<sup>1</sup> allege any pretext therein, save that the other was an ally of the King of France.

I know not how it went with this fair expedition, but after having been there a long while without accomplishing anything, the main army returned ; and a part thereof was sent across the Pyrenees, having for its leader the Lord of La Palisse. Then, some time after, the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, was sent as a succour, and he took with him several pieces of huge artillery. With them the King of Navarre was driven out.

They captured some small forts, and then went to lay siege to Pampluna. Meanwhile the good Chevalier set forth to take a castle, wherein he gained great honour, as you shall hear.

<sup>1</sup> That is, the King of Arragon, Ferdinand the Catholic.



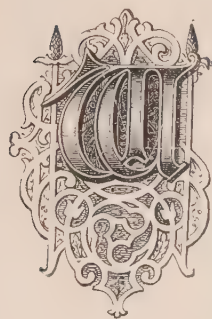
Oudet de Foix, Seigneur de Lautrec.



“Is it you who would kill the Captain Bayard?”

## CHAPTER XLV.

How, while they laid siégè to the town of Pampeluna, the good Chevalier took a castle by assault in the kingdom of Navarre, wherein he performed a feat worthy of a wise and distinguished knight.



WHILE the noble Lord of La Palisse, with the King of Navarre, was planting the siege before the town of Pampeluna, he was advised that it would be well to capture a castle about four leagues thence, which wrought exceeding mischief to the French camp. I am confident there could not be any great force in the place. Nevertheless, because it was suspected that in a small town near at hand, called Pont-la-Reine,<sup>1</sup> there might be some soldiers who might perchance seek to relieve it, he thought it well that a fairly strong body of horse and foot should be taken.

The King of Navarre and the Lord of La Palisse asked the good

<sup>1</sup> Puente la Reyna.

Chevalier to take this enterprise in hand, and he, never loath for any work that could be given him, straightway undertook it. He took his own company, and that of the Captain Bonneval, a brave knight, a certain number of adventurers, and two ensigns of lansquenets, containing each four hundred men, and thus marched in full light of day before this place.

He sent a trumpet to summon those within to place themselves in the hands of their sovereign, the King of Navarre, that he would grant them pardon, and let them go safe with their lives and property; otherwise if they were taken by assault, they should be cut to pieces.

The men in the fortress were soldiers, whom the Duke of Najera and the Alcalde of Las Donzellas, lieutenant in the said kingdom for the King of Spain, had put therein; and they were all good and loyal servants of their master. They made answer that they would never surrender the place, and themselves still less. The trumpeter came and made his report; on hearing which the good Chevalier made no further delay, except to plant four large pieces of artillery which he had, and to cannonade the place well and soundly. The garrison, which was about a hundred men, had a number of hackbuts on rests, and two falconets, which did their duty right well in shooting at their foes. But they could not play their part so well, but that in less than an hour there was a breach in their place, large enough, but not easy to climb. But in such matters one must take other than one's desire. The good Chevalier bade the assault be sounded, and came to the lansquenets, exhorting them to advance. Their interpreter spoke for them, and said that it was their ordinance that whenever a place was taken by assault, they should receive double pay, and that if that were promised them, they would advance to the said assault, but otherwise not.

The good Chevalier knew nothing of these ordinances; still he replied that without default, if they took the place, they should have what they demanded, and he answered for it, because he had no desire to wait there long.

It was very well to promise, but devil a lansquenet ever mounted the breach.

The adventurers advanced briskly, but they were heavily repulsed twice or thrice, and, of a truth, the defenders shewed clearly that they were men of war.

When the good Chevalier discerned their courage, he saw well that he should never capture them in this contest. He ordered the retreat to be sounded; after which, he had ten or twelve cannon shot off,



making pretence that he wished to increase the breach. But he had something else in his mind ; for while the artillery was being discharged, he came to one of his men-at-arms, a right brave fellow named Petit-Jehan de la Vergne, to whom he said : " La Vergne, if you will, do a good service, and you shall be rewarded. Look you well at that great tower at the corner of this castle. When you shall see me recommence the assault, take two or three ladders, and with thirty or forty men try to mount into that tower, for, on my life, you will find no one there to defend it ; and if you do not enter the place that way, then speak ill of me ! "

The other right well understood the order. He rested but until the assault was re-commenced more fiercely than before, when all the men of the place ran to defend the breach, and had no eyes elsewhere, for they had never thought of an entry by any other quarter. Wherefore they were deceived ; for La Vergne performed his task right well, and without being perceived by the enemy, raised his ladders, by the help whereof he climbed into this tower, and more than fifty companions with him, who were never discovered by the enemy until they were within the fortress, when they shouted " France ! France ! Navarre ! Navarre ! " Then they rushed from the rear upon the men who stood to defend the breach, and who, being surprised, were utterly amazed.

Nevertheless they prepared to defend themselves, and did their devoir as brave warriors ; but their prowess served them little, for the assailants got in, and all, or nearly all, were put to the sword, and the whole place was overrun and pillaged. This done, the good Chevalier left therein one of the gentlemen of the King of Navarre, with some companions, and then began his return to the camp.

As he was about to start, two or three captains of his lansquenets came towards him, and, through their interpreter, said that he had promised to give them double pay, and that the place had been taken.

At this proposition the good Chevalier was exceeding wroth, and angrily replied to the interpreter, " Tell your scoundrels of lansquenets that I will rather give them each a halter to hang themselves. Rascals that they are, who never would try the assault, and now demand double pay ! I will speak thereof to my Lord of La Palisse, and to my Lord of Suffolk, their captain-general, but it will be to have them cashiered ! "

The interpreter repeated his words, and forthwith arose a prodigious uproar. But the good Chevalier had the assembly sounded, and got together his men-at-arms and adventurers in such fashion, that if the others had made a show of doing anything, he was prepared to cut

them to pieces. They became calm by degrees, and marched into the camp before Pampeluna, in order like the others.

I must relate a short story to amuse you.

When the good Chevalier arrived, he had great cheer from the King of Navarre, the Lord of La Palisse, the Duke of Suffolk, and from all the captains, to whom he narrated the behaviour of the lansquenets, whereat there was laughter enough. In the evening he gave a supper to a large number of captains, and among others the Duke of Suffolk was there, the captain-general of all the lansquenets in camp, of whom he had six or seven thousand.

As they were finishing their supper, there arrived a lansquenet who had drunk pretty deeply; and when he entered, he did not know what he had to say, save that he sought the Captain Bayard to kill him because he would not give them any money. He spake but little French, and that ill enough. The Captain Pierrepont heard him, and said laughingly to the good Chevalier, "My lord, here is a lansquenet who seeketh you to kill you."

Then the good Chevalier shewed himself the most merry and recreative person that could be found. He arose from table, sword in hand, and addressed himself to the lansquenet in these words: "Is it you who would kill the Captain Bayard? Here he is! defend yourself."

The poor lansquenet, somewhat drunk though he was, was greatly frightened, and answered in very ill French: "It is not I who want to kill the Captain Bayard all alone, but it is all the lansquenets."

"Ah! by my soul," said the good Chevalier, who was faint with laughter. "I give in; I have not the courage to fight seven thousand lansquenets. Truce, comrade, for the love of God!"

All the company set to laughing immoderately at these words. Then the lansquenet was seated at table, facing the good Chevalier, who made him complete his bouzing as he had begun, in such manner that before he departed thence, he vowed that, while he had life, he would defend the Captain Bayard against the world; and he swore that he was an honest man and kept good wine.

The King of Navarre and the Lord of La Palisse heard the tale that evening, and laughed thereat like the rest.

On the day after the good Chevalier's arrival, the artillery began to shoot against the town of Pampeluna, which was very strongly built. Then it was determined to give the assault, and an attempt was made, but the garrison defended themselves so well, that it was abandoned, and the French suffered great loss therein. He who held the place

was that noble Spanish knight who was called the Alcalde of Las Donzellas.

This was a very disastrous expedition; for the French, on their entry into Navarre, destroyed and consumed all property, broke down the mills, and did many other things, whereby they suffered much distress afterwards. For the famine was so severe there, that many men died thereof, and never in any army was there so great want of shoes, for a sorry pair for a lacquey<sup>1</sup> cost a crown. In short, all these misfortunes coming together, and added thereto the arrival of the Duke of Najera at Pont-la-Reine, near to Pampeluna, with a relief of eight or ten thousand men, the King of Navarre was advised by the Lord of La Palisse and all the captains to withdraw until another season.

So the siege was raised, in full day, from before Pampeluna, and the artillery started on the road; but it was taken but few stages, for the mountains it had to cross were too wild. The French were constrained, after that by force of men and of money they had brought it three days' march, to abandon it at the foot of a mountain, where they broke it up, or at least treated it so that their enemies could not avail themselves thereof.

It must be known that at the repassing of the Pyrenees there were great sufferings from the failure of victuals, and there was not an hour of the day free from sudden and fierce alarms.

The Duke of Suffolk, called the White Rose,<sup>2</sup> captain-general of the lansquenets, who had a great and perfect friendship with the good Chevalier, accompanied them. One day, when he had toiled till he could do no more, for he had not eaten or drunk the whole day (they were just retiring from a skirmish late in the evening), he sought out the good Chevalier, and said to him, "Captain Bayard, my friend, I am dying of hunger; I pray you, give me some supper to-day, for my men have told me that there is nothing in my quarters."

The good Chevalier, who was never surprised at anything, answered, "Yes, certainly, my lord; and you shall be well treated."

<sup>1</sup> The name at that time for a crossbowman.

<sup>2</sup> Because in the wars of the Roses he had been a Yorkist. He had two brothers, of whom the elder, having taken refuge in Flanders, was basely sold by Philip, son of Maximilian, and was executed by order of Henry VIII. The younger, eight years old, was imprisoned in the Tower of London, where he died. He himself took refuge at the court of Francis I., who always refused to surrender him. To save appearances, Suffolk kept on the frontier (he lived for some time at Metz), and came and took service with the French army on the frequent occasions when there was war with England. He was killed at the battle of Pavia.

Then he called before him his steward, to whom he said, "My Lord of Mylieu, go you before and hasten the supper, and see that we fare as well as in Paris."

At which words the Duke of Suffolk laughed for a quarter of an hour, because for two days past they had eaten but millet-bread.

However, I assure you that, losing no men save by famine, the French made as good a retreat as soldiers ever made.<sup>1</sup> And above all the good Chevalier gained surprising honour, inasmuch as he remained ever with the rear-guard, until the danger was passed. For readily hath he been ever granted this honour in war, that in going forward he hath ever been among the first, and in retreats among the last.



Medal of Leo X.

Glad indeed were the French when, by their marches, they had reached Bayonne, for they found food in plenty; but many foot-soldiers, who were famished, ate so much, that some died thereof. This was a very disastrous expedition.

In this year (1513) died Pope Julius, that good Frenchman, and in his place was chosen the Cardinal de Médicis, Pope Leo by name. There appeared also upon the coast of Britany an army of the

<sup>1</sup> The fault lay somewhat with the dethroned king, Jean d'Albret, who, having been too long a refugee at the court of France, had raised vain hopes of a general insurrection of his Navarrese. But not answering his expectations, they caused the failure of the expedition, which had been undertaken with weak forces. The Duke of Alva was enabled to throw himself into Pampeluna and organise resistance, while the dwindling army amused itself with the siege of a few small castles, and awaited the promised revolt.



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English, who did nothing great. One day, among others, a great ship of England, called *La Regente*, and a vessel of the Queen of France, named *La Cordelière*, came in sight of each other and approached to fight. During the combat some one threw fire into one of the vessels, but in the end both of them were burnt. The English suffered thereby a great and grievous loss ; for aboard the said *Regente* were a large number of gentlemen, who perished without their being able to find means of escape.



Ancient View of Théroüenne, in Artois.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

How King Henry of England invaded France, and how he laid siege to Théroüenne. Concerning a battle called the Day of Spurs, wherein the good Chevalier did marvelous feats and great service to France.



IN the year 1513, towards the beginning, the King of France again sent an army into Italy under the charge of La Trémoille. Already had the treaty been made between the King of France and the Venetians, to the profit of the latter.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, fortune went ill enough for the French, as they lost a day against the Swiss.<sup>2</sup> In that battle the sons of Messer Robert de La Marck, who were in charge of some lansquenets, were almost left for dead, and their father went and found them in a

<sup>1</sup> This treaty was concluded at Blois by the Proveditore Andrea Gritti, who, like an able politician, turned his captivity to account.

<sup>2</sup> The battle of Novara, June 6, 1513, when two thousand Swiss, "ayant bu chacun un coup," as Du Bellay says, plundered the French camp.

ditch. The French were again forced to abandon Lombardy for this year.<sup>1</sup>

On their return, the King of France was informed how Henry, King of England, as ally of the Emperor Maximilian, had made a descent at Calais, with a mighty host, to march into his province of Picardy; whither, to resist the foe, he sent a large force, and appointed as his lieutenant-general the Lord of Piennes, governor of the said province.

The English, having entered on the campaign, as soon as they arrived proceeded to lay siege to Théroanne, which was well-built and strong, and whither, to hold the same, were sent two exceeding brave and gallant gentlemen, the one the Lord of Théligny, seneschal of Rouergue, a prudent and safe captain, and another from the same country, called the Lord of Pontdormi, along with their companies, certain French adventurers, and some lansquenets under the charge of a Captain Brandeck. They were all men of war and capable to defend the town a long time, if they had had provisions. But ordinarily, in France, provisions are not readily found either in season or in reason.

The siege being laid by the English before the said town of Théroanne, they began to bombard it. As yet the King of England was not there in person; for his lieutenants, he had there the Duke of Suffolk, Sir Charles Brandon, and the Captain Talbot. But a few days later he arrived, albeit it was not without having a great fright between Calais and his siege of Théroanne, near a village called Tournehem; for he fully thought to be attacked there by the French, who numbered twelve hundred men-at-arms, all resolute warriors. But with them at the time were none of their foot-men, which was a great misfortune for them. The King, on the contrary, had no horsemen, but about twelve thousand foot, of which number four thousand were lansquenets. These two armies approached within a cannon-shot of one another. Seeing this, the King of England feared to be betrayed; so he dismounted, and placed himself in the midst of the lansquenets. The French desired to attack, and in particular the good Chevalier, who again and again said to the Lord of Piennes, "Let us charge them, my lord! No harm can come to us, or very little; for if at the first charge we break their line, they are routed. If they drive us

<sup>1</sup> Bayard appears not to have made this campaign. Perhaps one should insert here the episode related by Champier of the Chevalier's journey to Spain, when, starting by sea from La Rochelle, he went disguised as a pilgrim to Santiago in Galicia, then visited all the country round as far as San Salvador, and eventually returned by sea.

back, we shall always be able to retire ; for they are on foot, and we are mounted."

Almost all the French were of this opinion ; but the Lord of Piennes said, "My lords, I am charged, on my life, by the King our master, to risk nothing, but only to guard his country. Do you what shall seem good to you, but for my part, I will never consent thereto."

Thus then the matter rested, and the King of England and his band passed by under the nose of the French. The good Chevalier, who against his will had let the matter go in this fashion, made a charge on their rear-guard with his company, and harried them so well that they were forced to abandon a piece of artillery, called Saint John ; and the King of England had eleven others of the same make, and he called them his twelve apostles. This piece was captured and brought into the French camp.

When the King of England had arrived at the siege of Théroouanne, you need not ask if there was joy in abundance, for he was a gallant prince and right bountiful.

Three or four days afterwards the Emperor Maximilian arrived, with a certain number of Hainaulters and Burgundians. The princes made great cheer each for the other. After this, the approaches were made before the town, and the same was bombarded furiously. The garrison answered in the like manner, and built up their ramparts as best they could, but without doubt they had great want of provisions.

The King of France had marched as far as Amiens, and every day sent word to his lieutenant-general, the Lord of Piennes, that at whatever peril Théroouanne should be re-victualled. That could not be done without great hazard, because it was altogether surrounded by enemies. Nevertheless, to satisfy his master, it was determined that they should march with all the gendarmerie to raise an alarm at the camp, and that in the mean time some men, appointed to carry sides of bacon to pass into the town, should go and throw them into the ditches, and afterwards the men of the garrison would take them out again. The day was named to carry out this enterprise, whereof the King of England and the Emperor were informed, as you can understand, by certain spies, whereof there are enough to be found among armies. And there were some, moreover, double-faced, who feigned to be good Frenchmen, but were of the opposite party.

The day thus appointed to re-victual the town of Théroouanne showed the captains of the King of France all mounted, together with their men-at-arms. From the break of day, the King of England, who knew





HENRY VIII.  
After Holbein.



of this enterprise, had placed upon the summit of a hill ten or twelve thousand English archers, and four or five thousand lansquenets, with eight or ten pieces of artillery, in order that, when the French had passed beyond, they might come down and cut off their road; and at the front he had drawn up all the horsemen, as well the English as those of Burgundy and Hainault to assail them. One thing must be understood, which few persons have known, even those who have laid blame for this day on the gentlemen of France, very wrongly; it is that all the French captains proclaimed to their men-at-arms that this expedition they were about was solely for the relief of the garrison of Théroanne, and they did not at all desire to fight,—so that, if they should meet the enemy in great force, they wished their men to retreat at a walk, and if they were pressed, to go from the walk to a trot, and from the trot to a gallop; for they would run no risk.

Thus then the French began their march, and approached the town of Théroanne a league near or more, when the skirmish commenced hard and fierce. And right well the gendarmerie of France performed their devoir, until they discovered upon the hill that strong troop of foot-men in two bands, which had advanced further forward than they were, and intended to descend so as to surround them. Seeing which, the retreat was sounded by the trumpets of the French. The men-at-arms, who had received their lesson from their captains, began to turn back at a quick walk. They were pressed, and went at a trot, and then at full gallop, in such manner that the first men hurled themselves upon the Lord of La Palisse (who accompanied the main array together with the Duke of Longueville) with so great fury, that they threw all into disorder. The pursuers, who followed their design exceeding well, seeing such sorry behaviour, pushed ever onwards, in such wise that they made the French altogether turn their backs.

The Lord of La Palisse and many others there did more than their devoir, and shouted aloud: "Turn, man-at-arms, turn; this is nothing." But that was of no service, and every man tried to gain the camp, where the artillery had remained with the foot-men. In this vast disorder the Duke of Longueville was taken prisoner, and many others, among them the Lord of La Palisse, only he escaped from the hands of those who had taken him.

The good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche retreated with great regret, and ever turned upon his foes again and again, with fourteen or fifteen men-at-arms who had remained near him. In his retreat, he chanced upon a small bridge, where but two mounted men could pass

abreast; there was also there a huge ditch full of water, which came from more than half a league distant, and went a full half-quarter of a league further down to turn a mill. When he was on this bridge, he said to them who were with him: "Let us stay here, my lords; for our enemy will not gain this bridge of us in an hour."

Then he called one of his archers, to whom he said: "Hasten to our camp and tell the Lord of La Palisse that I have stayed the enemy, for at least half an hour hence, and in the meantime bid him set every man in order of battle, and let them not be afraid. Tell him I think he ought to march hither gently; for if the men who are so routed pushed on as far as his men, the latter would find themselves undone."

The archer went straight to the camp, and left the good Chevalier with the few men he had, holding this small bridge, where he achieved the greatest exploits possible. The Burgundians and Hainaulters came up; but they found they had to fight, for plainly they could not pass over at their ease; and the delay that was made there gave time to the French who had returned to their camp to set themselves in order and ready for defence, if need were.

When the Burgundians saw that so few men were bearding them, they began to cry out to have some archers fetched forthwith, and some of them went to hasten them. In the meanwhile more than two hundred horse rode alongside the brook and came to the mill, where they passed over. Thus the good Chevalier was shut in on both sides; so he said to his men: "My lords, let us surrender to these gentlemen, for our prowess would serve us nothing. Our horses are foundered, they are ten against one, our own people are three leagues hence; and if we wait but a little longer, and the English archers arrive, they will cut us to pieces."

As he spake, the said Burgundians and Hainaulters begin to come up, shouting "Burgundy! Burgundy!" and they made a fierce assault upon the French, who, as they had no means of further defence, surrendered themselves, some here and some there, to the most distinguished of their foes.

While every man was striving to secure his prisoner, the good Chevalier perceived, under some small trees, a gentleman high in rank, who, because of the great and extreme heat from which he suffered so that he could do no more, had taken off his helmet, and was so drooping and weary, that he did not deign to amuse himself with the prisoners. He spurred his horse straight at this gentleman, grasping his sword which he held



to the other's throat, while he exclaimed: "Surrender, man-at-arms, or you are dead!"

Who was then dismayed, if not the gentleman? for he thought indeed that all were captured. Nevertheless he was in fear of death, and said: "I yield then, since I am caught in this way. Who are you?"



Seal of Henry VIII, King of England.

"I," said the good Chevalier, "am the Captain Bayard, who yield myself to you. So take my sword, and I pray you that it be your pleasure to lead me with you. But one courtesy shall you do me; if we find any English on the road who would kill us, you shall return it to me."

And so the gentleman promised, and held thereto; for as they drew near the camp, they both were compelled to use their weapons against some English who sought to kill the prisoners, but they gained nothing thereby.

So the good Chevalier was brought into the camp of the King of England, to the tent of this gentleman, who made him right good cheer for three or four days. On the fifth, the good Chevalier said to him: "Sir, I should be exceeding glad if you would have me conducted safely to the camp of the King, my master, for I am already wearied to be here."

"How so!" said the other; "as yet we have not considered concerning your ransom."

"My ransom?" cried the good Chevalier; "nay, have you spoken to me of yours? For you are my prisoner; and if, since I had your word, I have yielded myself unto you, that hath been to save my life, not otherwise."

If any one was amazed, it was the gentleman; for further the good Chevalier added: "Thus it was, sir. Should you not keep promise with me, I am confident that in some way or other I shall escape; but be assured that afterwards I shall have the combat of you."<sup>1</sup>

The gentleman knew not what to answer; for he had heard enough spoken of the Captain Bayard, and for a combat he had no desire. However he was a right courteous knight, and at last said: "My Lord of Bayard, I seek to treat you only with reason. I will be ruled by the captains."

It must be understood that it was not possible to conceal the good Chevalier so entirely but that his presence was known throughout the camp, and, to hear the talk of the enemy, they seemed to think that they had gained a battle. The Emperor sent for him, and when he was brought to his quarters, gave him a grand and noble welcome, and addressed him thus: "Captain Bayard, my friend, I have very great pleasure in seeing you. Would to God I had many such men as you are! I doubt not that in a short time I should find means to take full revenge for the fine tricks the King, your master, and the French have played me in the past."

Further, he said to him with a laugh: "Methinks, my Lord of Bayard, that in former days we have been at war together, and I fancy they said at that time that Bayard never fled."

<sup>1</sup> That is, I shall challenge you to single combat.

To which the good Chevalier answered : "Sire, if I had fled, I should not be here."

Meanwhile the King of England arrived, to whom the Emperor made known the good Chevalier, and the King gave him hearty greeting. And then the good Chevalier did him reverence, as was due to such a prince. They began to talk of this retreat, and the King of England said that never had he seen men run so well and in such numbers as the French, who were put to flight by but four or five hundred horse ; and the Emperor and he spoke poorly enough of them.

"On my soul," said the good Chevalier, "the gendarmerie of France ought not to be blamed at all ; for they had express command from their captains not to fight, because it was thought that if you came to blows, you would bring forth all your power, as you did do, while we had neither foot-men nor artillery. And you know already, high and puissant lords, that the nobility of France is renowned throughout the world ; I say not that I deserve to be of their number."

"Of a truth," quoth the King of England, "if all were like you, my Lord of Bayard, the siege I have laid before this town would soon be raised. But, however that may be, you are a prisoner."

"Sire," said the good Chevalier, "I do not confess it, and I fain would submit the matter to the Emperor and you."

Now the gentleman was present who had brought him in, and to whom he had yielded himself after he had received the other's word. So the good Chevalier related the whole matter just as it is told above, and the gentleman contradicted it in no point, but said : "It is just as the Lord of Bayard states."

The Emperor and the King of England looked at one another ; and then the Emperor began to speak, and said that in his opinion the Captain Bayard was no prisoner, but rather the gentleman should be his. Nevertheless, in consideration of the courtesy the latter had shown him, they should remain quit of their pledges, each to each, and the good Chevalier should be at liberty to depart when it should seem good to the King of England. And the King said that he was assuredly of the same opinion, and that if the good Chevalier would give his word to rest six weeks without bearing arms, after that time he would grant him leave to return, and that in the meanwhile he might visit the towns of Flanders. For this gracious treatment the good Chevalier gave his very humble thanks to the Emperor and the King of England, and then set forth to divert himself in the country until the day that he had promised.

During this time the King of England made attempts to gain him over to be in his service, offering him many advantages. But it was labour lost, for his heart was wholly French.

Now you must know one thing, that, although the good Chevalier had not great possessions, in his time there is not to be found any man who kept a better house than he; and all the while he was in the country of the Emperor, he entertained the Hainaulters and Burgundians munificently. And although the wine there was exceedingly dear, they wanted of nothing when they retired to bed,<sup>1</sup> and the day was when he hath spent twenty crowns on wine. Many would have been very glad if he had never left them; nevertheless when he had fulfilled his term, he returned to France, and he was conducted and accompanied right gallantly to within three leagues of his master's country.<sup>2</sup>

For some days the Emperor and the King of England remained before Théroouanne, which at last surrendered for want of provisions. And the composition was that the captains and men of war should depart with their lives and property spared, and that no hurt should be done to the inhabitants of the town nor the place destroyed.

The promise made to the men of war was well kept, but not that made to the inhabitants, for the King of England caused the walls to be thrown down and fire kindled at several points, which was a gross shame. Afterwards, however, the French restored it to its former state and in greater strength than ever. So from that place the Emperor and the King of England raised their siege and went and planted it before the town of Tournay, which would have been well enough defended, if the inhabitants had consented to accept the aid of the French which was offered them, but they said they could make a good defence by themselves. Wherefore evil came upon them, for their town was taken and delivered into the hands of the King of England, who fortified it very strongly. The winter was now advanced; wherefore the army was disbanded, and the King of England retired to his kingdom, and the Emperor into Germany. In like manner the camp of the King of France was broken up, and the men were quartered among the garrisons on the frontiers of Picardy.

<sup>1</sup> That is, there was as much as they could drink and to spare.

<sup>2</sup> According to Champier, he returned by way of Lorraine, where great honour was paid to his renown, and also to his position as captain of the company of ordnance under the ensign of the Duke. Champier says: "I beheld him highly esteemed of all the nobles of the province of Bar and of Lorraine. My Lord of Lorraine gave him some horses, exceedingly handsome and strong, and made him many fine presents besides; and he presented and had made for him at Nancy a beautiful silver vessel."





CASTLE OF BLOIS IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XII.



You ought to be told of one event which is worthy to be set down in writing; it is this, that, during the encampment of the King of England and the Emperor in Picardy, the Swiss, who were then at enmity with the King of France, the Lord of Vergy and many lansquenets, to the number of full thirty thousand men of war, made a descent into Burgundy, of which the Governor was the virtuous Lord of La Trémoille, who at the time was in the country. As he had not power enough to fight them in the open, he was constrained to retire into Dijon, before which town he hoped to check this huge army, which soon afterwards came and laid siege to it in two places, and, having done so, bombarded it furiously.

The good Lord of La Trémoille did his devoir in every way possible, and was himself day and night on the ramparts. But when he saw the breaches made and how ill-furnished with men of war he was, he knew at a glance that the town was on the point of being lost, and in consequence the kingdom of France was in great danger; for if Dijon had been taken, the enemy would have gone even as far as Paris. So he secretly entered into treaty with the Swiss, and made many fair representations of the benefits and honours they had received from the house of France, and how he hoped that in a short time they would again be greater friends than ever; and that if they rightly understood their interests, the ruin of the house of France would be to their great detriment.

They listened to this proposition, and further agreed that, under safe-conduct, he should come and speak with them: which he did. And he managed them so well, and with such fair words, and also by the aid of a certain large sum of money which he promised them (as a surety for which he gave them as hostages his nephew, the Lord of Mézières, the Lord of Rochefort, the son of the Chancellor of France, and some burgesses of the town), that they returned home.

For this composition the said Lord of La Trémoille was blamed by many, but very wrongly; for never did any man so great service in France in one day as when he caused the Swiss to withdraw from before Dijon. Since that too he hath well distinguished himself in many ways.

The good King Louis XII., in this year fifteen hundred and thirteen, suffered dire disasters, and his allies as well, of which one of the most conspicuous was the King of Scotland, who, intending to invade England, was defeated in a battle by the Duke of Norfolk, lieutenant of the King of England, and was himself slain.<sup>1</sup>

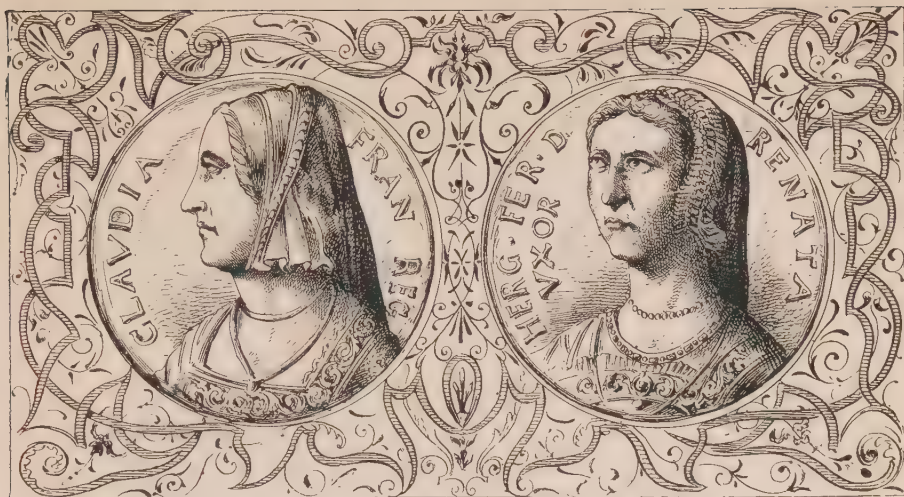
<sup>1</sup> Flodden Field, August 18, 1513.

But whatever happened, the King of France was so beloved of his subjects that, at their request, God gave him help. So that although the greater part of the Princes of Europe had sworn his ruin, and in particular all his neighbours, he kept his realm in safety. From the department of Picardy he returned by short stages to his town of Blois, which he loved exceedingly, for there he had been born; but he abode there but a short time before a great and irreparable misfortune befell him, as you shall hear.



Medal of Henry VIII.





Claude and Renée of France. From two Medals.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

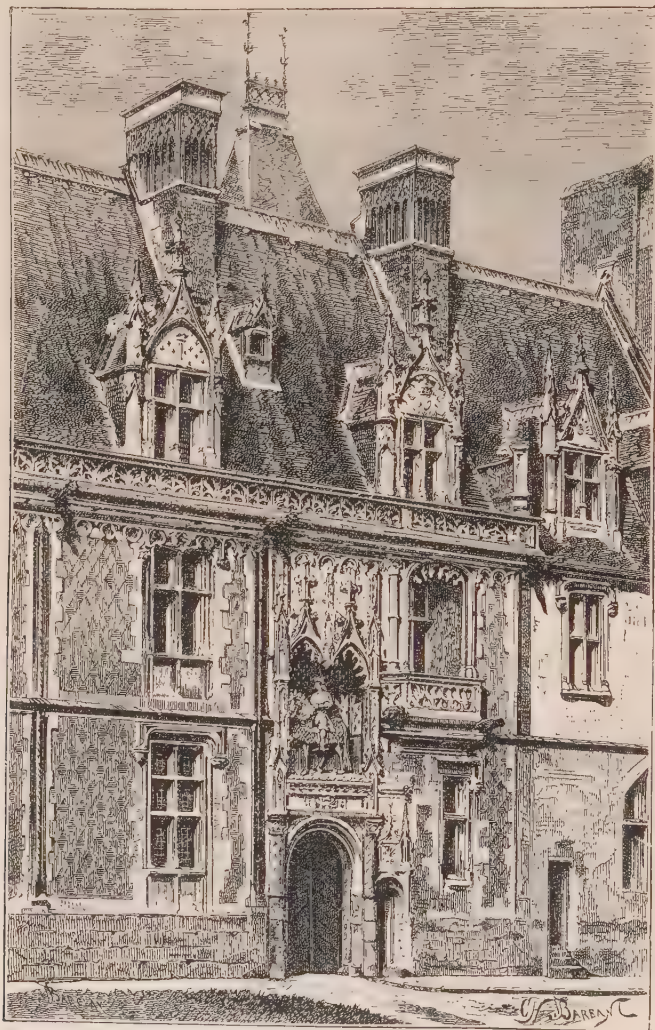
Of the death of the magnanimous and virtuous Princess Anne, Queen of France, and Duchess of Britany. Of the marriage of the King Louis XII. with Mary of England, and of the death of the said King Louis.



HE good King of France, Louis XII., after that he had passed through all these misfortunes in this same year fifteen hundred and thirteen, and had settled his garrisons in Picardy, returned to his town of Blois, where he desired to recreate himself awhile. But the pleasure he thought to take turned to his great grief and sadness; for, about the beginning of January, his good wife and consort Anne, Queen of France and Duchess of Britany, fell very grievously sick. For despite of the physicians, whom the King her husband or she had to aid her to recover health, in less than eight days she gave up her soul to God, which was a calamity without equal for the Kingdom of France and everlasting mourning for the Bretons. The nobility of the two countries<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That is, France and Britany.

thereby suffered inestimable loss ; for a more magnanimous, more virtuous, more prudent, more generous, or more accomplished princess had not worn crown in France, since the title of queen hath been.



Gate of the Castle of Blois.

Not only did the French and Bretons lament her decease, but in Germany, the Spains, England, Scotland, and throughout the rest of Europe there was wailing and weeping.

The King her husband was not wont to make gifts of large sums of

money, for fear of galling his people; but this worthy lady did enough in that matter; and there were few men of virtue in her two countries, to whom she had not once in her life given some present. Not thirty-eight years had the noble Princess accomplished when cruel death through her wrought so great injury to all nobility. And if any man would describe her virtues and her life according to her deserts, then must God resuscitate Cicero for the Latin tongue and Master Jean de Meung for the French, because the moderns could never attain thereto.

By this so lamentable and exceeding piteous decease the good King Louis was so cast down, that, for the space of eight days, he did but weep, praying every hour that it might be our Lord's pleasure that he might depart and hold her company. All the comfort which remained to him was that there was issue living of him and the good deceased two good and fair Princesses, Claude, and Renée, who was about three years of age. The Queen was brought to St. Denis and there buried; and the service for her was performed, as well at the said Blois as at the said place of St. Denis, with the utmost possible solemnity. For more than three entire months, throughout all the Kingdom of France and the Duchy of Britany, you could have heard speak of naught else but this mournful decease. Nay, I certainly believe that it doth still abide in the memory of many persons, for the great gifts, the sweet reception, and gracious speech she gave to every one, will render her immortal.

About the month of May ensuing, that is to say fifteen hundred and fourteen, my Lord Francis, Duke of Valois and Angoulême, next heir to the crown, married the Lady Claude, eldest daughter of France and Duchess of Britany, at the place of Saint Germain-en-Laye.

In the said year, and about the month of October, under the conduct of the Lord of Longueville, who, being himself a prisoner, had made treaty in England for the marriage between King Louis and the Lady Mary, sister of the aforesaid King of England, the said lady was brought to Abbeville, where the said lord espoused her. The King had no great need to be married, for many reasons; moreover he had no great desire thereunto. But because he saw himself engaged on all sides in war which he could not maintain without pressing heavily on his people, he likened himself to the pelican.<sup>1</sup>

For after the Queen Mary had made her entry into Paris, which she did with great pomp, and after that the many jousts and tourneys,

<sup>1</sup> That is, sacrificed himself for his people.



lasting for more than six weeks, had come to an end, the good King, who on account of his wife had changed his whole manner of living (for, whereas he had been wont to dine at eight o'clock, he had to dine at noon; and whereas he was accustomed to retire at six in the evening, he often went to bed at midnight), at the end of the month of December fell sick. From which sickness every human remedy was of no avail to preserve him from yielding his soul to God on the first of January following, after midnight.

He was in his lifetime a good prince and wise and virtuous, who maintained his people in peace without oppressing them in any way, save of necessity. He had in his time both good and bad fortune in

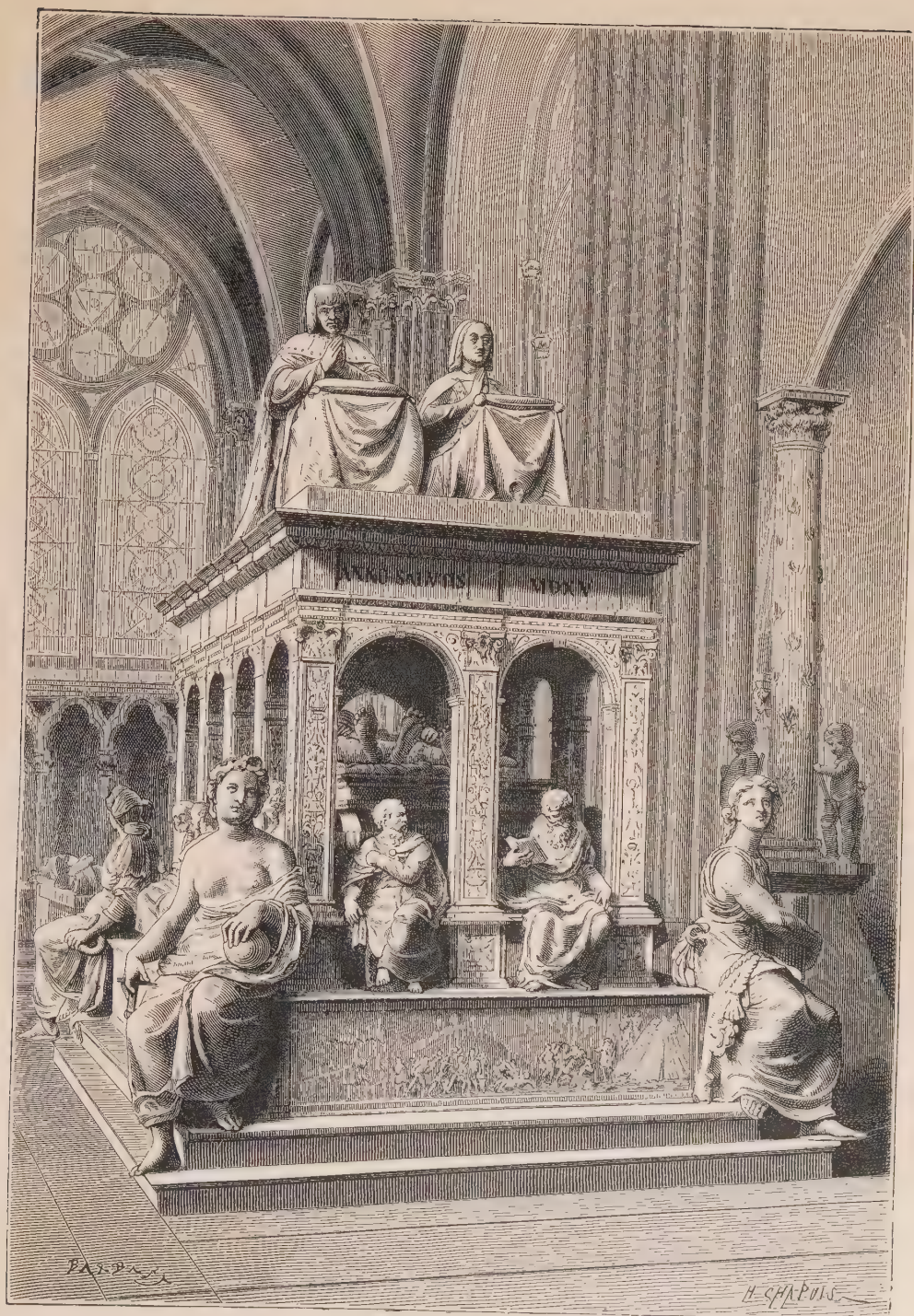


Medal of Francis I.

plenty, wherefore he gained ample knowledge of the world. He obtained many victories over his enemies, but, towards the end of his days, Fortune somewhat turned to him her affrighted countenance.<sup>1</sup> The good Prince was lamented and mourned by all his subjects and not without reason; for he had kept them in peace and in great justice, in such wise that, after his death and all eulogies spoken of him, he was called the Father of the People. This title was given him for good reason. He was not yet fifty-six years of age when he paid the tribute of nature. He was borne to his grave at St. Denis alongside of his good predecessors, in the midst of great weeping and lamentation and to the deep regret of his subjects.

<sup>1</sup> In other words, frowned upon him or turned her back on him.





TOMB OF LOUIS XII. AND ANNE OF BRITANY.

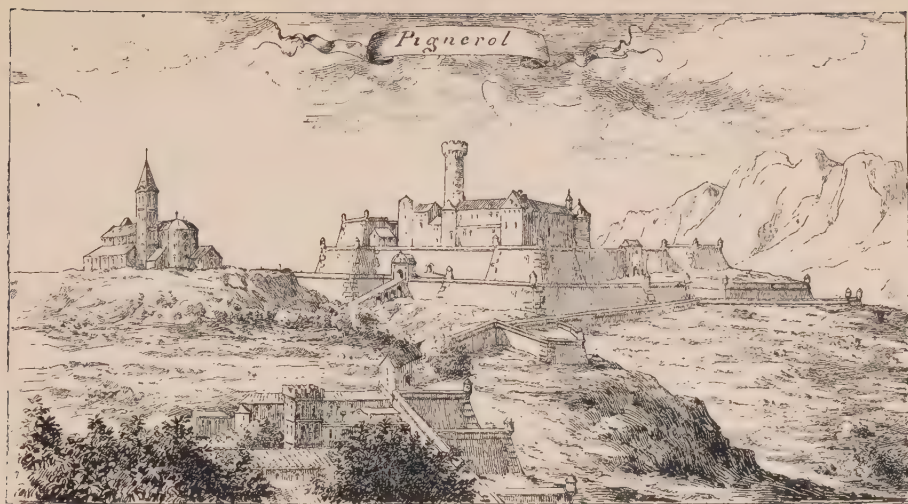


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After him, Francis, the first of his name, succeeded to the crown, at the age of twenty, as handsome a prince as there was in the world; who had espoused the Lady Claude of France, elder daughter of the King his predecessor, and Duchess of Britany. Never had there been seen a King in France with whom the nobility was so well pleased. He was brought to Rheims to be consecrated, accompanied by all the princes, gentlemen, and officers, of whom there was so great a number that it is a matter almost surpassing belief. And it must be said that the houses were crowded, for there was not a great or mean or poor man but desired to be present at the festivity.







Ancient View of Pignerol.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

*REIGN OF FRANCIS I.*

### CHAPTER I.

How the King of France, Francis, first of this name, passed over the mountains, and how he sent before him the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche. And concerning the capture of the Lord Prospero Colonna by his cunning.



AFTER the consecration of the King Francis, the first of this name, and his coronation at St. Denis, he returned to make his entry into Paris, and that was the most splendid and glorious entry that has ever been seen in France ; for of princes, dukes, counts, and gentlemen at arms, there were more than a thousand or twelve hundred. The entry was followed by many jousts and tourneys in the street of St. Anthony, wherein every man did the utmost he could. The said lord remained until after Easter at Paris, where in the

meantime the treaty was made between him and the Archduke, the Count of Flanders, touching the marriage of the latter and the Lady Renée of France, sister-in-law of the King. Some other marriages were also made, such as that of Mary of England, then widow of the late King Louis XII. and dowager of France; with the Duke of Suffolk (Sir Charles Brandon, who was greatly beloved of the King of England his master), and that of the Count of Nassau to the sister of the Prince of Orange. The Duke of Bourbon was made Constable of France. Then about the month of May, in the year fifteen hundred and fifteen, they set forth from Paris, and came by easy stages to Amboise, where the noble Duke of Lorraine espoused the own sister of the said Duke of Bourbon.

During all these matters, the King of France was busy secretly preparing his expedition for the conquest of his Duchy of Milan. And little by little he despatched his army towards the Lyonnais and Dauphiny, whither already had come the good Chevalier, then his lieutenant in that district, by the people whereof he was as much beloved as if he had been their natural lord. Now, as you have heard before in several passages, in advancing against the enemy the good Chevalier according to his desire was ever placed with the vanguard, and in the retreat in the rear, and so again it happened on this expedition. For he was sent with his company and three or four thousand foot-men to the confines of Dauphiny and the territories of the Marquis of Saluzzo, whereof the latter had lost all save a castle called Revello, a very strong place.

In the strong places of the Marquis of Saluzzo a large number of Swiss were garrisoned, and there also the Lord Prospero Colonna, who was at that time Lieutenant-General of the Pope, had taken up his abode; and he held all the country at his mercy, and dealt therewith according to his pleasure. Right well was he accompanied, for he had with him three hundred men-at-arms, all picked soldiers and mounted like St George, and also some light-horse. The good Chevalier secretly discovered through his spies to which place this Lord Prospero the most often repaired; and he made so good enquiry that he knew for a truth, that if he had equal strength with his enemy in respect of men-at-arms, he would bear the said lord ill company.

He sent word thereof to the Duke of Bourbon, who was at Briançon in Dauphiny, and he made the same known to the King, who had already come to Grenoble to accomplish his expedition. Whereupon, according to the demand of the good Chevalier, three splendid captains

were forthwith sent with their bands, to wit, the Lords of La Palisse, of Imbercourt and of Aubigny.

Now certain good news were brought to the good Chevalier,<sup>1</sup> by reason whereof he passed over the mountains at a place called Dronero,



The Duke of Bourbon. From a Print of the Sixteenth Century.

and descended into the plain of Piedmont; whereof the Lord Prospero was informed. But because he understood that the good Chevalier had but his own company with him, he recked lightly thereof, and often said

<sup>1</sup> By a Piedmontese chamois-hunter, who offered to guide them by a path known only to him, and which, according to M. Terrebasse, is the modern Pas de la Dragonnière.



in his own language: "Questo Bayardo a passato gly monte ynanee poco de lauro como uno pipione in la gabia."<sup>1</sup>

The good Chevalier was well informed of all these sayings, and also knew for certain that the good captains were advancing to accomplish the undertaking. Now the Lord of Moretto, of the house of the Solieri, and a Piedmontese cousin of his, busied themselves with a fine strata-gem, and right well did their devoir therein, in such sort that it was determined to go and catch the Lord Prospero within the town of Carmagnola, which they should enter at night by way of the castle, with which they had communication.

Now when the French captains, who did not linger by the way, had arrived, they all assembled in the plain of Piedmont, at a small town called Savigliano. Therein they found the good Chevalier, who welcomed them to the best of his power. But he said to them: "My lords, we must not rest here; for if the Lord Prospero discover your arrival, our enterprise falleth to pieces, for he will retreat, or perchance he will call to his aid the Swiss, of whom he has a goodly number at Pignerol and at Saluzzo. I am of opinion that we should bait our horses well to night, and then at break of day we will achieve our design. There is a wide stream to cross, but the Lord of Moretto<sup>2</sup> here present knoweth a ford whither he will conduct us without danger."

Thus was the matter determined, and every man retired for a little rest; but care was first taken to see that the steeds wanted for nothing. Then when it came to two or three hours after midnight, they all mounted to horse without much noise.

The Lord Prospero was in Carmagnola, and had been certainly in-

<sup>1</sup> We give the Italian as it stands in the original text. The words *ynanee poco de lauro* being untranslatable, Terrebasse substitutes *lo prendero*. The present editor prefers to read *in vane e poco de lauro* (or *lavro* for *lavoro*, in accordance with another's suggestion); and he translates thus: "This Bayard has crossed the mountains without profit and with little glory (or with little toil), as a pigeon passes into a cage." He admits, however, that the reading of M. de Terrebasse ("This Bayard has crossed the mountains; I shall catch him like a pigeon in a cage") receives support from the author's subsequent reference to the phrase on p. 379; although he does not think the insertion of *prendero* necessary to make sense of the words.

<sup>2</sup> According to Champier, it was the brother of the Lord of Moretto: "They mounted to horse four hundred men-at-arms. Then said the marshal: 'How shall we pass the river Po, which is so impetuous and broad?' 'Here, my lord,' said Bayard, 'is the brother of the Lord of Moretto, who knoweth the ford, and he shall pass over it the first and I after him.' So they passed this great river, which is very dangerous, and impossible to pass without knowing the ford. But, like daring and courageous men, they went so that they passed over the river without losing a soul."



formed by his spies that the French were in the country. He was, however, little alarmed, for he did not think any company was in the plain save that of the good Chevalier. So he had not intended to remove from Carmagnola until the evening, while the French thought to come upon him in the morning. He had, however, received some news which determined him to withdraw to Pignerol, in order to look after affairs, as it was known of a truth that the French were in the [mountain] passes. So not very early in the morning he left his quarters and took the road, in very good order, intending to dine at a small town about seven or eight miles thence, called Villafranca.

When the French had arrived before the castle of Carmagnola, they spake with the governor, who told them how it was only a quarter of an hour since the Lord Prospero and his men had set out; whereat they were exceedingly annoyed beyond belief, and they took counsel as to what they ought to do. Some wished to go after them; others doubted; but when each had spoken, the good Chevalier said: "My lords, since we have come so far, I am of opinion that we should pursue. If we meet them in the open country, it will be a fine cry if we do not make some of them rest there."

"By God!" said the Lord of Imbercourt, "man never spake better."

The Lords of La Palisse and of Aubigny did not run counter thereto; and they began to march; but they sent beforehand the Lord of Moretto in disguise, to learn in what state their enemies were. He made so good speed, that he discovered for certain that the Lord Prospero and his band were dining at Villafranca. The French were well pleased, and resolved to carry out their design in this way: that the Lord of Imbercourt should march in front with a hundred archers, and, an arrow's flight behind, the good Chevalier should follow him with a hundred men-at-arms, while the Lords of La Palisse and of Aubigny should come after with all the rest of their men. Now hear what happened.

The Lord Prospero had good spies, and he was informed, as he went to mass in this small town of Villafranca, that the French were in the field in great number. He made answer in his own tongue that he knew well there was but the Captain Bayard and his band, unless the others had flown over the mountains. Then, as he returned from mass, again came other spies, who said to him: "My lord, I warn you that I have left near at hand more than a thousand horse of the French, and they are about to seek you here."

He was a little surprised; he looked at a gentleman of his company,

to whom he said, "Take twenty horse and go along the road to Carmagnola, as far as two or three miles hence; and look out if you see aught that can cause annoyance."



Sword of Francis I.

In the meantime he commanded the quartermaster of his troops to have the trumpet sounded and to go and prepare the quarters at Pignerol, whither he would follow him, as soon as he had eaten a morsel. The other instantly did his command. The French kept continually advancing according to the disposition aforesaid, and approached within about a mile and a half of Villafranca, where on issuing from a small coppice, they come face to face with the men whom the Lord Prospero sent to discover them. These, when they became aware of them, began to turn their backs, and at full gallop to return towards Villafranca. The noble Lord of Imbercourt gave chase to them at his best speed, and sent word by an archer to the good Chevalier to hasten forward. It was not necessary to tell him twice. Before the men of the Lord Prospero had gained Villafranca, or at the very least just as they sought to enter the gate, the Lord of Imbercourt overtook them, and began to shout "France!" "France!"

They tried to close the gate, but he prevented them as well as he could, and did all that was possible in arms, without being wounded save a little in the face.

In the meanwhile the good Chevalier came up, and made a marvellous clamour, in such sort that they gained possession of the gate.

The said quartermaster, who was already mounted to horse with some men-at-arms, and intended to depart for Pignerol, heard the tumult, and threw himself into the square and sought to stand upon his defence; but all his force was borne to earth and a portion thereof slain. The Lords of Aubigny and La Palisse arrived, and setting a guard over the first gate went to guard another, in order that no one should escape, for there were but these two gates in the town. But it was not possible to watch them so well but that there escaped across the small foot-plank which is adjoining the draw-bridge two Albanians, who ran, as if all the devils were carrying them, to tell a troop of four thousand Swiss, who were but three miles off, of the mischance that had happened to the Lord Prospero.

The said lord in the meantime was attacked in his abode, where he was dining, and he was prepared to defend himself like a man of war as he was. But when he perceived that his effort would avail him little, and heard the names of the captains who were there assembled, he yielded, with the greatest regret in the world, cursing his fortune to have been so surprised and that God had not done him this favour to have found the French in the open country.<sup>1</sup>

The good Chevalier, hearing these words, recomforted him the best he could, saying to him: "Lord Prospero, it is the fortune of war; at one time to lose, at another to gain." But always brought he in some joyous word, and he added: "Lord Prospero, you wish to have found us in the open; I pledge you my faith that you ought not so to wish for the half of your wealth, for with the rage and talent for good fighting which possessed our men, it would have been very difficult for you or any of yours to have escaped alive."

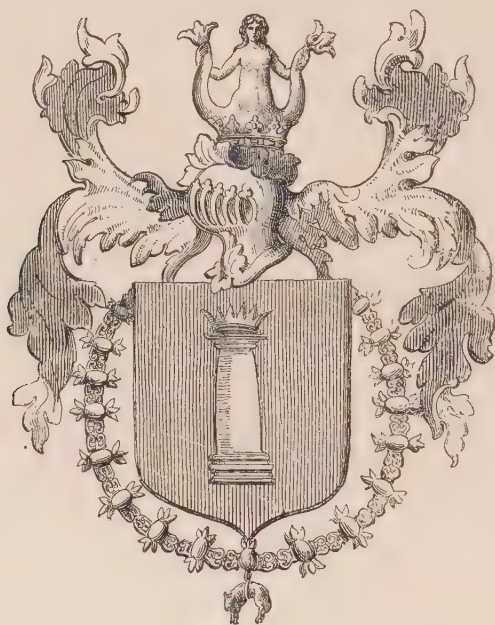
The Lord Prospero answered coldly: "I should have been right glad, if it had pleased our Lord, to undertake the adventure upon that risk."

Along with the Lord Prospero were captured the Count of Policastro, Pietro Morgante, and Carlo Cadamosto, who were captains of the men of war there, who were also prisoners. Afterwards every man took to

<sup>1</sup> Champier gives a few more details: "Bayard found before the house of the Lord Prospero his guard of archers. He straightway cried: 'Yield, and utter not a sound. Otherwise you die.' Some put themselves on their defence, but were soon overthrown. The others ran to the Lord Prospero, who was at table and dining; they cried 'Arise, lord; here are the French in a huge band.' Then the lord cried: 'My children, guard this door a short time until we be accoutred to defend ourselves.' . . . But the noble Bayard on one side made his men attack the door, and with the others scaled the windows and entered within well-armed, and himself the first. . . . When the Lord Prospero saw that the house was filled, he called out: 'Lords of France, who is your captain?'"

pillage, and the plunder was exceedingly great for so small a company; for if it had been all brought away they would have drawn a hundred and fifty thousand ducats therefrom. Among other things, there was a treasure in the horses which were captured, for there were six or seven hundred, whereof four hundred were of value, all coursers or horses of Spain. Indeed I have since heard tell of the Lord Prospero that this capture cost him fifty thousand crowns, as well in vessels of gold and silver, and in money, as in other goods.

The French had not leisure to carry off all; for news came that the



Colonna's Blazon.

Swiss, to whom those two Albanians had gone, were marching at full trot and were already close at hand. They determined among themselves to set out upon their return, and sounded the trumpet to that end. Each man seized the best of his booty; they sent on their prisoners before them and then began their return. And as they went out by one gate, the Swiss entered by the other; but the latter were on foot and the others mounted, and therefore they cared little.

This was one of the fairest enterprises that had been made for two hundred years past. Moreover the Lord Prospero, who boasted that he



/ would catch the good Chevalier like a pigeon in a cage, suffered the contrary himself, and all by the vigilance of this good Chevalier.

The King of France was already among the mountains, where never had army passed, and at the mountain of St. Paul he received the news of this fine defeat, whereat he was exceeding joyous; as was all his company. Indeed nothing is so certain as that the capture of Prospero Colonna did great service to the French; for without that he would have been present at the battle which took place some time afterwards. Through him also there would have been present all the Spanish and the rest of the army of the Pope, who, if they had assembled, would have numbered a thousand men-at-arms, but they had to spend their days in weariness and vexation, wherewith one was well content.



Francis I. knighted by Bayard.

## CHAPTER II.

Of the battle which the King of France, Francis, first of this name, fought against the Swiss, in the conquest of his Duchy of Milan, wherein he remained victorious. And how, after the battle was won, he desired to be made knight by the hand of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.



THE King of France, who was exceedingly rejoiced at the capture of the Lord Prospero (and indeed he had reason), marched with his army as swiftly as he could, and came through Piedmont to Turin, where the Duke of Savoy, his uncle, received him with courtesy. The Swiss, who had lodged themselves in the passes, when they knew of the capture of the Lord Prospero and the rout of his band, abandoned them and retreated towards Milan, whither they were ever pursued. Some talk of a truce arose and it was thought to be almost concluded. Wherefore the Duke of Gueldres, ally and always loyal servant of the house of France, who had brought a troop of ten thousand lansquenets for the service of the King, returned to his own country. But he left his men with his nephew, the Lord of Guise, the brother of that noble prince, the Duke

of Lorraine, and with a lieutenant of his who was called the Captain Miguel.

This talk, that the truce would come about, continued always, until the army of the King approached within twelve or fifteen miles of Milan, whither the Swiss had withdrawn, along with that good prophet, the Cardinal of Sion, who all his life had been a mortal enemy of the French, as he well proved again this time. For, notwithstanding that the Lord of Lautrec had gone to bear the money to Galera in order to carry out the proposed truce, one Thursday at even, the Cardinal so well lectured his Swiss, and made them so many remonstrances, that, like desperate men, they sallied forth from Milan, and came and hurled themselves upon the camp of the King of France.

The Constable, the Duke of Bourbon, who led the vanguard, straightway set himself in order, and sent word to the King, who was about to sit down to his supper;<sup>1</sup> but he left it there, and went straight against his foes, who were already joined in the skirmish, which lasted a long while before they came to the main action. The King of France had a large number of lansquenets, and they attempted the daring feat to pass over a ditch in order to seek out the Swiss, who let pass seven or eight ranks of them and then beat you them back in such sort that every man who had passed over was thrown into the ditch. Thereupon the said lansquenets were exceedingly dismayed. And had it not been for the Lord of Guise (who made a marvellous resistance and was at last left for dead),<sup>2</sup> the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable, the noble Count of St. Paul, the good Chevalier, and several others, who charged through this band of Swiss, they would have caused great trouble, for it was now night, and night hath no shame.<sup>3</sup>

This body of Swiss was routed by the gendarmerie of the vanguard in the evening. A party of about two thousand passed face to face with the King, who gallantly charged them, and a stubborn conflict

<sup>1</sup> "My lord the Duke of Lorraine, who was about to place himself at table for supper, heard the shout, leaped to horse supperless, and we also after him, for there was no longer time to sup and one had to think of other things. Bayard, who was the Duke's lieutenant, laid vigorously about him, shouting: 'Traitor Swiss and cursed churls, go home and eat cheese among your mountains if you can. Cry to God for mercy on your treason.'"—*Champlier*.

<sup>2</sup> "He received," says Champlier, "the thrust of a pike in the upper part of the thigh, which entered three fingers deep, and he was thrown down as if dead; but a German, a drummer of my Lord of Lorraine, recognised him, his soldiers raised him up, and he was borne to the tent of my Lord of Lorraine, where I dressed him."

<sup>3</sup> That is, one can flee without detection.

took place, in such sort that he was in great danger of his person, for his beavor was pierced by the blow of a pike.

It was now so late that men could not see one another; and they were constrained to retire for this evening, the Swiss on one side and the French on another. And they rested as they could, but I verily believe that no man reposed at his ease. Wherein Fortune showed as



Seal of Francis I.

much favour to the King of France as to the least of his soldiers, for he remained mounted all night like the others.

You must hear one adventure of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, which was strange indeed and very perilous for him. At the last charge that was made upon the Swiss in the evening, he was mounted upon a gallant steed, which was the second, for at the first charge he had one killed between his legs. As he was about to charge, he was all surrounded with pikes, in such manner that his said





BAS-RELIEFS OF THE BATTLE OF MARIIGNAN.



horse was unbridled. When the horse felt himself without a rein, he set to a gallop, and despite all the Swiss and their ranks, passed right through them. And he was bearing the good Chevalier straight upon another troop of Swiss, had it not been that in a field he came upon some vines, stretching from tree to tree, where, perforce, he stopped.

The good Chevalier was much alarmed, not without cause; for he was dead, beyond remedy, if he had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

He in no way lost his wits, but gently dismounted and threw off his helmet and thigh-pieces, and then along the ditches, on hands and feet, retired, according to his judgment, towards the camp of the French, and where he heard them shouting "France."

God granted him the favour to arrive without danger, and moreover, what was better for him, it happened that the first man he met



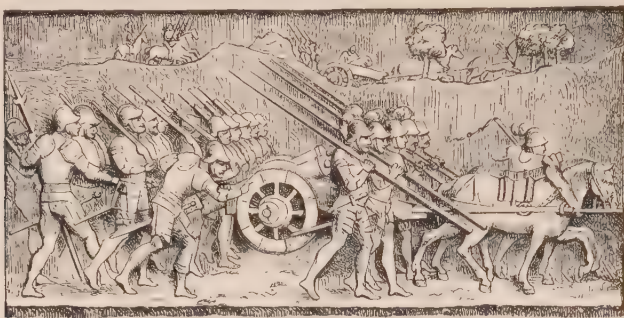
Swiss Trumpet.

was the noble Duke of Lorraine, one of his masters, who was astonished indeed to see him thus on foot. The said Duke straightway lent him a gallant steed named Le Carnian, whereof he himself had formerly made the Duke a present, and which was captured at the taking of Brescia. Moreover on the day of Ravenna [this horse] was left as dead, and the good Chevalier dismounted from him, because he had two pike-thrusts in his flanks, and on the head more than twenty sword-cuts. However, on the morrow some person found him as he was grazing and he began to neigh, wherefore he was brought in to the quarters of the good Chevalier, who caused him to be cured. But his behaviour was a thing beyond belief; for, like a man, he let them put him to bed and place bandages on his wounds, without stirring at all. And afterwards, whenever he saw a sword, he rushed to grasp it in his strong teeth; and never was seen a more courageous horse, though it were Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander.

However this might be, the good Chevalier was right glad to find



himself escaped from so great danger, and remounted on so good a steed. But it vexed him that he had no headpiece; for, in such affairs, it is exceeding dangerous to have the head bare. He perceived a gentleman, a great friend of his, who had his page carrying his, and he said to him: "I fear to take cold because I am a-sweat from



Bas-relief of the Battle of Marignan.

having been so long on foot. I pray you, lend me your helmet that your man carries, for an hour or two."

The gentleman, who gave no thought to that which the good Chevalier meant, lent him the helmet, wherewith he was well pleased;



Bas-relief of the Battle of Marignan.

for he did not lay it aside afterwards until the battle was ended, which was on the Friday, about ten or eleven o'clock. For, from the break of day, the Swiss were ready to begin again, and came straight against the artillery of the French,<sup>1</sup> by which they were well treated.

<sup>1</sup> Champier, who was present at this battle, relates how from the morning of the morrow Bayard had conceived the idea of employing the artillery to advantage.



Nevertheless, never men fought better, and the affair lasted for three or four hours. At last they were broken and defeated, and ten or twelve thousand of them died on the field. The remainder, in good order enough, retreated along a great road to Milan, whither they were escorted by sword-blows, as well by the French as by the Captain-General of the Seigniorie of Venice, Messer Bartolomeo Alviano, who a little before had arrived with the succour of Venetians, and there, in a charge which he made, he lost two or three captains, among whom was the son of the Count Petigliano. The French suffered great loss there; for, on the Thursday or the Friday, there were slain my Lord Francis of Bourbon, the noble Captain Imbercourt, the Count of Sancerre, and the Lord of Mouy; while the Prince of Talmont and the Lord of Bucy received wounds, whereof they afterwards died.

The King took counsel to see if they should pursue the Swiss or not. Many were of divers opinions; at last it was determined to be the best to let them go, for it might be possible to make use of them in time to come. The day that the Swiss left their camp, they remained at Milan, and on the morrow they departed thence, withdrawing to their own country. They were pursued by some few men, but not to the extremity; for if the King had willed it, there would not have escaped one.

On the evening of the Friday on which the battle ended to the honour of the King of France, there was joy exceeding through the camp, and men talked thereof in many ways; and some were considered better doers than the others. But above all it was considered that the good Chevalier, on the whole two days, had shown himself such as he had been wont in other places where he had been in like case. The King was pleased to honour him greatly, for from his hand he took the rank of knighthood; and he had good reason, for from a better hand he could not have received it.

The Lord Maximilian Sforza, who held the duchy, as his father the Lord Ludovico had done formerly, remained in the castle of Milan,

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“Bayard came to the master of artillery and said to him: “My lord, you must shoot upon this quarter, on the right hand. The main body of the Swiss is there, but I pray you discharge seven or eight pieces all together to awake them better, for they are over full of sleep.” At these words, the master of artillery bade them charge eight huge pieces, and discharged them all upon the Swiss. And so great slaughter was made that the Swiss all abandoned this side. Then the battle began.” This fragment shows the humour of the good Chevalier. None the less, however, the Swiss attacked in the direction of the artillery, as is proved by our text, and by the bas-relief on the tomb of Francis I., which represents this phase of the conflict.

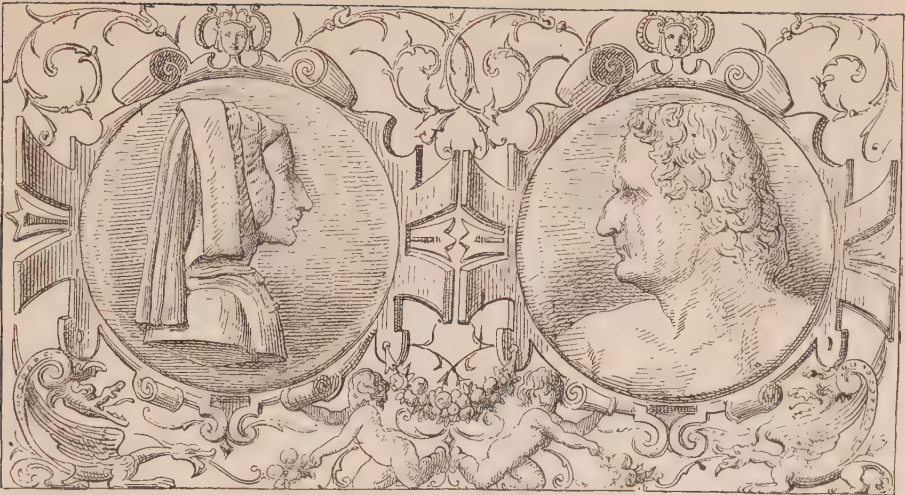
to which siege was laid; but he waited not long before he yielded himself. A composition was made with him, wherewith he was satisfied, and those who were within departed with their property.

I will omit to speak of all that which happened during two months; but in the month of December the King of France went to visit the Pope in the city of Bologna, who gave him great welcome. They held converse together of many matters, wherewith I will in no wise encumber this history.



Buckler of Francis I.

From the Royal Armoury at Madrid.



Giulio de Médicis and Louise de Savoie. From their Medals.

### CHAPTER III.

Of many incidents which happened in France, Italy, and Spain, during three or four years.

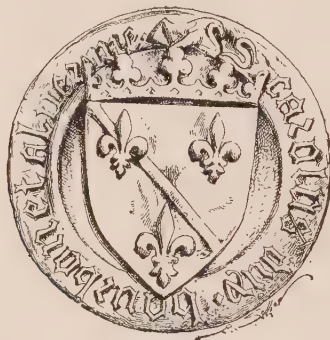


IN his return from Bologna, the King of France came to Milan,<sup>1</sup> whence, after having left the Duke of Bourbon, Constable of France, as his lieutenant-general, he returned to his own country, and went straight into Provence, where he found his good and loyal wife and the lady his mother, whom at his departure he had left regent in his realm. About this season died Ferdinand, King of Arragon, who in his life had won some fine and great victories. He was vigilant, wary, and cunning, and

<sup>1</sup> The end of the preceding chapter shewed us Francis being dubbed knight by Bayard. This celebrated episode is related by Champier with a few more details. After having protested against so great an honour, and having undertaken the ceremony only upon the king's repeated injunction, Bayard raised his sword, with the flat of which, according to the rite, he struck the royal shoulders thrice. Then he exclaimed joyously: "Right happy art thou to-day to have given so noble and puissant a king the order of knighthood. Certes, my good sword, you shall be right well guarded like a relic, and honoured above all others. And never will I bear you, save against Turks, Saracens, or Moors."

you find but few histories which make mention that he had been deceived in his life; but during the same he marvellously augmented the estates of his successor. The Lord Giuglio de Médicis also, who was called Duke of Modena, brother of Pope Leo, passed from life to death; he had espoused the Duchess of Nemours, daughter of Savoy and aunt of the King of France.

The Emperor Maximilian, ill-pleased with the fair victory which the King of France had gained over the Swiss, and that he had conquered his duchy of Milan, assembled a great number of lansquenets and some Swiss of the Canton of Zurich and the League of the Grisons.<sup>1</sup> Moreover he came in person to the said duchy of Milan, where, because of the great power which he had, the Constable was counselled not to



Seal of the Duke of Bourbon.

await him in the field, and he retired with his army into the town of Milan, where, a few days after, there came to him a succour of eight or ten thousand Swiss. Seeing which, the Emperor, who was the most suspicious man in the world, retired into his own country; he had no great honour in his enterprise, but the Constable acquired high renown therein. The good Chevalier made many forays upon the Germans, and

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This legendary weapon is said to be still preserved in England. This much is certain, that the sword of the grandfather of Bayard was preserved, and that it was of great weight. "Thou wilt find even in our time" (1527), says Symphorien Champier, "in the house of the noble Gaspard Terrail two swords, which the grandsire of the said Gaspard and of the said Bayard bore; and they are of a marvellous make and of great price, and few men are found who can use them by reason of the weight of the same."

<sup>1</sup> La Ligue Grise, the Grey League, composed of three small confederations, which together constituted the Canton of the Grisons.



therein captured many prisoners; but he never took from them but their pike and dagger.<sup>1</sup>

The following year John, King of Navarre, who had been despoiled of his realm by Ferdinand, King of Arragon, passed from life to death. In the said year, about the month of July, a certain treaty was made between the King of France and the King of Castile, Charles, heretofore Archduke of Austria, touching his marriage with Louise, eldest daughter of France. It was concluded in the town of Noyon, but it lasted not long. I will not discourse of the said treaty, for enough is written thereof elsewhere.

About the month of October the indulgence of the crusade was given throughout France by Pope Leo, whence there arose many scandals and



Spanish Rapier. From the Royal Armoury at Madrid.

mockeries by reason of the preachers, who said much more than the bull contained.

On the last day of February, fifteen hundred and seventeen, the good, prudent, and right perfect Queen of France, Claude, was delivered of her first son, Francis, Dauphin of Viennois, in the town of Amboise, which caused great rejoicing through all the realm of France. And among other towns, that of Orleans did marvels; for, during an entire day, there were before the town-hall two fountains which poured forth claret and white wine, while from a small pipe issued hippocras, to which many men, after they had tasted thereof, held fast.

The Dauphin was baptised in the said town of Amboise, and the sponsors were Pope Leo (but his nephew, the magnificent Lorenzo de

<sup>1</sup> Some commentators take this to be an allusion to the generosity of Bayard; the editor sees rather an allusion to the poverty of the German lansquenets, who, having no valuables beside their pikes and daggers, were too poor to pay ransom. Bayard always without exception exacted ransom; only he generously distributed the money among those around him.

Médicis, held it for him), and the Duke of Lorraine, and Madam the Duchess of Alençon was the godmother. There was exceeding great cheer made. This Lord Lorenzo de Médicis during this time espoused one of the daughters of Boulogne and took her into Italy. However, she lived not long, nor he after her; nevertheless one daughter issue of them survived.

In the year fifteen hundred and nineteen the Emperor Maximilian passed from life to death, which caused sorrow to many. In his lifetime he had been of a good disposition, liberal as ever prince was, and if he had been mighty in wealth, he would have achieved many things; but he was poor after his heart. The son of his son, Charles, King of the Spains, was chosen Emperor after him.

## MOVSON



Ancient View of Mouzon.

## CHAPTER IV.

How Messer Robert de La Marck made divers forays upon the countries of the Emperor elect, who raised a huge army, and of that which happened therein.



SHORT while afterwards, I know not who counselled him thereto, the Lord of Sedan, who was named Robert de La Marck, and who at that time was in the service of the King of France, made sundry forays upon the country of the Emperor elect, who began to raise a huge army, and such that he was master and lord of the field.

The chiefs of his army were the Count of Nassau, and another captain named Frantz,<sup>1</sup> a gallant man in war, who had good repute among the companions. They were in number, both of horse and of foot, full forty thousand men or more.

During this affair, the King of France and the said Emperor elect were at peace, and had no demands against each other; wherefore the army of the Germans marched straight against the strongholds of the

<sup>1</sup> This is the famous Frantz von Sickingen, of whom Albert Dürer's well-known Knight of Death has been said to be the portrait.

said Lord of Sedan, and some of them were besieged and well defended. Nevertheless at last he lost four, to wit, Fleurange, Bouillon, Logne, and Messaincourt, and but few men escaped alive from the said places.

The said Lord of Sedan was in his stronghold of Sedan, which is



Seal of Charles V.

almost impregnable ; wherefore he was free from siege, and likewise those who were within one of his other places, called Jametz.

The King of France, duly informed of this great army which was coasting his county of Champagne, had fear that they would play him some trick. He sent his brother-in-law, the Duke of Alençon, with a





CHARLES V.

After Titian.



number of men to the frontier, and himself went to Rheims. The Germans practised a subtlety to come to their ends, for they took nothing in the country of the King of France without good payment. And the Count of Nassau caused it to be spread throughout his camp that the Emperor his master had thus charged him, being resolute to abide ever in the friendship which he had with France.

This notwithstanding, without otherwise making proclamation of war, he came and planted his siege before a small town called Mouzon, whereof the governor and captain on behalf of the King of France was the Lord of Montmoreau, Master of the Horse of Britany. He had some foot-men with his company in the town, which was far from well provided with artillery or with victuals. And what is worse, the companies that were within were not found to be of one mind with their captain and governor, who purposed to hold the town even to death. And whatever remonstrances he could make to the foot-men, he found himself in danger both within and without; wherefore, to avoid a greater misfortune, he surrendered the town, their lives being spared. Whereat murmurs arose in many ways, and some said that the captain had not borne himself well; but all men of honour and virtue knew well that he could not do otherwise, and that it was not the fault of the said Lord of Montmoreau that he did not die in the breach. For if all those who were with him had been of the same heart, the Germans would have marched no farther.

Now the town of Mouzon having been so quickly surrendered caused some little astonishment to the French, who never thought that the Emperor would have sought to break the truce. In such matters, however, the sovereign remedy is prompt provision. It was seen that Mézières was the nearest town after Mouzon, and that they must take thought to guard and defend it; for, if that were lost, Champagne was in evil case. The King of France was informed thereof, and he forthwith gave word to send the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche into the said town of Mézières, saying that he knew no man in his realm in whom he had more trust; and further, that his hope was that he would guard it so well and so long that his host would be come together to resist the deceptions that the Emperor wished to put upon him.

This command the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche was more willing to receive than a hundred thousand crowns, for all his desire was to do service to his master and to acquire honour. He set

forth to throw himself into Mézières, with the young Lord of Montmorency and sundry other young gentlemen, who of their own will accompanied him, and with a number of foot-men, under the charge of two young gentlemen, the one named the Captain Boncal, of the house du Refuge, and the other the Lord of Montmoreau.



Coffer of Franz von Sickingen.

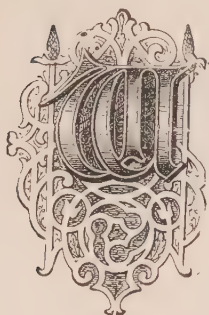




Ancient View of the Town of Mézières.

## CHAPTER V.

How the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche held the town of Mézières against the might of the Emperor, wherein he acquired great honour.



WHEN the good Chevalier had entered into Mézières, he found the town in very ill order to withstand a siege, the which he expected to have from one day to the next. He forthwith shewed such diligence as in this great need passeth all human understanding, and began day and night to raise the ramparts. And there was not a man-at-arms or a foot-soldier, whom he did not set to work. He himself also often laboured there,<sup>1</sup> in order to give them courage, and said to his companions in war, "How now, gentlemen! shall we suffer reproach that the town is lost by our fault,

<sup>1</sup> Champier, who never loses the chance of a pun, says that in carrying and having carried the earth (terre), Bayard proved himself worthy of his name of Terrail. Rivail adds that Bayard expended out of his own pocket in this matter three thousand crowns, and that with ready jest he said, "If victuals fail us, we will then eat our steeds, and after them our serving-men."

seeing that we are so few a company met together and of such worthy men? Methinks, if we were in a field and had before us a ditch four feet in breadth, we should still fight a whole day without being undone. Now, God be praised! we have ditch, wall, and rampart, and before our foes set foot thereon, many of their companies, I trust, will sleep."

In short, such courage he gave his men that they all thought they were in the best and strongest fortress of the world.

Two days afterwards, the siege was set before Mézières in two places, the one on this side the water, and the other on the farther side. One of the sieges the Lord Frantz commanded, having with him fourteen or fifteen thousand men. On the morrow of the siege, the said Count of Nassau and the Lord Frantz sent a herald to the good Chevalier, to represent to him that he ought to surrender the town of Mézières, which could not be held against their power, and that, for the great and praiseworthy chivalry that was in him, they would be sore displeased if he were taken by assault (for his honour would greatly diminish thereby, and peradventure it might cost him his life), and that it was wrong that any misfortune in this world should come to a man to make one forget all the glorious deeds that he had brought to an end in his life-time; and that if he would listen to reason, they would give him so good a composition that he ought to be content.

Many other fine propositions they made him by this herald. After having heard and well listened to him, the good Chevalier began to laugh, and sought not counsel of any man living for his answer, but all suddenly he said, "My friend, I marvel at the kindness which my Lord of Nassau and the Lord Frantz do and offer unto me, considering that never had I dealing or great acquaintance with them, and they have so great fear of my person. My good herald, you shall return and tell them that the King my master had many other able men in his realm beside me to send to hold this town which now opposeth you. But since he hath done me this honour to trust himself to me, I have hope, with the help of our Lord, to preserve him the town so long that it will weary your masters far more to be at the siege than me to be besieged; say also that I am no more a child to be affrighted with words."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> According to Champier, the summons was repeated a fortnight later, and that must have been the occasion of Bayard's uttering the play of words so often related since: "Bayard of France feareth no runt nor fat paunch of Germany. . . . Think you that it be some village boutefeu such as you are wont to deal with. . . . If we had been at Mouzon, you would have soon returned to plunder your neighbours in Germany." *Bayard de France ne craint pas rossin ni grosse panse d'Allemagne, etc.* Here Bayard means a bay steed

He bade his men feast the herald right well and conduct him beyond the town.

The herald returned to the camp, and reported the answer of the good Chevalier, which was little pleasing to the lords. In their presence was a captain, named Grandjean, a Picard, who all his life had been in the service of the kings of France in Italy (and likewise at the time when the good Chevalier had held a charge), who, addressing his words to the Count of Nassau and the Lord Frantz, spake aloud thus: My lords, do not think, so long as my Lord of Bayard shall live, to enter into Mézières. I know him, and many a time hath he led me to war; and he is of such quality that, if he had the most cowardly men of the world in his company, he would make them valiant. Be assured also that all those who are with him will die in the breach, and he the first, before we set our foot in the town. As for me, I would rather that there were two thousand men-of-war more and that his person were not there."

The Count of Nassau answered, "Captain Grandjean, the Lord of Bayard is not made of iron or steel, any more than another man. If he be a brave soldier, let him shew it. For, before four days be passed, I will have him given so many cannon-shot that he will not know to which side to turn."

"Well, we shall see what will happen," quoth the Captain Grandjean; "but you will not take him as you think."

Their converse ceased, and the Count of Nassau and the Lord Frantz set in order their batteries, each on his side, and bade them make all the efforts they could to take the town. This was done, and in less than four days there were discharged more than five thousand cannon-shot.

The men of the town made right good answer, according to the artillery which they had; but from the camp of the Lord Frantz great damage was done to the town, because he was lodged on a height, and hit with far more ease than did the Count of Nassau.

The good Chevalier, albeit he was held one of the most valiant men of the world, had also in him another quality as worthy of praise; inasmuch as he was one of the most vigilant and cunning warriors that

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and rossin, or roussin, a short thick-set horse; as seen elsewhere, and note 1 of the Appendix. Frantz had a reputation for faithlessness, and at this very moment was a pensioner of France. Champier even accuses him of having often endeavoured to draw Bayard into a trap, under pretext of a single combat between six champions; but the commandant of Mézières was too much imbued with the responsibility of his charge to accept a challenge.

could be found. He considered within himself how he might find means to cause the Lord Frantz to repass the river, for he was greatly damaged from his camp. He wrote a letter to Messer Robert de La Marck, who was in Sedan, whereof this was the substance :

“MY LORD CAPTAIN,

“I deem that you are well informed how that I am besieged in this town from two quarters ; for on one side is the Count of Nassau, and on the hither side of the river is the Lord Frantz. Methinks that for a half-year past you have told me that you fain would find means to bring him into the service of the King our master, and that he was your ally. In that he hath the reputation to be a right gallant knight, I would earnestly desire the same. But if you know that this can come about, you will do well to inquire thereof from him, but rather to-day than to-morrow. If he have the desire, I shall be well pleased thereat, and if he will otherwise, I advise you that ere four-and-twenty hours shall pass, he and all his camp will be cut to pieces. For at three short leagues hence, twelve thousand Swiss and eight hundred men-at-arms are lying ; and to-morrow, at point of day, they ought to fall upon his camp. I also will make a sortie from this town by one of his flanks, in such fashion that he will be a right able man if he escape. I have desired indeed to send you word thereof ; but I pray you that the matter be kept secret.”

When the letter was written, he found a peasant, to whom he gave a crown, and said, “Go to Sedan (it is but three leagues hence), and bear this letter to Messer Robert, and tell him that it is the Captain Bayard who sendeth to him.”

The good man straightway set forth. Now the good Chevalier knew well that it would be impossible for him to pass without being taken by the men of the Lord Frantz, as indeed he was before he had gone two bow-casts from the town. He was forthwith brought before the said Lord Frantz, who demanded of him whither he was going. The poor man was in great fear of death ; and in truth he was in great danger. He said, “My lord, the great captain who is in our town sent me to Sedan to bear a letter to Messer Robert,” which the honest fellow drew from a little pouch wherein he had laid it.

When the Lord Frantz got this letter, he opened it and began to read, and was greatly astonished when he had seen the contents. He began to have suspicion that through envy the Count of Nassau had



made him pass the water, to the end that he might be defeated; for formerly there had been some little quarrel between them, because the said Lord Frantz would not readily obey the Count.

Scarcely had he ended reading the letter than he began to exclaim aloud, "I know well that at this moment my Lord of Nassau strives to ruin me; but, by the blood of God, it shall not be so."

He called five or six of his greatest friends, and revealed to them the contents of the letter, and they were as amazed as he. He asked not for advice, but bade the drum sound and call to the standard and all the baggage be loaded, and set himself to pass to the farther side of the water.

When the Count of Nassau heard the noise, he was greatly surprised, and sent to learn what it was by a gentleman, who, when he arrived, found the camp of the Lord Frantz in arms. He inquired what it was, and he was told that he was about to pass over to the bank of the Count of Nassau. The gentleman went and told him this, whereat he was much astonished; for in this way the siege was raised from before the town. He sent one of his most particular friends to tell the Lord Frantz not to move his camp before, in the first place, they had spoken together, and that, if he did otherwise, he would not be doing good service to his master.

The messenger went and spake his message; but Frantz, full of wrath and anger, answered him: "Return and say to the Count of Nassau that I will do nought thereof, and that at his desire I will not abide at the shambles. And if he would forbid me to lodge near to him, we will see by fighting with whom the field shall rest, with him or with me."

The gentleman of the Count of Nassau returned and told him all that he had heard from the mouth of the Lord Frantz. Never was man so astonished as he was; nevertheless, so as not to be surprised, he drew up all his men in order of battle. In the meanwhile the men of the Lord Frantz passed over, and when they had gone over, set themselves likewise in array. And to see them, it seemed as if they would fight one against the other, and the drums sounded furiously.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is remarkable that contemporary documents make no mention of this secret cause of the raising of the siege. Nevertheless it cannot be called in question, when we find the following passage in a letter written from Rethel on September 26 by M. de Chastillon to Francis I. "Yesterday, about nine o'clock of the morning, the two bands, that is to say the Count of Nassau and Frantz, placed themselves in the field in order of battle, and parleyed together, the said Count of Nassau mingling high words and reproaches, in such sort that the Count of Horn and the Count of Felix were forced to

The poor man who had borne the letter, by reason whereof this tumult had arisen, I know not how God so willed, escaped. And he returned, sore amazed, as a man who thought to be escaped from death, into Mézières, to the presence of the good Chevalier, to whom he began to make his excuses, saying that he had not been able to go to Sedan, and that he had been taken on the road and brought before the Lord Frantz, who had seen his letter, and that forthwith he had moved his camp.

The good Chevalier began to laugh heartily, and knew well that his letter had put it into his mind. He betook himself to the rampart with some gentlemen, and saw these two armies arranged, the one facing the other.

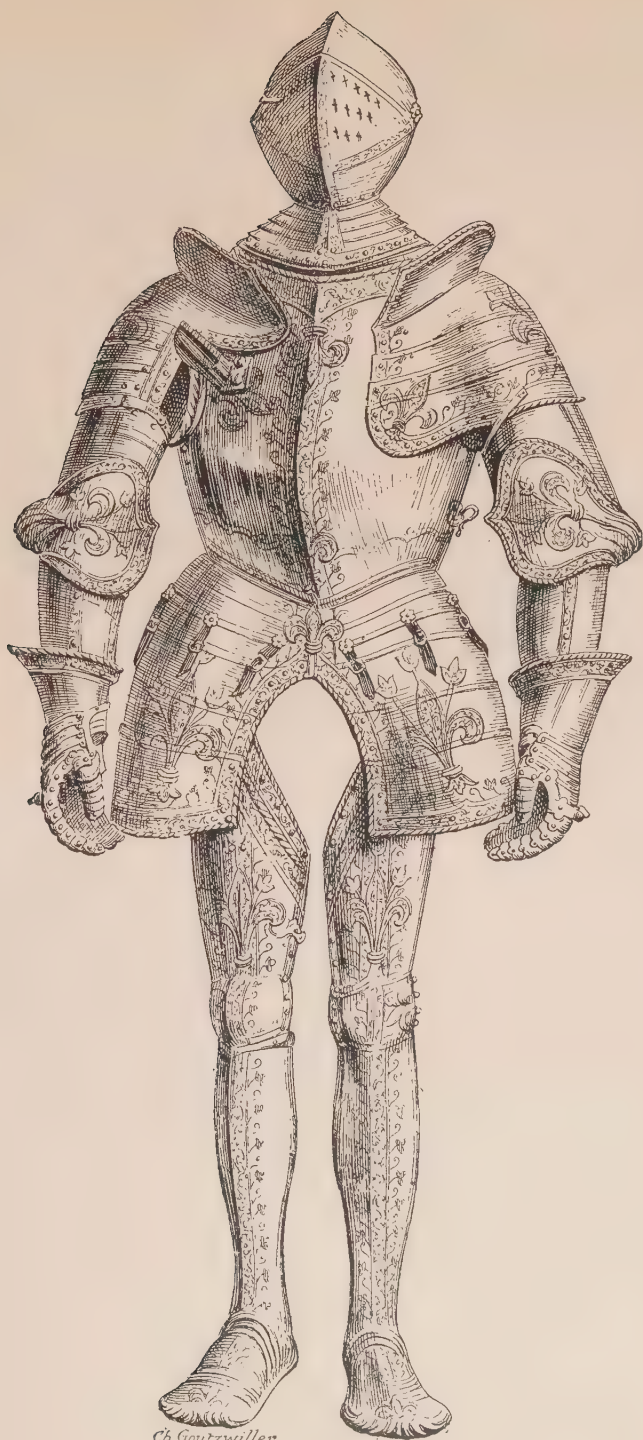
"By my faith," said he, "since they will not begin to fight, I will myself begin."

He caused five or six cannons to be shot off among the enemy, who, by the means of men who went from one side and then from the other, abated their quarrel and retired to their quarters.

On the morrow they packed off and raised the siege, without even venturing to deliver an assault, and all by fear of the good Chevalier. Peace was not made so speedily between the Count of Nassau and the Lord Frantz; for more than eight days were they without joining forces. Thus Frantz departed towards Picardy, by way of Guise, setting fire everywhere, while the Count of Nassau marched higher up; but shortly afterwards they were appeased and became friends.

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throw themselves between the two, otherwise they would fall upon each other; and they both said that never would they be in the Emperor's service together." Thus it remains certain that the misunderstanding between the besiegers caused the failure of their attack, and that it was not thought opportune to divulge the ruse employed to increase their difference. It must also be noted that Francis I., in an order issued on September 28, announcing the raising of the siege, seems to attribute it to the news of his approach alone, without paying the least homage to the defenders of the town. He does not even mention the names of Bayard and Anne de Montmorency, who however both signed the official despatches. The only captain named by the King is the Lord of Lorges, whom he boasts to have made enter Mézières "*à la barbe de l'ennemi*," with a thousand foot-men. Perhaps we can here see the birth of that distrust which seems henceforth to keep Bayard from the posts where he could best serve his country. Champier, although no carper, is strong upon this point. After having declared that the King was prevented by his courtiers from taking Valenciennes as Bayard had desired, he adds, "Some captains were displeased in that Bayard was so loved and praised of every man, and that more good was spoken of Bayard than of the others, and some henceforth conceived a great hatred against him. Bayard held no great charge or trust, and afterwards was not chief in any place of war. Whereby hath been great hurt to many who thus thought, and to theirs also. For of more worth is an army of deer ruled by a lion, than an army of lions ruled by a stag." It is probable, too, that the courtiers hostile to Bayard employed to discredit him his intimacy with the Constable de Bourbon.



ARMOUR OF FRANCIS I.  
(Musée d'Artillerie.)





Thus in the manner you have heard above was the siege raised from before Mézières, whereby the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche gained a crown of laurel. For although they delivered no assault, he held the enemy at bay for three weeks, during which time the King of France raised a mighty army of power enough to fight the enemy. And he came himself in person to his camp, whither the good



Goblet said to be Bayard's. Preserved at Mézières.

Chevalier went to do him reverence, and in passing retook the town of Mouzon.

The King his master gave him an exceeding kind reception, and could never weary of praising him before all the world. He desired honourably to recompense him for the great and commendable service which he had freshly done him. He made him a knight of his order, and

gave him the right to command a hundred men-at-arms.<sup>1</sup> Then he marched after his foes, whom he drove out of his country and pursued them right into Valenciennes, where the good Chevalier demeaned himself as he was ever wont to do. The Germans did much harm in Picardy by fire; but the French were in no wise ungrateful, and doubly repaid it them in Hainault.

On his return the King went to Compiègne, where he had some news from Genoa, and found there was need to send there some prudent and valiant and wise knight. Wherefore the said lord, knowing the good disposition of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, and how he never tired of doing service, offered him this commission, praying him earnestly that for love of him he would make this journey, for he had great trust in his person. He accepted it with as good heart as it was offered him; then he passed the mountains, and was right well received at Genoa, as well by the governor and the gentlemen as by all the inhabitants, and while he remained there he was honoured and prized by all men.

Many things happened in Italy, whereof I will make no mention to you for many reasons; but I will proceed to relate to you the death of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, which was an irreparable loss. Alas! a mournful and unhappy day for all the nobility of France!

<sup>1</sup> It was on this occasion that his brothers received one a bishopric, the other a fine abbey.



Bayard mortally Wounded.

## CHAPTER VI.

How the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, during a retreat he made in Italy, was slain by a cannon-shot.



AT the beginning of the year fifteen hundred and twenty-four,<sup>1</sup> the King of France had a mighty army in Italy under the orders of his admiral, the Lord of Bonnavet, to whom he had given the command, for he wished exceedingly well toward him. He had in his company many excellent captains; likewise there had lately come there a young prince, a son of the house of Lorraine, named the Count of Vaudemont, who desired greatly to learn arms and by virtuous works to walk after his ancestors.

<sup>1</sup> Both the historians of Bayard, Champier and the Loyal Serviteur, declare their intention not to speak of the events of the preceding years. We will give an epitome of them. After having set right the trouble caused at Genoa by an attempt at sedition, Bayard took part in the disastrous fight of the Bicocca, and, being posted at Sisteron with a small troop, prevented the victorious enemy from crossing the French frontier. In 1523

Now the army of the King of France abode at that time in a little town named Biagrasso, and while they were there the commander of the army, that was the admiral, one day summoned the good Chevalier, and said to him, "My Lord of Bayard, it is needful for you to go and occupy Robecco, with two hundred men-at-arms and the foot-men of Lorges; for by this means we shall marvellously trouble those men in Milan, both on account of provisions, and also in order to have better knowledge of their affairs."

It must be known that, albeit the good Chevalier never murmured at any commission that was given him, he could not honestly be content with that one, because he knew it to be dangerous and doubtful. So he made answer as to his king's lieutenant: "My lord, I know not how you mean the matter; for, to hold Robecco, seeing the position wherein it lieth, one half of the men who are in our camp would be necessary. I know our enemies; they are watchful, and I am assured that it is, so to speak, difficult not to suffer shame therein. For it is my certain opinion that, if any number of our foes were there, I could go some night and rouse them to their disadvantage. Wherefore, my lord, I pray you to think well whither you desire to send me."

The admiral held much discourse with him, and said that he need not be troubled, for not a mouse would depart from Milan but he would be informed thereof. And so many reasons he spake to him of one sort and another, that the good Chevalier, with great vexation, betook himself with the men that had been given him into Robecco. However, he took there but two good steeds; for his mules and all the rest of his train he sent to Novara, as if foreseeing the loss of all that he kept with him.

When they were come to this village of Robecco, they took counsel how they should fortify it. They found no means save to make barriers at the approaches; but it was possible to enter the place from all sides. The good Chevalier wrote many times to the admiral that he was in a very dangerous position, and that, if he wished him to maintain himself there long, he should send him succour; but he received no answer.<sup>1</sup>

he is found at Grenoble taking care of those sick of the plague, hunting down the troops of brigands who were devastating the Viennois, and asking for some command from Francis I., who answered him with abundant compliments, but entrusted the command to the incapable Bonnivet. Which, however, did not prevent Bayard from capturing Trevi and Lodi, and from once again receiving a wound.

<sup>1</sup> According to Champier, Bonnivet had promised a considerable reinforcement within three days, but did not keep his word.



The enemy, who were in Milan to the number of fourteen or fifteen thousand men, were informed by their spies that the good Chevalier was in Robecco, with a small company, whereat they were exceeding glad. They resolved one night to surprise and defeat him; and pursuant to this desire, they took the field about midnight, in number from six to seven thousand foot-men and four to five hundred men-at-arms; they were guided by men who knew the village and the houses of the chief persons.

The good Chevalier, who was ever mistrustful, almost every night set the half of his men on watch and guard, and he himself passed two or three nights thus, so that he fell sick, as much of melancholy as of cold, far more than he made appear. Nevertheless he was constrained to keep his chamber this day.<sup>1</sup> When it came to the evening, he ordered certain captains, who were with him, to go on watch and to look well on all sides that they were not surprised. They went, or made semblance of going; but because it rained a little, all those who were on guard retired to their quarters, save three or four poor archers.

The Spanish marched onwards, each man, to be the better known in the night, having a shirt girded over his harness. When they approached within an arrow's flight of the village, they were greatly astonished to find no man there, and they thought that the good Chevalier had been advised of their enterprise, and had withdrawn to Biagrasso. Nevertheless they marched on, and were not a hundred paces distant when they found those few archers who had remained on guard, and without a cry, they began to charge. The poor men made no resistance, but took to flight, shouting, "To arms, to arms!"

But they were so eagerly pursued that the enemy were at the barriers as soon as they. The good Chevalier, who in such danger never slept save clothed, arrayed in his armlets and thigh-pieces, and with his hauberk near him, straightway arose, and bridled a steed which was already saddled, on the which he mounted. Then he came, with five or six of his men-at-arms, straight to the barrier, whither forthwith arrived the Captain Lorges, and a certain number of his foot-men, who demeaned themselves right well.

The enemy were going about the village, seeking the lodging of the good Chevalier;<sup>2</sup> for if they had taken him, the remainder mattered

<sup>1</sup> Champier says that Bayard had on this day taken medicine, and that it was the knowledge of his sickness that determined the Spanish to try a night attack.

<sup>2</sup> They could not find it, by reason of the ditches that Bayard had dug round about, and which enabled him to sustain the first onset. He was forewarned by the private watch

little to them; but yet they caught him not. The shouting was loud and the alarm hot. During this contest at the barrier, the good Chevalier heard the drums of the foot-men of the enemy, which were sounding to arms with exceeding vigour. Thereupon he said to the Captain Lorges, "Lorges, my friend, here is a game ill set. If they pass this barrier, we are undone. I pray you, withdraw your men, and close up as best you can. March straight to Biagrasso; for, with the horsemen that I have, I will remain at the rear. We must leave our baggage to the enemy, there is no help for it. Save our persons if it be possible."

So soon as the good Chevalier had spoken, the Captain Lorges did his bidding and retreated, while they made this resistance at the barrier. The greater part of the French mounted to horse, and retired as fortune favoured them, fighting right gallantly, and they did not lose ten men. The enemy had for the most part dismounted, and among the houses and on all sides were seeking the good Chevalier. But he was already at Biagrasso, where, on his arrival, he had some strong words with the admiral. However, I will make no mention thereof, but if both of them had lived longer than they did, they would perchance have gone further.<sup>1</sup>

The good Chevalier thought to die of sorrow for the misfortune that had befallen him, none the less because it was not by his fault. But in war there is fortune and misfortune more than in all other affairs.

Some short time after this retreat from Robecco, the lord admiral, perceiving his army lessened day by day as well by want of provisions as by sickness, which was rife among his men, took counsel with his captains, among whom the best opinion was that they should retreat. Therefore he marshalled his battalions, with whose rear-guard, as was ever his custom in retreats, the good Chevalier remained.

The Spanish followed them from day to day, and marched in fair array after the French. Often, too, they ventured to skirmish, but, when they came to charge, they found themselves ever bearded by the good Chevalier with a certain number of men-at-arms, and he showed them so bold a countenance, that he made them rest quiet, and many a time

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he had posted at his own door. He arose forthwith and summoned his cousin Gaspard Terrail, who brought the horses. During this time all he could do was to arm himself entirely, except the legs.—Champer.

<sup>1</sup> He means that after the campaign Bayard would probably have demanded satisfaction from Bonnivet for leaving him in a trap, as Bayard considered he had done.



ARMOUR OF CHARLES V.  
(Armeria Reale, Madrid.)





and often drove them back upon their main troop. They threw out upon the two flanks of a certain highway many hackbutters and arquebusiers, who cast bullets<sup>1</sup> large enough for a hackbut with a rest, whereof they discharged many. By one of them was the noble Lord of Vendenesse struck, and some time after he died of the hurt, which was a great loss



Arquebusier.

for France. He was of slender body, but for loftiness of spirit and valour no man surpassed him.

That young Lord of Vaudemont, who had of late begun the pursuit of war, bore himself with wondrous gallantry, and made many fine

<sup>1</sup> *Pierres*, the common name at that time for all projectiles, although made of lead or iron. The difference between the hackbut and the arquebuse appears here, the former being a heavier weapon, mounted on a carriage or trestle, and weighing about fifty pounds, while the other was a portable arm, although the author here notes some of exceptional size.

charges, so much so that it seemed as if he had never done aught else.

In the meanwhile, the good Chevalier, as confident as if he had been in his own house, caused the men-at-arms to march on, and retired at a good pace, having his face ever straight towards the foe ; and, sword in hand, he caused them more fear than a hundred others. But, as God so willed, an arquebuse was discharged, whereof the bullet struck him across the loins, and broke the great bone of his spine. When he felt the blow, he cried, "Jesus!"

Then he said, "Ah! my God, I am killed!"

He took his sword by the hilt, and kissed the guard, in token of the cross, saying aloud the while, "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam!*"

Forthwith he became all pale, as if he had given up the ghost, and he thought to fall. But he had still the courage to grasp the bow of his saddle, and he remained thus until a young gentleman, his steward, helped him to dismount and laid him under a tree.

It was not long ere it was known among both friends and foes that the Captain Bayard had been slain by an artillery-shot, whereat all those who heard the news thereof were exceeding grieved.



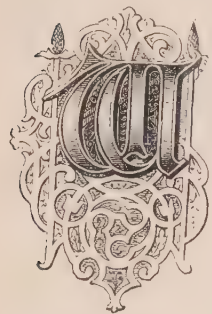
Arms of Bayard.



Bayard visited by the Spanish.

## CHAPTER VII.

Of the great mourning which was raised for the decease of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.



WHEN the news was spread abroad through the two armies that the good Chevalier had been killed, or at least wounded to death (even in the camp of the Spanish, although he was the one man in the world of whom they had the greatest fear<sup>1</sup>), all men, both gentlemen and soldiers, were exceeding grieved thereat for many reasons. For whenever during his life he made forays and took any prisoners therein, he treated them with wondrous humanity, and so gently in regard of ransom, that every man was contented with him. They knew that by

<sup>1</sup> This is shewn by the following passage in a letter, which Adrien de Croy wrote to Charles V. from the camp in the valley of Perugia, dated 5th of May, 1524: "Sire, Although the said Lord Bayard was the servant of your enemy, there is great loss by his death, for he was a gentle knight, well beloved of all men, and one who had lived so good a life as never did man in his station. And of a truth, he shewed it well in his end, for that was the most noble that I ever heard speak of."

his death nobility was greatly weakened ; for, without blame to others, he had been a perfect Chevalier in this world ; and by serving along with him, their young gentlemen formed themselves.

Thus, one of their principal captains, named the Marquis of Pescara, who came to see him before he gave up the ghost, uttered a lofty speech in his praise, which in his own language was such as this : " Would to God, noble Lord of Bayard, though it had cost me a quart of my blood without meeting death, that I were not to eat flesh for two years, and could hold you my prisoner in good health. For by the treatment I would give you, you would know at what rate I have esteemed the high prowess that was in you. The great praise which my nation gave to you, when they said, *Muchos grisones y pocos Bayardos*,<sup>1</sup> was not granted you wrongly ; for since I have had knowledge of arms, I have not seen nor heard speak of a knight who hath approached you in all virtues. And although I ought to be well pleased to see you thus (being assured that the Emperor my master in his wars had not a greater or more stubborn foe), nevertheless, when I consider the great loss which all chivalry doth suffer this day, may God never bear me aid if I would not have given the half of my worth, so that it were otherwise. But since against death there is no remedy, I pray Him who hath created us all in His likeness that He will take your soul to His close keeping."

Such piteous and sorrowful regrets did the noble Marquis of Pescara and many other captains make over the body of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche. And I believe that there were not six men of all the army of the Spanish, who did not come to look upon him one after another.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> " Many grays and few bays ; " with a play upon the further use of the words *grisones* and *bayardos* for asses and steeds respectively. (See note to p. 400.)

<sup>2</sup> Here perhaps we may insert the visit of the Constable de Bourbon, which the Loyal Serviteur, no doubt intentionally, has passed over in silence. Champier has narrated the incident, but without rendering it as the severe and patriotic lesson for which it has been so often told. The moral is, as it were, gilded. " When the Lord of Bourbon, who at that time was in command of the enemy, heard that Bayard was wounded to death, he came to him and said, ' Bayard, my friend, I am sorry for your mishap ; you must have patience. Do not give yourself to melancholy. I will send for the best physicians of this country, and, with the aid of God, you will soon be cured.' When Bayard had heard these words, and had recognised him, he said to him : ' My lord, it is not the time for me to seek the physicians of the body, but those of the soul ; I know that I am wounded unto death and beyond cure. But I pray God to give me grace to know Him at the end of my life ; . . . for all my life I have followed war, and have done many wicked and sinful things. . . . I have no displeasure or regret to die, save that I can do no service in the future for the king my sovereign, and I must leave him, whereat I am exceeding grieved



Now since it is thus that the enemy so mightily bewailed his death, can one rightly measure the great sorrow which arose on account thereof through all the camp of the French, as well the captains and men-at-arms as the foot-men?<sup>1</sup> For by every man, in his condition, had he made himself marvellously beloved. You would have said that there was not a person who had not lost his father or mother; in like manner the poor gentlemen of his company made lament beyond measure.

"Alas! perfidious Fury," cried they, addressing Death, "what harm had this so perfect and virtuous Chevalier done unto thee? Thou hast not avenged thyself upon him alone, but all of us hast thou cast into grief, until thou shalt have wrought thy last stroke upon us as upon him. Under what shepherd shall we henceforth go to the field? What guide can God hereafter give us, with whom we could be in such safety as when we were with him? For there was not a man who was not as confident in his presence as in the strongest fortress of the world. Where in the future shall we find a captain to redeem us when we shall be prisoners, to re-mount us when we shall be dismounted, and to cherish us as he did? It is impossible. Ah, cruel Death! it is ever thy fashion, that the more perfect a man is, the more dost thou take thy recreation in destroying and undoing him. But thou couldst not play so well but that, in despite of thee, although thou hast deprived him of life in this world, renown and glory undying shall abide with him so long as that world shall last. For so virtuous hath been his life, that it will leave a memorial to all the gallant and virtuous knights who shall come after him."

So piteous was the demeanour of these poor gentlemen, that if the hardest heart in the world had been present, they would have constrained him to take part in their mourning. His poor domestic serving-men were all benumbed with grief, among whom was his poor

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and mournful. I pray to God the Sovereign, that after my death he may have such servants as I would be.' Again, after many words, he said to him, 'My lord, I beg of you, leave me to pray to God my Redeemer, and to bewail and lament my sins, for I am ready to yield to Him my soul.' Whereupon the said lord departed with tears in his eyes." Du Bellay is far more outspoken than Champier, for he makes Bayard answer to the tokens of interest shewn by the Constable: "My lord, there is no need of pity for me, for I die as an honest man; but I have pity for you, to see you serve against your prince and your country and your oath." The testimony of Du Bellay ought apparently to outweigh that of Champier, and yet it is not probable that Bayard would have been so stern in the presence of a prince whom he loved.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix.

steward, who never left him. To him the good Chevalier confessed himself, for want of a priest.

The poor gentleman burst into tears when he saw his master so mortally wounded that there was no cure in life. But so gently did the good Chevalier encourage him, saying to him, "Jacques, my friend, leave thy sorrow. It is the will of God to take me from this world. I have by His grace remained therein a long while, and have received there more goods and honours than belong to me. All the regret I have to die is this, that I have not done my devoir so well as I ought; and indeed it was my hope, if I had longer lived, to amend my past faults. But since it is thus, I pray my Creator, by His infinite mercy, to have pity on my poor soul; and I have hope that He will so do, and that, by His great and incomprehensible goodness, He will not use toward me the rigour of justice. I beg of thee, Jacques, my friend, to let no one remove me from this place; for, when I stir, I feel all the pains which it is possible to feel, save death, which will seize me soon."

Shortly before the Spanish arrived at the place where the good Chevalier had been wounded, the Lord of Alègre, Provost of Paris, spake to him, and he had declared to him something of his testament. There came also a captain of Swiss, named Jean Diesbach, who had desired to carry him off upon some pikes, with five or six of his men, to seek to save him; but the good Chevalier, who knew well how it was with him, prayed him to leave him awhile to think upon his conscience; for to remove him thence would be but an abridgment of his life.

The two gentlemen were forced, with much weeping and lamentation, to leave him in the hands of their enemies. However, you may believe that it was not without making great regret, for by no means would they abandon him. But he said to them, "My lords, I pray you, depart. Otherwise you will fall into the hands of the enemy, and that will profit me nothing, for it is all over with me. To God I commend you, my good lords and friends. To you I recommend my poor soul, praying you besides (addressing his words to the Lord of Alègre), that you salute me the King our master, and say that I am ill-pleased that I can no longer do him service, for I had good will thereunto. Commend me also to my lords the princes of France, and to all the lords my companions, and generally to all the gentlemen of the right-honoured realm of France, when you shall see them."

As he said these words, the noble Lord of Alègre wept exceeding piteously, and in this state took leave of him.



FRANCIS I.  
After Titian.







He remained alive for two or three hours more; and a fine pavilion was pitched for him by the enemy, and a camp-bed, upon which he was laid. A priest also was brought to him, to whom he devoutly confessed himself, and said these very words: "My God! being assured that thou hast said that he who of good heart shall turn towards thee, whatever sinner he may have been, thou art ever ready to receive him with mercy and to pardon him (alas! my God, Creator and Redeemer, I have grievously offended thee during my life, whereof I am distressed with all my heart), I know well that, though I should be in the desert a thousand years on bread and water, still that is not enough to gain entrance into thy realm of Paradise, if of thy great and infinite goodness it pleased thee not to receive me therein; for no creature in this world can merit so high reward. My Father and Saviour, I pray thee that it may please thee to have no regard to the faults committed by me, and that thy great pity may rather be given me than the rigour of thy justice."

Upon the end of these words, the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche gave up his soul to God, whereat all the enemy felt sorrow beyond belief.

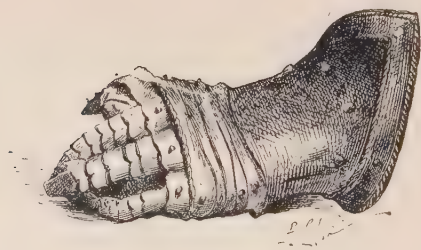
Certain gentlemen were appointed by the leaders of the army of the Spanish to bear him to the church, where a solemn service was made for him during two days. Then he was brought by his serving-men into Dauphiny,<sup>1</sup> and in passing through the lands of the Duke of Savoy, in the place where his body rested, the Duke caused as much honour to be paid to him as if he had been his brother.

When the news of the death of the good Chevalier was known in Dauphiny, there is no need particularly to describe the mourning that was there made; for the prelates, churchmen, nobles, and people made it equally. And I believe that for a thousand years there has not died a gentleman of the country in such wise lamented. Men went before the body right to the foot of the mountain, and it was brought from church to church with great honour, until they came close unto Grenoble, where to meet the body, at half a league distance, stood my lords of the Court of Parliament of Dauphiny, my lords of the Exchequer, almost all the nobles of the country, and the greater part of the burgesses, people, and inhabitants of Grenoble, who convoyed the deceased as far as the church of Our Lady in the said Grenoble, where the body reposed a day and a night, and with great solemnity service was performed for him.

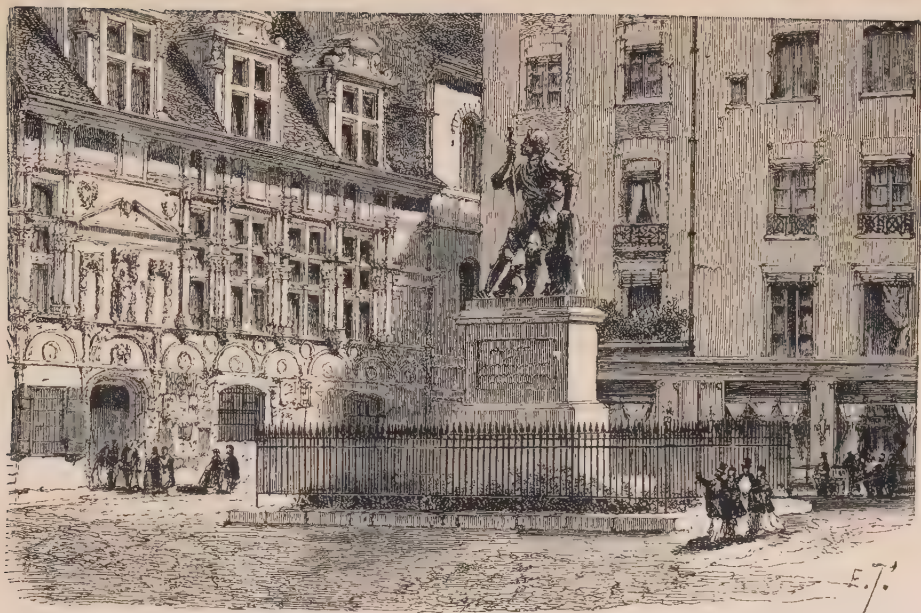
<sup>1</sup> See Appendix.

On the morrow, with the same honour with which they had brought him into Grenoble, he was conducted as far as a monastery of the Minims, half a league from the town (which his good uncle, the Bishop of the said Grenoble, Laurent Alleman, had formerly founded), where he was honourably interred. Then every man returned to his own house.

But for the space of a month you would have said that the people of Dauphiny were expecting immediate ruin ; for they did nought save lament and weep ; and feasts, dances, banquets, and all other pastimes ceased. Alas ! they were right indeed, for a greater loss could not happen for the country ; and every man soever was grieved to the heart thereby. Be assured that it touched right closely the poor gentlemen, gentlewomen, widows, and poor orphans, to whom he secretly gave and distributed of his goods. But with time all things pass away, save the love of God. The good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche had feared and loved Him during his life ; after his death, may his renown abide, according as he hath lived in this world, among all conditions of men.



Bayard's Gauntlet.



Statue of Bayard in the Place Saint-André at Grenoble.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Of the virtues possessed by the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.



ALL nobility was in truth beholden to put on mourning raiment on the day of the death of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche; for I deem that since the creation of the world, as well within the Christian pale as the pagan, there is not to be found a single man who less than he hath wrought dishonour or achieved more honour. There is a common proverb which says that the life of no man is without vice. This rule has failed in the case of the good Chevalier; for I take to witness all those who have seen him, speaking of a truth if they ever knew of a single one in him. But, on the contrary, God had endowed him with all the virtues which could exist in a perfect man, in which, according to the rank of each, he knew right well how to govern himself.

He loved and feared God above all things;<sup>1</sup> he never swore nor blasphemed Him; and in all his affairs and needs, to Him only did he have recourse, being right certain that from Him and His care and infinite goodness all things proceed. He loved his neighbour as himself, and this hath he clearly showed all his life; for never a crown had he that was not at the command of the first who had want thereof, even without his asking for it. Very often in secret he made gifts to the poor gentlemen who had need thereof, according to his power.

He hath followed the wars under the kings Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, and Francis the First of this name, kings of France, for the space of thirty-four years, and during this time there is not found a man who hath surpassed him in all matters serving unto the noble exercise of arms. For daring few men have approached him; in discretion he was a Fabius Maximus; in cunning enterprises a Coriolanus; and in strength and magnanimity a second Hector, furious against his foes, sweet, gentle, and courteous to his friends. Never was any soldier whom he held under his charge dismounted, but he remounted him, and, to make these presents the more courteously, he very often exchanged a courser or Spanish steed which was worth two or three hundred crowns for a curtal hack worth six crowns. Meanwhile he gave the gentleman to understand that the horse he had bestowed on him was marvellously suited to him. A robe of velvet, satin, or damask, he changed at all hazards against a small cloak, in order that he might make his gifts the more graciously and to the contentment of each.

It might be said that he could not give any great matter, for he was poor; yet he was as much reputed to be exceeding liberal, according to his power, as the greatest prince in the world. Moreover he hath gained during the wars, in his life, a hundred thousand francs in prisoners, which he hath distributed to all those who have had need

<sup>1</sup> On this point Champier relates the following anecdote: "One day he saw two young pages swearing by God's name; he reprehended them very sternly. A gentleman said to him, "Lord Bayard, you blame the pages hardly for a little matter, and reprehend them with exceeding rigour." "Certes," quoth Bayard, "this is not a little matter, but an evil custom learnt in youth." Champier has sundry other particulars which will not be out of place here: "The noble Bayard in his youth was shy, gentle, and gracious, humble, and courteous to every one. No man ever saw him in passion or in great anger, he was sober, . . . had but little of the melancholy disposition, was merry with all men, loving company, recreations, and pleasant things. As for his gravity, it was always mingled with gentleness and affability. In the camp he always made peace between the men-at-arms, and so gently did he manage and conduct his men that his company seemed rather to be monks than warriors."



thereof. He was a great almoner, and made his alms in secret. There is nothing so certain as that he hath married, in his life, without bruiting the same, a hundred poor orphan maids, gentlewomen, or others. The poor widows he consoled and gave to them of his goods.<sup>1</sup>

Before ever he issued from his chamber, he commended himself to God, and said his hours on his knees with great humility; but, while he did this, he would have no person present. At even when he was a-bed, and knew that his attendants were asleep, be it winter or summer, he arose and in his shirt and all at full length prostrated himself and kissed the earth.

Never was he in a conquered country, but, if it were possible to find the man or woman of the house wherein he lodged, he paid that which he thought he had consumed. And many a time hath it been said to him, "My lord, it is money lost that you bestow; for, on your departure hence, they will set fire to this place and will carry off what you have given."

He answered, "My lords, I do that which I ought. God hath not set me in this world to live by pillage or rapine. And, moreover, this poor man can go and hide his money at the foot of some tree, and when the war shall be passed out of this country, he will be able to help himself therewith, and will pray to God for me."

He hath been in many wars where Germans were present, who, on their departure, of their own accord set fire to their dwelling; the good Chevalier never left his until he knew that all had passed, or unless he left guards in order that they might not set fire thereto.

Among all sorts of men he was the most gracious person in the world, in that he most honoured men of virtue and spake least of the vicious. He was an exceeding ill flatterer and adulator. All his being was founded on truth, and, with whatsoever person it might be, grand prince or other man, he never bent to speak aught save the right. Of worldly goods he never thought in his life, and well hath he shown the same, for at his death he was scarcely more rich than when he was born. When one spake to him of men puissant and wealthy, in whom he thought there was no great virtue, he turned a deaf ear and answered little thereto. But, on the contrary, he could not surfeit himself of speaking of the virtuous. He esteemed in his heart a perfect gentleman who had but a hundred francs a year, as much as a prince of a hundred thousand, and he held it in his judgment that riches in nowise ennoble the heart.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix.

The Captain Louis d'Ars reared him in youth, and I think indeed that under him he passed his apprenticeship in arms. Moreover all his life he hath shown him as much honour as if he had been the greatest king of the world ; and when men discoursed concerning him, the good Chevalier took marvellous pleasure therein, and was never weary of speaking well of him. There was never a man following the pursuit of arms who better knew the hypocrisy thereof, and he often said that it was the thing in this world in which men are the most deceived ; for many a one putteth the valiant to shame in a chamber, who in the field before the enemy is meek as a maid. Little esteem had he in his time for men-at-arms who abandon their ensigns to counterfeit the brave or to take to pillage. He was the most confident man in war that hath ever been known, and by his words he would have made the greatest coward in the world fight.

He had gained some glorious victories in his time, but one never heard him boast thereof ; and if it happened that he spake of them, he ever gave the praise thereof to some other person. During his life he hath been at the wars with English, Spanish, Germans, Italians, and other nations, and in many battles both gained and lost ; but where they have been gained, Bayard was always in part cause thereof ; and where they were lost, he is ever found doing such feats that great honour rested with him therein.

Never would he serve but his own prince, under whom he did not acquire great benefits, and many more have been bestowed on him from elsewhere in his lifetime. But he ever said that he would die to uphold the public welfare of his country. Never could one offer him a commission that he would refuse, and he hath been offered some exceeding strange. But because he hath ever had God before his eyes, He hath aided him to maintain his honour : and therein, even to the day of his decease, no one had deprived him of the point of an aiglet.<sup>1</sup>

He was lieutenant for the King his master in Dauphiny, where he so fully gained the heart as well of the nobles as of the commonalty, that they would all have died for him. If he hath been prized and honoured in his own country, you need not marvel thereat ; for he hath been far more so by all the other nations. And that hath not endured for one or two years, but as long as he lived, and it endureth still after his death ; for the good and virtuous life that he hath led doth bear him immortal praise. It was never seen that he had sought

<sup>1</sup> That is, could not abate one jot of his honour.

to uphold even the greatest friend he had in the world against the right. And the good gentleman ever said that "all empires, realms, and provinces, without justice, are forests full of brigands."<sup>1</sup>

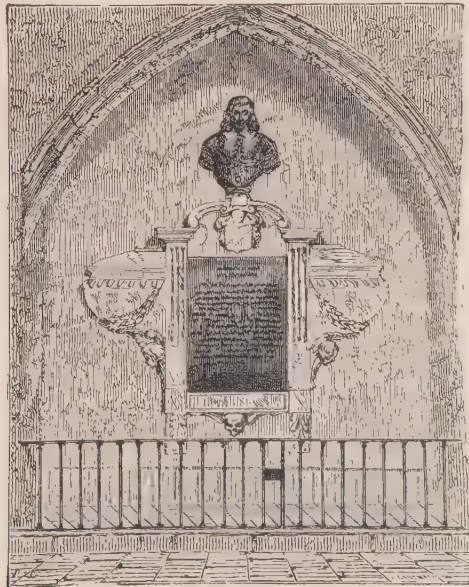
In warfare he hath ever held three excellent things which well become a perfect knight, "onset of greyhound, fence of boar, and flight of wolf."<sup>2</sup>

In short, he who would describe all his virtues, hath full need of the life of a good orator; for I, who am weak and little furnished with learning, I could not attain thereto. But of that which I have told thereof, I humbly pray all readers of this present history to take the same in good part. For I have done the best that I could, but not that which was indeed due for the praise of so perfect and virtuous a person as the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, the noble Lord of Bayard, of whom may God by His grace keep his soul in Paradise. Amen.

*Here endeth the right joyous, pleasant, and recreative history compiled by the Loyal Serviteur, of the deeds, feats, triumphs, and prowesses of the good Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, the noble Lord of Bayard.*

<sup>1</sup> Tous empires, royaumes et provinces sans justice sont forêts pleines de brigands.

<sup>2</sup> Assaut de lévrier, défense de sanglier, et fuite de loup.



Tomb of Bayard.







## APPENDIX.

### I.

*Page 1.*



ALTHOUGH in the few autographs that are known our hero signs himself *Bayart*, we shall write the name *Bayard* with a final *d*, for four reasons. First, if the Loyal Serviteur writes *Bayart*, Champier has *Bayard*. Now Champier knew the good Chevalier, he wrote his history immediately after his death, and further, he was a man of letters. Secondly, in former days no attention was paid either to accuracy or consistency in signatures. Thus in the following century we find even such persons as Peiresc,

Montaigne, and La Boétie writing their names in four different styles. Bayard himself, whose appellation was in reality *du Terrail*, signs himself *de Terrel*. The name of Bayard was only the name of the ancestral estate. Thirdly, Bayard is a place-name, and is found in three departments spelt in this manner. Bayard in Dauphiny, in 1404, figures in Latin as *locus dictus de Bayardo*. Fourthly, a final *d* agrees with the Latin form of the word, which is always

worth considering in such cases. I am aware that Villehardouin speaks of an emperor as being mounted upon *un cheval baiart*, a bay steed, because of a lack of *chevaux moriaus*, dark brown horses. But Ducange's Glossary contains two examples of the other spelling, taken from a deed of Dauphiny: *Humberte mariscalc rousinus suus bayardus*, and *donavit duos equos, videlicet bayardum et bayardum* (to wit, a liard or dark brown and a bay). Two other examples, taken from an inventory of 1476, will suffice to prove the general use of the letter *d*. They run thus: *unum rousinum pili bayhardi*, and *aliu[m] equum, sive rousinum pili bayhard*.

In the *langue d'oïl*, *bayard* or *bay*, like the modern *bai*, signified generally a reddish-brown. Putting horses aside, and turning to the name of the castle which Bayard rendered immortal, we may note the fact that *Bay*, like *Bayard*, is the name of several hamlets, clearly in allusion to a certain colour of the rock or the stone of the walls. In the same way we have Châteaubrun, Châteauroux, Rougemont, Montbrun, Montrouge. A like explanation attaches to the various puns that will be met with in the course of this history, such as "Muchos grisones y pocos Bayardos" (page 418), and "Le bayard de France ne craint pas le roussin d' Allemagne" (page 400, note). In these places *bayard*, apart from the allusion to the colour, always designates a noble steed, as opposed to *grison*, the grey ass, or *roussin*, a dwarf or small thick-set horse.

## II.

### Page 2.

Seven successive generations of the family were, in fact, slain or severely wounded on the field of battle. Aubert Terrail was killed in 1326 at the battle of Varey, where he engaged the Dauphin in single combat in the ranks of the army of Savoy; 2. Robert was slain in the service of the Dauphin Humbert II.; 3. Philip fell at the battle of Poitiers, 1350; 4. Pierre at Agincourt, 1415, while his brother Jean was killed at Verneuil; 5. Pierre was slain at the battle of Montlhéry, 1465; 6. Aymon, Bayard's father, was wounded at Guinegate, in 1479; the seventh was our hero. Besides his three brothers, Bayard had four sisters. Two of them took the veil; the youngest married Antoine de Theys; and the third, Marie, was mother of the Captain Pierre du Pont, or Pierrepont, whom Bayard appointed his lieutenant, and who fully justified this trust, as is proved by our history, wherein he is often named.

## III.

*Page 5.*

Bayard's castle is situate at the bottom of the valley of Gresivaudan, six leagues from Grenoble, and about a mile or somewhat less from the station of Pontcharra. In 1855 this historical dwelling was in ruins, as appears from the following extract from a Grenoble journal of that date, quoted by M. de Terrebasse : "Would our readers know the present state of the domain of the Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche? A placard affixed to the door of the civil tribunal of Grenoble gives it in the following terms :—

"*A building* situate at the place called Château-Bayart, in the commune of Pontcharra, used formerly as a dwelling and now as a storehouse, . . . consisting of a cellar, a ground-floor and a first-floor, in which one can hardly distinguish the number of rooms . . . ; it is marked on the survey-plan with the number 172.

"*Ruins* situate at the same place, . . . where there still remain some of the walls of the castle of the Chevalier Bayart, marked on the survey-plan with the number 173.

"*Two round towers*, situate at the same place, connected by the stone roof of the gateway, which formed the entrance to the castle. That lying to the west serves as a storehouse, and that to the east as the dwelling-house, consisting of a kitchen on the ground-floor and two rooms on the first floor, occupied by the farmer. They are marked on the survey-plan with the numbers 174 and 175. In this court there is a large shed roofed with tiles and slabs of mica-schist (*lauzes*), resting upon pillars and upon one of the walls of the castle, and also two vats and a wooden press; these last three articles are built as fixtures.'"

The description in the *Guide Joanne* confirms these sorry details :—"The entrance is through a dilapidated gateway, between two square buildings (*espèces de pavillons*) : the one, which was a chapel, is to-day a stable; the other serves as the dwelling of the cultivator of the estate. The principal body of the building had three floors; only the first remains. Bayard's chamber is shown, and the room in which he was born; the stables, the cellar, and the kitchen are all that have been preserved.<sup>1</sup>

"The Duke of Berry is said to have formed the intention, shortly before his death, of buying up this château and making a princely dwelling of it. M. Feillet, to whom we owe this information, adds that, at a later period, the department had the idea of obtaining possession of it; but in 1860 the general

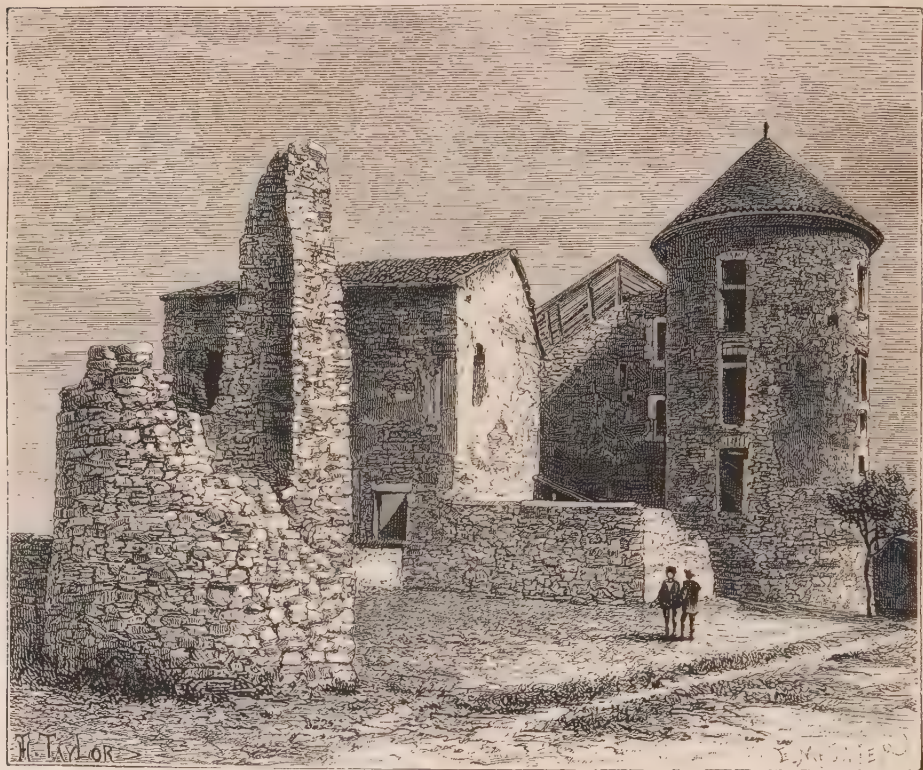
<sup>1</sup> Except one vaulted chamber, converted into a reception-room, none of these now remain.



council passed a resolution that, 'in face of the exorbitant claims of the proprietor, a commemorative obelisk should be raised upon some site in the territory of the commune of Pontcharra.' "

This resolution, like many others, has remained a dead letter.

The château continued, from Bayard's lifetime, to be occupied by his brother George, who married Claudine d'Arvillars. According to Terrebase, "she, having become George's widow, in 1541 did homage for the lordship of Bayart with its appurtenances and dependencies. Françoise passed a great part of her



Towers of the Château de Bayard. From a Photograph.

life in litigation before the parliament of Grenoble, and the ill success with which no doubt she met, drove her, as she had no children, to sell the château of Bayard to Jean de Saint-Marcel, Lord of Avançon. His son, Guillaume d'Avançon, Archbishop of Embrun, repaired and maintained with religious care the square tower in which the good Chevalier was born. In 1581 this lordship passed to the house of Simiane, by the marriage of Anne d'Avançon, only daughter of Laurent d'Avançon, with Balthasar de Simiane, Marquis de Gordes. Several of their descendants did not disclaim to add to their name that of Lord



and Count of Bayart.<sup>1</sup> In 1735, Pauline de Simiane brought the estate into the family of Durey de Noinville, who possessed it down to the time of the Revolution. Its last proprietor, the Count de Noinville, having fled, it was sold by the nation. Some *débris* still mark the site of the abode of the good Chevalier; its thick walls and the elegant turrets, which were built in 1404 by his great grandfather, have served as a quarry for the inhabitants of a neighbouring village."

M. de Terrebasse wrote the above under the Restoration. Nevertheless illustrated works of a later date, including even 'La France pittoresque,' which was published in 1833, continued to give some imposing views of the château, which, as a matter of fact, no longer existed.

## IV.

Page 10.

Doubt has been expressed concerning these early studies. Champier, however, makes mention of them in the following passage: "The noble Pierre Terrail was born in a strong dwelling named Bayard, situate in the district of Dauphiny named Grisivodam, near to a royal castle called Avalon. . . . Of this noble Pierre Terrail, the father was the noble Aymes Terrail, Lord of Bayard, and the mother was the noble lady Hélayne des Allemans, sister of the noble Lord of Laval, and sister of Laurent, Lord and Bishop of Grenoble. . . . The said noble Pierre from his childhood was brought up by his father in all virtues and kept at the schools in Grenoble by his said uncle the bishop. . . ." (Champier, 'Les Gestes du preux Chevalier Bayard,' fol. 13.) In the above extract Champier particularly calls Pierre by his family name of Terrail, which at first sight suggests the name of a lordship more than Bayard does. Terrail signified a causeway or embankment.

MM. de Terrebasse and Roman have published a certain number of Bayard's letters extracted from the collections in the MSS. room of the Bibliothèque Nationale. From the seventeenth century downwards, forgers have been at work trying to add to the number of letters. Only recently M. Charavay again denounced as a forgery a letter issuing from the Chambry collection.

<sup>1</sup> 'Généalogie de la maison de Simiane,' by Père Dominique. Robert, Lyons, 1680.

## V.

*Page 100.*

In saying that he intends not to treat further of the events which took place in the kingdom of Naples during two or three years, the Loyal Serviteur leaves a lacuna, which Terrebase has, according to his wont, found means to fill by the discreet use of contemporary documents. We cannot do better than reproduce his words :—

“The conquest ended, it was not long ere discord found a footing among the victors, under cover of the delimitation of the provinces fallen to the share of each. Gonsalvo, initiated into all the secrets of Ferdinand, of whom his bad faith made him a worthy lieutenant, began hostilities by surprising in time of perfect peace the town of Tripalda, and laying violent hands upon the French garrison. D'Aubigny retook the place, after having in his turn drowned it in blood; and by degrees, without being formally declared, war arose between the two nations. It was in these constant aggressions that Bayart began to make himself a reputation among the Spanish, who, it is well known, are sparing enough in their praise of foreigners.<sup>1</sup> His captain, Louis d'Ars, had, in the name of the Count of Ligny, seized possession of Venosa and many other strongholds which formed part of the inheritance of his wife, the Princess of Altamura. Favoured by certain lords of the Angevine faction, and valiantly seconded by Bayart and his friend Bellabré, he pursued his course of conquests in spite of Gonsalvo. In vain did this general summon him to evacuate Apulia, and to give up the towns which were held, as he alleged, against the lawful claim of the King of Arragon; Louis d'Ars made answer that he was guarding in good right the possessions of his master, the Count of Ligny, who held immediately from Naples, whereof the King of France was the Lord in fee. He supported this argument by the defeat of all who were sent against him, and, in spite of all force and menace, he continued to recover the dependencies of the duchy of Altamura.<sup>2</sup>

“Louis XII., informed of the disloyal conduct of his allies, sent word to his viceroy, Louis d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, to summon Gonsalvo to surrender the towns that he had seized within four-and-twenty hours, or to declare war against him. Receiving an evasive answer from that general, the French army took the field, and laid siege to Canosa. This town, surrounded by thick walls and broad ditches, and abundantly furnished with provisions

<sup>1</sup> “Et inter alios Gallos Petrus Terralius Bayardus delphinus suæ virtutis periculum in illis præliis fecit.” Aymari Rivallii ‘De Allobrogibus libri,’ p. 542. Viennæ Allobrogum, 1844, octavo.

<sup>2</sup> Jehan d'Anton, ‘Histoire de Louis XII.’ (Paris, 1620, quarto), chs. iii. and vii., pp. 21 and 29.

and munitions of war, was defended by the *élite* of the Spanish troops under the command of the Captain Peralta and the celebrated Pedro Navarro.

On the 16th of July, 1502, the French laid their approaches before the fortress, and lodged themselves in the surrounding monasteries, and soon the clamorous storm of the artillery began. On the fourth day, the breach having been judged practicable, the lords and captains, mixed with the foot-soldiers, assailed the Spanish so furiously, that the town would have been taken but for the marvellous resistance of the Captain Peralta. He encouraged his men by his example and his words, kept them up to the attack with his sword at their backs, and caused blazing materials, cauldrons of boiling oil, and quicklime to be cast upon the besiegers. Louis d'Ars, Bayart, Bellabre, Chastelart, and sundry other good men-at-arms, who sought out the places where the danger was greatest, were some of them wounded and others burnt and scalded; nevertheless they would not retreat, for the animosity on both sides was such that while life remained the French abandoned not the attack nor the Spanish the defence. However, after three hours of one of the most sanguinary conflicts, the ground remained with the besieged, and the French were compelled to return to their quarters.

"For two days and two nights the artillery battered the town in another quarter, and opened a greater breach than the previous one. Bayart and Bellabre were among the first to rush in by it, and the standard of France was already being raised upon the *débris* of the ramparts, when the Spanish, rallied by their captain, made so vigorous a charge, that they drove the besiegers out again. The good Chevalier was so far advanced that he was overtaken and wounded by several pike-thrusts; his friend Bellabre had his face all burnt; Luc Le Groing, a brave gentleman of their company, was thrown down into the ditch from the top of the wall and was carried off for dead. The captain, after they had lost a number of their best men-at-arms, put a stop to so exceeding murderous an assault.

"Enraged that twelve hundred Spanish kept them so long at bay, the French on the morrow with loud cries demanded another attack, swearing all to perish before the place or to carry it by main force. The Captain Peralta, not less prudent than brave, felt that he ought not to expose the remnant of his soldiers to certain loss, and so, having obtained honourable terms of capitulation, he surrendered the place to the Duke of Nemours.

"Louis d'Ars, after the capture of Canosa, finding himself about three leagues from the town of Biseglia, asked the Viceroy d'Armagnac for some men-at-arms, in order to attempt a coup-de-main against that place, with the inhabitants of which he had opened some intercourse. Although, notwithstanding his urgent entreaties, he could not obtain any men, he did not renounce his enterprise, but set out for Biseglia with only sixty light-horse of his own company.

"This town, whose walls are washed by the Adriatic sea, was in a condition to make a long resistance; but the inhabitants, who had not forgotten their good lord, the Count of Ligny, despite the Spanish opened their gates to his lieutenant. All the people joined themselves with Louis d'Ars, and with cries of 'France, France!' charged upon the Spanish, who were forced to take refuge in the citadel. The latter then began to discharge so fierce an artillery-fire upon the town, that the noise of the cannon was heard as far as Canosa. Luc Le Groing, whose wounds kept him there, ran forthwith to the quarters of the Duke of Nemours, and said to him, 'My lord, you hear the cannon roaring from the direction of Biseglia; I pray you in the name of the King and for love of my Lord of Ligny, to send some succour to his brave lieutenant, who must have great need thereof at this moment.' As the Viceroy would not listen to him, he addressed himself to the generous La Palice, who was preparing to start, when he received a prohibition against it.

"The brave gentleman, seeing that he must seek elsewhere for succour for his master, ran in all haste to a neighbouring town, where he found a hundred men-at-arms in garrison. 'To horse, to horse, men-at-arms of France!' shouted Luc Le Groing through the streets, as he entered Ruvo; 'or you will have to reproach yourselves with the loss of the Captain Louis d'Ars, who with few men is sustaining a heavy attack within Biseglia.' Bayart, who met him in his way, listened no further. Without looking who would follow, he and three of his men set forth at full gallop, at the risk of killing their horses. Arrived at the gates of Biseglia, the good Chevalier began to shout with all his might, 'France, France!' and traversing the town at full speed, he directed his steps to the side of the castle where the tumult was heard. There he ranged himself beside of Louis d'Ars, and set himself to deal blows as far as he could reach, and by all endeavours to succour the French, who had great need of aid.

"During the conflict, there arrived to the relief of the castle three hundred Spanish, under command of the Admiral Villamarino, who with three galleys was cruising in these parts. The courage of Louis d'Ars grew in proportion to the number of his assailants; but the latter, seeing no succour come to the French, redoubled their ardour and confidence. Repulsed, after too unequal a struggle, to the entrance of the town, the Captain d'Ars, preferring death to the loss of his conquest, shut the gate with his hand, and set himself before it. The Spanish thought themselves sure to overpower him, but not a man approached him within the shadow of his blade, but was felled to the ground.<sup>1</sup> 'On, on, my lords!' again and again cried the brave captain, foaming with rage and toil; 'tis better to die chivalrously than to live with taint of cowardice. Let us not, for want of defending it, lose the fruit of our labour; and let us be for ourselves the succour that others have denied us.'

<sup>1</sup> "Nul ne l'approchait, de tant que son glaive tenait d'ombre, qu'il ne fût assommé."



“Bayart, following his example, dealt about him desperately; Gilbert de Chau, and Jean de Montieux, gentlemen of his company, seconded him with the remainder of their strength, but their blunted blades were no longer formidable save by their weight; men and horses were sinking from fatigue, and they saw no aid arrive. Of a sudden, a thick cloud of dust appeared in the distance, and soon the familiar sound of the French trumpets came to reanimate their exhausted energies. The Spanish in their turn recoiled and retreated, some towards the castle, the others in the direction of the port. But the hundred men-at-arms, whom the indefatigable Luc Le Groing was leading, barred the road of those who sought to regain their vessels, and slaughtered nearly three hundred of them. The others, to the number of two hundred, succeeded in throwing themselves into the castle; but ten or twelve of the principal inhabitants, who, being suspected of an attachment to the King of France, had been shut up therein, had taken advantage of the disorder to seize the great tower, whence they assailed the Spanish with stones and tiles. Profiting by this diversion, Louis d’Ars scaled the walls and put the rest of the Spanish to the sword.

“The castle, being furnished with abundant provisions, offered the French wherewithal to recruit themselves from the fatigues of such a day. Louis d’Ars afterwards distributed money and all the horses that he found, among the men-at-arms, who for the most part had killed their own steeds in flying so rapidly to his aid. His generosity gained him the hearts of all, while their admiration was won by his valour. On their return to Canosa, there was not a man in the army who did not come and compliment him for having thus withstood for the space of six hours, with sixty men, all the efforts of six hundred Spanish; the good captain, no less modest than brave, replied that but for Bayart they would have arrived too late to help him.”

## VI.

*Page 141.*

Here again we will quote Terrebasse, who has gathered from Jehan d’Anton (*Chroniques de Louis XII.*) some valuable details concerning the “past events” whereof the *Loyal Serviteur* speaks; they concern Bayard too directly to be omitted here.

“But what exploits could retard the ruin of the army which had fallen from the command of the perfidious Marquis of Mantua under that of the incapable Marquis of Saluzzo? Gonsalvo soon surprised the French troops scattered in distant cantonments, and compelled them to begin a retreat, which degenerated into a complete rout. Those whom disease and destitution had spared

on the unhealthy banks of the Garigliano retreated in the direction of Gaeta, under the orders of Yves d'Alègre and the Lord of Sandricourt.

"Fifteen men-at-arms, all picked and well mounted, among whom were found Messer Roger de Béarn, Pierre de Tardes, Ballabre, and Pierre de Bayart, were placed in the rear-guard in order to withstand the attacks of the Spanish van-guard. This handful of French, harassed by all the light cavalry of Gonsalvo, not only kept them at bay, but often drove them back to a distance, so as to facilitate the march of the infantry and the baggage.

"In one of these charges, Bayart's horse was killed under him, and he remained sword in hand, refusing to surrender, in the midst of the Spanish. The Lord of Sandricourt perceived it opportunely, and charged the enemy so fiercely that he rescued the good Chevalier from their hands, and enabled him to get another horse. However, the main body of Gonsalvo's army was now overtaking the French, and the retreat became more and more difficult. Arrived at the bridge of Mola di Gaeta, some leagues from the latter town, Bayart and his companions received orders to make a firm stand while the artillery was filing across. Upon one side the assurance of victory, upon the other despair, rendered the conflict terrible. The good Chevalier, who for his life would not pass over the bridge, penetrated so far into the hostile ranks that his horse was again killed, and he was re-mounted with great difficulty by his companions. Pierre de Tardes, less fortunate, was made prisoner at his side, as he was defending himself like a lion. Constrained to abandon their artillery after a combat as long as it was unequal, the French beat a retreat to the other end of the bridge. Exasperated at falling back, Bellabre turned upon a Spanish knight, who was pressing him too closely, with such fury that with a blow of his lance he cast him from the summit of the bridge into the river.

"Hitherto the retreat had been effected with some degree of order; but now the rumour spread that the route was cut by the enemy. It was no longer possible to hold in the soldiers; they broke rank forthwith and took to flight, carrying their officers in their train. The third horse that Bayart mounted that day was struck with a mortal wound, and fell dead at the gates of Gaeta, which there was barely time to shut against the Spanish."

## VII.

*Page 334.*

BYARD'S LETTER TO LAURENT ALLEMAN, HIS UNCLE, CONCERNING THE  
BATTLE OF RAVENNA.

"SIR,—With all the humility I can I commend me to your good grace.

"Since I last wrote to you, we have had, as you have already some slight knowledge, the battle against our foes. But to advise you thereof at length,

the matter was this. Our army came and lodged near to this town of Ravenna ; our enemy was there as soon as we, in order to give heart to the said town ; and by reason not only of certain news which came day by day of the descent of the Swiss, but also of the want of provisions that we had in our camp, M. de Nemours resolved to give battle, and on Sunday last he passed over a small river which was between our said enemy and us. Thus did we encounter them ; they marched in right good order, and were more than seventeen hundred men-at-arms, the most noble and splendid that have ever been seen, and full fourteen thousand foot, as gallant men (*aussi gentils-galands*) as could be described. Anon there came about a thousand of their men-at-arms, and, all desperate in that our artillery was driving them to madness, fell upon our main battle, wherein was M. de Nemours in person, his company, that of M. de Lorraine, of M. d'Ars, and others, to the number of four hundred men-at-arms or thereabout, who received the said enemy with so great courage that never was seen better fighting. Between our van-guard, which was a thousand men-at-arms, and us, there were some great ditches ; and further, there was work elsewhere to prevent succour coming. Thus the said main battle was forced to bear the burden of the said thousand men-at-arms or thereabouts. In this quarter, M. de Nemours broke his lance between the two armies, and pierced one of their men-at-arms right through and half an arm's-length beyond. Thus were the said thousand men-at-arms defeated and put to flight ; and as we gave chase to them, we came upon their foot-men near to their artillery, and five or six hundred men-at-arms who were parked ; and before them they had some cars with two wheels, on which stood two great wings of iron, of the length of two or three fathoms ; and our foot-men were fought hand to hand. Their said foot-men had so many hackbuts that, when it came to the assault, they slew almost all our captains of foot, in such a way as to shake them and make them turn their backs. But they were so well succoured by men-at-arms that, after fighting well, our said enemies were defeated, and lost their artillery, and seven or eight hundred men-at-arms, who were slain, and the greater part of their captains, together with seven or eight thousand foot-men. Indeed, it is not known that any captains be escaped save the Viceroy ; for we hold prisoners the Lords Fabricio Colonna, the Cardinal de Médicis, papal legate, Pedro Navarro, the Marquis of Pescara, the Marquis of Pedula, the son of the prince of Melfe, Don John de Cardone, the son of the Marquis of Bitonto, who is wounded to death, and others of whom I know not the name. Those who escaped were pursued eight or ten miles, and were scattered among the mountains, and indeed it is said that the villeins have cut them to pieces.

“Sir, if the King have gained the battle, I swear to you that the poor gentlemen have assuredly lost the same ; for, as we were giving chase, M. de Nemours chanced upon certain foot-men who were rallying, and so he charged upon them ; but the noble prince found himself so ill accompanied that he was

slain therein; whereat all the sorrowings and mournings that ever were made, were not equal to that which was raised and is still raised in our camp, for it seemeth that we have lost the battle. Indeed, I promise you, sir, that it is the greatest loss of any prince who hath died for a hundred years past; and if he had lived the age of man, he would have achieved such deeds as never prince did. Those who are on our side may well say that they have lost their father; and as for me, sir, I could not live but in melancholy, for I have lost more than I am able to write.

"In other quarters there were slain M. d'Aligre and his son, M. du Molar, six German captains, and the Captain Jacob, their colonel; the Captain Maugiron, the Baron du Grant-Mont, and more than two hundred gentlemen of name and all of worth, beside more than two thousand foot-men of ours; and I assure you that in a hundred years the realm of France will not recover the loss that we have suffered.

"Sir, yesterday morning the body of my late lord was brought to Milan, accompanied by two hundred men-at-arms, with the greatest honour that could be devised; for before him they bore eighteen or twenty ensigns, the most splendid that were ever seen, which have been won in this battle. He will remain at Milan until the King have sent word whether he will that he be carried into France or not.

"Sir, our army is leisurely journeying through this Romagna, capturing all the towns on behalf of the Council. They wait not to be summoned to yield, by reason that they fear to be pillaged, as hath been this town of Ravenna, wherein there is naught remaining. And we shall not budge from this quarter, until the King have sent word what he would his army should do.

"Sir, touching the brother of the post, concerning whom you have written to me, as soon as you shall send him, there shall be no delay ere I provide for him. Since this matter is dispatched, I believe that we shall have abstinence from warfare; the Swiss, however, still cause some disturbance; but, when they hear of this defeat, perchance they will put a little water in their wine. As soon as matters shall be somewhat settled, I will come and see you. Praying God, sir, to give you right good life and long. Written at the camp of Ravenna, this fourteenth day of April. Your humble servant,

"BAVART."



## VIII.

*Page 407.*

M. Feillet ('Histoire populaire de Bayard') gives a full description of Bayard's cup, and pleads in eloquent words for the revival of an old custom of the Ardennes. "For many years on the 27th of September they celebrated the anniversary of the deliverance of the town; this civic ceremony consisted in a solemn procession, in which the civic authorities took part, together with the garrison and the national guard under arms. At the church, after the gospel, an ecclesiastic delivered a panegyric of Bayart." We see in the *Revue des Ardennes*, the publication of M. E. Senemaud, that this ceremony still took place in 1806; M. de Terrebasse says that it also existed under the Restoration. Why has it been allowed to fall into disuse?

"M. Vallerant-Payon, canon of Rheims, grandson of Georges, one of the governors of the town of Mézières in 1521, during the siege, bequeathed to the town a large cup, intended to perpetuate the memory of this glorious incident; the cup is silver-gilt and richly chased.

"The letter of advice of his executors, under date the 22nd October, 1627, states that the cup weighs four ounces three tierces, and that it cost 218 livres 5 sous.

"The following inscription is engraved on the rim:—

"On this cup is the design of the siege of Maizières by the Count of Nassau, lieutenant of the Emperor, Charles V., in the year 1521, defended by the Chevalier Bayart, Nicolas Georges being governor of the town. M. Vallerant-Payon, in the year 1625, hath ordained me to be given to the chamber of MM. the Eschevins of Maizières by the hands of MM. Serval and Pierre Meslier, canon of the said Rheims, and executors of the said testament of the said M. Payon.'

"On the circumference of the cup, below the inscription, the town, the environs, and the besieging army are represented in relief; it is furnished with a cover, which is likewise chased, and surmounted by a small figure of the Virgin.

"This cup, now known as Bayard's cup, is preserved in the archives of Mézières.

"Formerly it used to be brought out on the anniversary of the 27th of September, on which day it was the custom to give a dinner. The cup was placed before the senior eschevin, and afterwards before the mayor, who proposed a toast to the memory of the brave and loyal defenders of the town under the orders of Bayart."

For this account of the cup, and also for the unpublished drawing of it, we are indebted to the kindness of M. Senemaud, Archivist of the Department of the Ardennes.

## IX.

*Page 419.*

The following lament is given by Champier at the end of his 'Gestes de Bayart,' Lyons, 1525. It is inaccurate enough and simple enough to be genuine, and accordingly we reproduce it as a curiosity. It must be remembered that the name of adventurers was given to the soldiers of the early bodies of infantry, and Bayard was one of their leaders.

" LAMENTATION ET COMPLAINTE PAR MANIÈRE DE CHANSON DE LA MORT DU BON BAYARD,  
FAITE PAR LES AVENTURIERS AU RETOUR DE LOMBARDIE APRÈS SA MORT.

" Aidez-moi tous à plaindre,  
Pauvres aventuriers,  
Sans point vous vouloir feindre,  
Un si noble pilier.  
C'était le singulier  
Sur tous les gens d'armes,  
Car, dedans un millier,  
Un tel n'avait en armes.

Pleurez ! pleurez, gens d'armes  
A cheval et à pied !  
Car jamais d'homme d'armes  
Ne vous en vint pis.  
Il a tenu bon pied  
Sans faire au roi tort,  
Dont à lui fut le pis,  
Car gagné a la mort.

Le jour de Saint-Eutrope,  
Bayard, noble seigneur,  
Voyant les Suisses en troupe,  
Il montra sa valeur.  
C'était par la faveur  
De la fausse canaille  
Dont lui vint le malheur.  
Maudite soit la bataille !

Ce vaillant chevalier,  
Il pensait nuit et jour  
Comme pourrait bailler  
Aux gens du roi secours.  
Adonc, il prit le cours  
Contre ses ennemis,  
Dont ses jours en sont courts.  
Vous voyez, mes amis ! "

Ha ! pauvre Dauphiné,  
Tu peux bien dire *hélas !*  
Avant qu'il soit fini,  
Tu en seras bien las.  
Tu as perdu ton solas  
Et encore de rechet,  
Tu peux bien dire *hélas !*  
Il te coûtera cher ! "

## X.

*Page 423.*

In his notice upon the church of Saint-André at Grenoble, M. Pilot has given some interesting details concerning the burial place of Bayard, which may be suitably inserted here :—

“No inscription was put upon his tomb. It was not until long afterwards that Scipion de Polloud, Lord of Saint-Agnian, High Provost of Dauphiny, raised a monument in honour of Bayard ; this was placed in the choir of the church of the Minims, above the door which led to the sacristy ; and it remained there until 1790, at which date the aforesaid church and convent were sold as national property. The monument of Bayard was not included in the sale ; the conditions attached to the particulars of auction of these effects, prepared and signed by the procureur-general syndic of the department, contains the following express reservation :—

“‘Art. 6. Inasmuch as the manes of Bayard belong to the nation which he made illustrious by his virtues, the mausoleum which contains them, together with its appurtenances, will not be comprised in the sale. The administration will immediately seek permission from the Legislature and the King to transfer this object, dear alike to the country and the department, to a public place, to be preserved there until more favourable circumstances permit the erection to this great man of a monument such as the public has long desired.’

“The valuer’s report, attached to the same particulars of auction of the effects belonging to the former convent of the Minims of the Plain, shows that the tomb was placed above the door of communication between the choir of the church and the cloister.

“This monument to Bayard was one of the first objects of art deposited in the museum of Grenoble at the time of its establishment, less on account of its capability to contribute any interest to the history of art, than because it recalled a name with which one of the most glorious pages of our local history is connected. Later it was transferred from the museum of the town to the church of Saint-André, where it now is. The monument is formed of a tablet of black marble adorned with an escutcheon, which is surmounted by a bust of life-size all in white Italian marble. Below, a death’s head with two bat’s-wings serves as a support to the tablet, upon which is engraved a Latin inscription in memory of the Knight of Dauphiny.

“Bayard’s monument had remained for many years in the church of Saint-André, when a certain prefect of the department, M. d’Haussez, undertook the task of reuniting to the monument the ashes of the warrior whom it commemorated.

“Accordingly these remains were deposited in the vault of Saint-André in the presence of the Bishop of Grenoble, who awaited them at the church-door. The stone with which the grave is covered bears this inscription :

CI-GIT BAYARD

*Ses restes, retrouvés dans l'église des Minimes de la Plaine  
et authentiquement reconnus, ont été recueillis par les soins  
de M. le baron d'Haussez, préfet de l'Isère  
et déposés sous cette pierre  
le 24 août 1822.*

“This inscription asserts that the ashes contained in the coffin are those of Bayard. In spite, however, of this testimony, and in spite of the procès-verbal



Ruins of the Cloister. From a Photograph.

of the 5th July, 1822, which speaks of the undisputed and authentic remains, we beg leave to doubt this authenticity. Our doubt will cause no surprise when it is known that Bayard's body was in fact buried not in the church of the Minims of the Plain, but in the chapel of the Allemans, whilst the excavations have been carried out in the choir, at the foot of the steps of the high altar. Thus, too, it is not surprising that no one has found in the pretended tomb of Bayard any trace of iron or armour, which could suggest that it was the resting-place of a warrior slain on the field of battle.”



The uncertainty would probably never have arisen if deference had been shown to the last wishes of the hero. "At his death," says Champier, "the Lord of Bayart had ordered that he should be buried with his father and mother at the place of Grignon. His relations were called together to determine where he ought to be interred. And it was said that inasmuch as he had been the lieutenant of the governor of the province, and that Grenoble was the chief place of the provincial jurisdiction, it would be better that he were buried at the convent of the Minims."

The cloister of the Minims is situate between the road to Gières and that to Eybens, at two kilomètres from Grenoble. It was almost entirely destroyed by fire about fifteen years ago, and that not for the first time. The pillars of the cloister, connected by arches of brick, are still standing, as well as three rooms in which the key-stones of the vaulting bear the arms of the family of the Allemans. It is now a manufactory of paper bags.

## XI.

*Page 427.*

M. de Terrebasce recurs with further details to Bayard's generosity.

He says, "Bayard was not wont to seek opportunities for gain in money, and was hardly richer on his departure from the world than when he entered it. He did not increase the patrimony of his forefathers, save by his acquisition from the royal domain of the feudal rents and the assessment of the lordships of Grignon and Saint-Maximin, which he bought for four thousand pounds Tournay, in order to embellish his estate of Bayard with a seignorial jurisdiction. All that he left at his death, including this purchase, was not worth four hundred pounds a year. Rare example of disinterestedness in a man who was for nine years the King's lieutenant-general in a rich province, and who had handled considerable ransoms from his prisoners. Moreover he often said, 'What the gorget gathers, the gauntlet spends.'" <sup>1</sup>

Many authors have testified their surprise that so renowned and able a captain had not during his life held more important commands. Brantôme, one of them, gives as a reason that "of such charges he had never been ambitious, and that by his disposition he preferred to be a captain and soldier of adventure, and to plunge into all dangers that pleased him, than to be bound down by a weighty charge and straitened of his liberty in fighting. But," he adds, "he had at least this honour, that never a general of an army in his time made expeditions, enterprises, or conquests, but he must ever have M. de Bayart

<sup>1</sup> "Ce que le gorgerin amasse, le gantelet le dépense."

with him, otherwise the party was incomplete ; and his advice and counsels in war were always followed rather than those of the others. Thus was his honour therein the greater, for if he were not taken to command an army, he was taken to command the general."

M. de Terrebasce accepts Brantôme's assertion without remark, and that surprises us considerably on the part of a man who was so well acquainted with the text of the *Loyal Serviteur*. In Picardy with d'Espiennes and with Francis I., and in Italy with Bonnivet, we see how on the contrary Bayard's advice was thrice rejected in grave crises. On the other hand, at Mézières he does not appear at all so hampered by a command ; but doubtless the place was in too bad a state for anyone to desire that perilous honour. It seems more probable that Bayard's frankness and modesty stood in the way of his military advancement.



Bayard

Bayard's Seal.







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History of Bayard ...



